# The Los Angeles Times

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Four Parts and Magazine.

XXTH YEAR. | PER WEEK....20 CENTS PER MONTH....75 CENTS | $9 A YEAR. | SUNDAY, AUGUST 11, 1901. | ON ALL NEWS STANDS TRAINS AND STREETS | 5 CENTS



AMUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—
For Theatrical Announcements See Page 1, Part III.

THE CHUTES—WASHINGTON GARDENS A. L. ELLIOT, Vice-Pres. and General Manager.
NEW—TODAY—PROFS. BOWERS and BABE in "AQUATIC SPORTS."
TODAY AND TONIGHT. SEE
NEW—THE GILLEN TRIO—Club juggling Marvels.
HAPPY HARMON—The Human Meteor.
BENTLEY, The King of Musicians.
A GREAT HIT—CABARET DE LA MORT.
DON'T FORGET—THEY WALK ON THE WATER.
PROF. BABE and His Performing Animals.
5000 ELECTRIC LIGHTS. 100 NOVELTIES. Fairyland Indeed. Admission to Grounds 10 cents. Children 5 cents. Tel. Private Exchange 301.

OSTRICH FARM—South Pasadena—
ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE GIGANTIC BIRDS.
The best place in this country to purchase Feather Boas, Fans and Plumes—useful California Souvenirs.

CURIO STORE, Cor. 4th and Main Sts. Mobsley's Free Museum, opposite Van Nuys and Westminster Hotels. Visitors should not neglect the privilege

SUPERB ROUTES OF TRAVEL—

TEN-RIDE TICKETS—
GOOD BETWEEN LOS ANGELES OR PASADENA AND
.... ALL BEACH POINTS
Via SOUTHERN PACIFIC.
All seaside tickets sold for use between Los Angeles and Long Beach, San Pedro, Santa Monica or Port Los Angeles are now honored to or from any of the above Beach points. These tickets cost $1.50 and are good for any one. Similar tickets sold at Pasadena $2.50. This affords an excellent opportunity to visit all of the important beaches at small cost. Remember that all of these beaches are REACHED ONLY VIA THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC. FORTY-ONE TRAINS between Los Angeles and the beaches make it convenient for every one who travels via the Southern Pacific.

SUNDAY SEASIDE TRAINS.

FISHERMAN'S FLYER. Leave Arcade Depot 8:50 am for Long Beach, San Pedro and Santa Monica.
CATALINA ISLAND . . Take the S.P. Co. train from Arcade Depot 9:20 am; returning arrive Los Angeles 10:15 pm. Quickest time—last outward landing—first homeward landing.
FOR LONG BEACH . . . Leave Arcade Depot 8:00 am, 9:05 am, 10:00 am, 11:00 am, 1:40 pm, 5:05 pm, 6:05 pm, 10:15 pm; last train returning leaves Long Beach at 9:05 pm.
FOR SAN PEDRO . . . Leave Arcade Depot 8:50 am, 9:50 am, 11:00 am, 1:40 pm, 5:05 pm, 7:20 pm; last train returning leaves San Pedro Wharf 9:05 pm.
FOR SANTA MONICA . Leave Arcade Depot 8:00 am, 9:00 am, 10:00 am, 11:00 am, 1:00 pm, 1:05 pm, 5:15 pm, 7:00 pm; last train returning leaves Santa Monica 8:35 pm.

All trains leave River Station 15 minutes earlier, stopping at Naud junction, Commercial and First streets.

Five Los Angeles Stations—Seats for Everybody.
Pack your lunch and spend a day at the seashore.
LOS ANGELES TICKET OFFICE, 261 SOUTH SPRING STREET.

LEAVE LONG BEACH 9:40 P.M.—
MONDAYS TO FRIDAYS INCLUSIVE.
SATURDAYS 10:00 P.M.—SUNDAYS 9:05 P.M.
Via Southern Pacific.
Los Angeles for Long Beach at 9:05 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 1:40 p.m. daily. 4:10 p.m. Sundays to Fridays, 5:03 p.m. daily, 6:15 p.m. (Sundays excepted.) 8:05 p.m. daily (Saturdays excepted.) 11:45 (Saturdays only.)
Leave Long Beach for Los Angeles at 7:10 a.m. daily, 8:20 a.m. (Sundays excepted.) 10:35 a.m. daily, 3:30 p.m. (Sundays excepted.) 4:30 p.m. daily, 6:30 p.m. daily, and evening trains as above. Extra trains on Sundays.
PHOSPHORESCENCE STILL BEAUTIFUL.
PRISMATIC ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN WONDERFUL.
DANCING AT PAVILION—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Nights.
... TEN-RIDE TICKETS ...
To or From Any Beach Point.
GOOD FOR ANY ONE, $1.50, between Los Angeles and Long Beach, San Pedro, Santa Monica or Port Los Angeles. They will be honored to or from any of the Beach points named. Similar tickets sold at Pasadena $2.6..
Los Angeles Ticket Office, 261 South Spring St.

SUNDAY ATTRACTIONS—
Redondo Beach.
7th Regiment Band,
Fresh Water Plunge Now Open,
Fine Fishing From the Two Long Wharves.
EVENING TRAINS RETURNING, Leave the Beach
5:30 p.m., 6:30 p.m., 8:00 p.m., 10 p.m.
Ten Ride Tickets $1.50; Good on Either Railway.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND—
3¼ HOURS FROM LOS ANGELES.
OUR MARINE BAND OF 22 SOLOISTS.
2 Boats Saturdays to Illumination
TWO BOATS OTHER DAYS.
Choice of two excursions every Sunday on steamers Hermosa and Hermosa. Compare following with time table:
Via Isthmus on new steamer Warrior.
This train connects at San Pedro after August 15th with steamer Hermosa for Avalon direct, allowing 4 hours at Avalon same as on other days, excepting Sunday, and with new steamer Warrior for Avalon direct, allowing 2¼ hours at Isthmus and 2¼ hours at Avalon, connecting with Hermosa leaving Avalon 5:30 p.m.
For rooms, rates, etc., regarding Hotels Metropole and Island Villa—Telephone Main 36. BANNING CO.

... TRAINS ... LEAVE LOS ANGELES

| | S.P. Co. Arcade Depot | Salt Lake Route First St. Depot |
|---|---|---|
| SATURDAYS | | |
| | 8 20 am | 9 00 am |
| | *1 40 pm | *1 40 pm |
| | 5 05 pm | 5 00 pm |
| SUNDAYS Isthmus and Avalon Excursions | | |
| | 10 20 am | 10 00 am |
| OTHER DAYS | | |
| | 8 20 am | 9 00 am |
| | *1 40 pm | *1 40 pm |

SURF BATHING IN CLEAN WATERS—
YOU CAN HAVE IT AT
Terminal Island and Long Beach
No odor from the phosphorescence. Best Bathing on the Coast. Fishing Good. Good Hotels and Cafes.
Salt Lake Route Trains
Leave Sunday at 8:00 a.m., 9:00 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 1:40 p.m., 5:00 p.m., 6:10 p.m., 7:35 p.m. Last train leaves the Beach at 9:30 p.m.
Ten-Ride Tickets $1.50---Good for Any One.

SCENIC MOUNT LOWE
THE CHEAPEST RATE—
EVER MADE TO
MOUNT LOWE
TODAY—SPECIAL MIDSUMMER EXCURSION.
ROUND TRIP FROM LOS ANGELES ONLY $1.50.
A grand chance to see one of the world's greatest achievements in mountain railway engineering. Office 250 S. SPRING ST. Tel. M. 560.


LABOR DISPUTES

## IDLE IRON WORKERS.

### Strike Order Now in Effect.

### Organized Millmen Lay Down Their Tools.

### United Mine Workers Pledge Their Support.

### More Crippled Plants to Be Moved to More Friendly Communities.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

PITTSBURGH, Aug. 10.—The great steel strike on the general order of President Shaffer of the Amalgamated Association became effective today, thousands of workers left their places to return at some indefinite time in the future, either victorious over the iron-masters, or in humble defeat.

The order to strike was generally obeyed wherever the workers were organized and enrolled in the lodges of the Amalgamated Association, but it will be Monday before an accurate count can be made of the men who have gone out. A great majority of mills close on Saturday and reopen Sunday night, and the true test of the strength of the contending sides will be furnished by the number of men who return to work tomorrow or Monday.

The policy of the American Federation of Labor has not been fully disclosed yet, and that fact contributes another element of uncertainty to the situation.

The action of the executive board of the Mine Workers at Indianapolis today in resolving to support the strike, cheered the Amalgamated men, and they are confident that the Federation will aid them to the fullest extent.

NOTHING SPECTACULAR.

The closing hours of labor lacked spectacular action. This city, which is the storm center, was calm and undisturbed. There was no violence. The police issued an order suspending for the time being the vacation system. They do not anticipate trouble, but want to have every man here ready for duty in case it should come. They say that President Shaffer has counseled peaceful methods, and that they hope the strikers and their sympathisers will heed this advice.

The strikers held a series of demonstrations in the outlying towns, and President Shaffer spoke a final word of encouragement to his industrial troops. Great throngs of workers turned out to greet and cheer the leader and to maintain the contest upon which they have entered.

REMOVAL NOTICES.

A striking development of the day was an official announcement from the American Tin Plate Company to the effect that certain plants of the company crippled by the strike would be dismantled and removed to Monessen.

Almost at the same time, it was unofficially announced that there was a chance that the plant of the American Hoop Company at Warren, O., would be torn down and removed to some community more favorable to the corporation. The order of yesterday directing that the Dewees-Wood plant at McKeesport be dismantled was already being carried out, and the announcement from the American Tin Plate Company created a marked impression. Representatives of the strikers insisted that the company was not in good faith in the announcement, and that even if it was, it could not win with such methods. Opponents of the strikers counted the plan another victory and declared that the strike must fail, in the face of such decisive action.

LEADERS INACTIVE.

The local leaders on either side did not show much activity today. Secretary Williams was the only Amalgamated representative who spent the entire day at the strike headquarters. He said that the office would be closed this evening, and not reopened until Monday morning. He denied knowledge of any definite move for peace, and declined to talk about the situation.

None of the Amalgamated leaders would discuss the conference with President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor, but all who were approached on the subject denied that there had been any friction as to the part to be finally played by the Federation.

SHAFFER'S TOUR.

President Shaffer began his final tour among the strikers early today. He left Pittsburgh early this morning and shortly before noon reached Newcastle. Two thousand organized workmen paraded there before his arrival, and were lined up around the station as he arrived. In the afternoon he spoke to 6000 people in the amphitheater at Cascade Park, and submitted an offer for the submission of issues for the strike to turn. This was his formal tender for arbitration:

"Now, in our willingness to settle the matter, we are ready to arbitrate. Let the Amalgamated Association select one man and the trust select one man, the two to select the third. We will abide by the decision of the three. I wish this to be generally known."

In his speech Shaffer said the strike was a matter of wages and labor conditions, notwithstanding the efforts of the oppositon to prejudice the labor cause by allegations to the contrary.

He added: "The trust will not permit the extension of unionism, because they state that the Amalgamated Association might become too strong. We can make our own deductions relative to the meaning of this expression."

President Shaffer stated that the newspapers had been criticising him because he had not stated whether or not there would be an effort to call out the carpenters, railroad men and all other organizations in an effort to gain a favorable termination. He added:

"We do not want revolution. This is merely a strike. I wish it understood that I stand for no violence. Our interests will not permit acts antagonistic to country and law. We will avoid them if the trust will permit us. It is often asked of me: 'Will you win out?' The Amalgamated Association will win out or it will cease to exist. We realise that wages are at stake and labor conditions are at issue. If our organization dies, I hope it will not have died in vain."

SHAFFER AT M'KEESPORT.

President Shaffer hurried to McKeesport from Newcastle, and tonight addressed a big mass meeting at White's Operahouse. Shaffer was loudly cheered when he appeared, and the meeting was very enthusiastic. The strikers claim that as a result of the meeting the National Tube and Sheet Mill men will strike. In the course of his address President Shaffer made the following statement:

"I have received from some one a letter saying that the workingmen have a lot of money in the banks, which is being used by the trusts. This is true. The trusts are supported by the banks. Men, draw out your money, not to bring trouble to the banks or impair the credit of the house, but to assert your right to defend yourselves and your rights. Do not let your money be used against you."

NO TIME TO ARBITRATE.

A reference made by President Shaffer at Newcastle today to the willingness of the Amalgamated Association to arbitrate was followed here tonight by the announcement on behalf of the strikers that on Friday an offer to arbitrate was formally submitted to the United States Steel Corporation. According to this statement, the offer was referred to J. P. Morgan, whose reply rejecting it was "This is no time for arbitration."

BIG BONUS OFFERED.

A committee representing the citizens of Dubois, Pa., has forwarded a statement to J. P. Morgan offering to give a bonus of $1,000,000 to have the McKeesport mills moved to Dubois.

HOW MANY ARE OUT.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

PITTSBURGH, Aug. 11.—At 1:20 o'clock this (Sunday) morning there is such a conflict in the strike reports that an estimate of the men who have joined the strike is impossible. It seems certain that the 9000 men employed by the National Tube Company at McKeesport will go out.

DECISIVE STEP.

When the general strike edict of President Shaffer of the Amalgamated Association went into effect tonight, every mill of the National Tube Company, for which the union scale has heretofore been signed, became non-union. At the entrance to the Republic mill of the National Tube Company, on the South Side, tonight was posted this notice:

"This mill will start non-union Monday morning. JOSEPH KEFFERS, Superintendent."

The notice that was posted on the entrance to the Republic mill tonight was a facsimile of the notice that was posted on the entrances of all the heretofore union mills of the National, the Federal Steel and the National Tube Company. It is the most decisive step that the trust has taken thus far.

TAMPA CIGAR MAKERS.

SEND LETTER TO PRESIDENT.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—Cigar-makers of this city have sent a letter to the President, asking that the Executive power be used for the protection of the cigar-makers of Tampa against whom, the letter says, "unheard of brutalities have been practiced."

The letter concludes as follows: "If the positions were reversed and the capitalists and the merchants were arrested and taken away from their families, the United States army would have been called out to protect them."

At a meeting held by the cigar-makers, a resolution was passed in reference to a report that a cigar manufacturer was coming here from Tampa

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

## AS HE SEEMS TO THINK.

The Walking Delegate: S-o-o-o-y! Dere's just one Boss Bully and dare can't be no scabs.

## News Under to The Times This Morning


Part I.

1. Idle Iron Workers' Ranks Increased. Short Line Brought to Book.
2. Lord Kitchener's Holiday Ended. Cloudbursts in Arizona.
3. Winters Did the Smelter Job. Dimmick Arrested for Mint Robbery
4. Strikers Demand Newhall's Scalp.
5. Dumont is Not Discouraged.
7. Attorney Accuses Coroner Holland.
8. The Public Service: Official Doings.
9. Hotly-contested Baseball Game.
10. News from Neighboring Counties.
11. Los Angeles County News.
12. City in Brief: Brevities. Record of Marriages and Deaths.

Part II.

1. Weekly Real-estate Review.
2. Liners: Classified Advertising.
11. Financial and Commercial.
12. The Times' Current Topics Club.

Part III.

1. Men With Horns Not Mythical.
2. Events in Society Circles.
3. A Tip from a Weather Prophet.
4. Editorial Page: Paragraphs.
5. Triple Drowning at Long Beach.
6. The Editorial Forum.
7. George Washington of Arizona.

Part IV.

1. Beet-sugar Industry at Its Height.
2. The Drama: Music and Musicians.
3. Auto's Fight for the Highway.
4. Cream of Current Literature.
5. Robert Barr's Latest Story.
6. Military Topics Carefully Compiled.
7. Racy Stories About Priests.


### CLASSIFIED NEWS SYNOPSIS.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. Three Los Angeles girls drowned at Long Beach....Team golf contest in Pasadena....Covina people beautifying the streets....Christian high tide at Long Beach....Death of Mrs. Davis at Monrovia....New club at Tropico....Golden eagle presented to Soldiers' Home. Baseball battle in view at Avalon. Only a memory of the phosphorescent sea at Santa Monica....San Diego prospector dies on the road.

FOREIGN. BY CABLE. Santos-Dumont at work on another airship. American inroads on European trade creates alarm....Lord Milner embarks on return voyage to South Africa. Fighting Boers still not heed Kitchener's proclamation.

THE CITY. Attorney of Public Administrator brings fresh and sensational charges against Coroner in letter to District Attorney....New $20,000 flat to be built on Seventh street if Jim Gray subsides....Broadway lot sold for $7500....St. Louis attorney's hip broken by wheelman....Enormous loads of mail arrive....Notorious Comstock behind the bars....Bright prospect for Sunset Boulevard extension to Hollywood....Trial of endurance by automobiles....Wholesale houses are happy over half-holiday....Critical stage of oil marketing problem....Dr. O. S. Brown says there have been forty cases of smallpox in the Elsinore Valley....Water bonds to be voted on August 27....Legal complications will not delay election....Salary and license ordinance to come up Monday. Judge Allen decides injunction suit in favor of Redondo Railway Company against Traction line....Cripples win eleven-inning ball game....Alice Rollins Crane roasted by Klondike miner.

PACIFIC COAST. Winters confesses that he robbed Selby smelter....Oregon Short Line must seek new route to San Diego....Dimmick in custody for mint robbery....Railroads again washed out in Arizona and Sonora. Judge Murasky refuses to dissolve injunction in Epworth League ticket case....Collis P. Huntington estate. Arthur Rogers dying....France's prune crop short....Bishop Hamilton's school plans....Shriners at Stockton....Woodmens' celebration.

STRIKES. Amalgamated Association's general strike order goes into effect....Men in all union mills quit. Trust posts notice that works will be run on non-union plan hereafter. United Mine Workers pledge support to steel strikers....San Francisco Labor Council demands Police Commissioner Newhall's removal....Mayor Phelan refuses to issue law and order proclamation.

SPORTS. Constitution leads Columbia....California sporting record. Yale's fullback ill....Challenger about due....Baseball....Racing at various courses....Cadillac a victor.

GENERAL EASTERN. Rear-Admiral Evans censured by Navy Department....Attempt to blow up British mule transport at New Orleans. Shortage in corn crop....Negro rape fiend burned at the stake....Railroad conference in Chicago.

RAILROAD RECORD

## BROUGHT TO BOOK.

### Short Line Must Call a Halt.

### Judge Hawley's Order is Far-reaching.

### Clark Forces in Possession of Disputed Ground.

### Harriman Company Will Have to Seek New Route to San Diego.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

SALT LAKE, Aug. 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] There has been no little anxiety here today pending the arrival of the full text of the decision by Judge Hawley restraining the Oregon Short Line from entering upon or interfering with the operations of the San Pedro company in the Meadow Valley wash region. Senator Kearns and W. S. McCornick are the only officers of the latter company who are here at the present time, and they have heard no further particulars during the day.

This morning the Oregon Short Line legal department wired to its Carson attorney for more details, but the reply came that he had gone into the mountains for a few days, whereupon the judge himself was telegraphed to for a copy of his decision. Up to a late hour this evening he had not been heard from, and it is thought he might be loth to comply with the request.

RESTRAINING ORDER.

This much has been learned definitely, however: That the restraining order was issued on application of [illegible]

[illegible] Representatives of the Clark interests, agents or employes [illegible] capacity whatsoever, are perpetually and specifically restrained from entering upon or in any way interfering with or taking possession of the grade, cut or embankment of the plaintiff's road in Lincoln county at a point known as Clover Valley Mountain, and running southwesterly for an approximate distance of 140 miles to the Nevada-California line.

It is further stipulated that there must be no kind of an obstruction thrown in the way of the Clark company, or any of its employes or agents, so that it will be prevented from going on with its grade work in the disputed territory during the period of the injunction. A bond of $25,000 was required by the court as a guarantee that there would be no violation of the order.

FAR-REACHING EFFECT.

It is admitted here that the decision is very far-reaching in its nature, and that the San Pedro will probably substantiate its claims to the right of way through the entire Meadow Valley and Clover Valley district. Just now it is doing a large amount of work there. Whether the victory will cause it to increase its force or whether it will rest on its oars until after the final hearing, is a question that will greatly interest Salt Lake and Los Angeles people. Of course, if the injunction shall eventually be made permanent, it means that the Oregon Short Line must stop building and abandon the enterprise altogether, something that no longer seems likely, or seek a new route to San Diego, which it is claimed is its destination, instead of Los Angeles.

WORK SUSPENDED.

There was some doubt that the Short Line would obey the order, but it is unlikely that it will do otherwise. It was stated here tonight that orders were today sent for the men to suspend work until further instructions. This will mean a delay for at least two months, as it is very reasonable to expect no decision until some time after the trial in September, five weeks hence.

Referring to San Diego, there no longer seems to be any doubt in Salt Lake that that town is the avowed destination of the Short Line. It is stated that representatives of the Harriman interests are even now making overtures to that end, and that strong inducements have been or will be offered the Short Line to build there.

IMPORTANT MEETING.

Senator Kearns has received word from Senator Clark, who is meeting in New York today with the Finance Committee of the San Pedro road, but had no information to disclose beyond the fact that the meeting was a very important one, and that matters of the gravest concern in relation to the policy to be pursued are under consideration. It has always been understood that the San Pedro has all the funds that it needs, and that the question of money is not bothering it, nevertheless, it is conceded that some big [illegible] unannounced financial scheme is under consideration. Whether it is to take the form of a bond issue or not is not known at this time. An announcement in this line is likely to be forthcoming in the very near future.

BONDS FILED.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

CARSON (Nev.) Aug. 10.—Bonds

are filed this morning in the injunction case of the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad Company against the Utah, Nevada and California Railroad Company, enjoining the latter company from appropriating the grade built by the former company from Clover Valley Junction to the California-Nevada State line. The United States marshal left tonight to enforce the order of the court.

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC HAS SCORED A VICTORY.

### SCALPERS CANNOT TRAFFIC IN EPWORTH TICKETS.

**Judge Murasky Refuses to Dissolve the Injunction—Purchasers of the Scalped Pasteboards Cannot Come into Court With Clean Hands.**

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] A decision against railroad-ticket scalpers was rendered today by Superior Judge Murasky, in the suit brought by the Southern Pacific Company to prevent them from buying, selling or trafficking in any way, directly or indirectly, in Epworth League excursion tickets.

The judge refused to dissolve the injunction which he had granted to the Southern Pacific, and denied the requests of H. R. Duffin, one of the defendants, for leave to file an amended answer. The only other broker who appeared in court and answered the Southern Pacific complaint was Charles Franklin. Judge Murasky, in a written opinion that he had filed, followed the line of reasoning that Peter F. Dunne, the Southern Pacific attorney, expound in his argument.

The judge said that in order to use the tickets, the persons to whom the scalpers sold them would have to impersonate the original purchasers, whose descriptions and signatures were on the tickets, and would have to forge the signatures of those persons. A person seeking relief in an action in equity, which this suit was, should come into court with clean hands, he remarked, while the admissions of scalpers showed that the use of tickets by persons other than the original purchasers would be wrongful. He said that the only adequate means which the Southern Pacific had to keep other persons from traveling on the tickets, save by an injunction, as it would not be practicable to bring suit for every violation of agreement on Epworth League tickets.

### OIL-RATE CASE.

**EVIDENCE ALL IN NOW.**

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—The hearing of the oil rate case, was brought to a close, so far as the taking of testimony is concerned, today, and it was agreed that argument should be had on September 3. Mr. Sproule was the last witness. On cross-examination he was asked if an agreement existed between the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fé railroads regarding the use of the spur track that runs from the Kern River oil district. The witness said he had no knowledge of such an agreement. He admitted, however, that 75 people for the use of the spur. It was admitted that the witness said, was for the Kern River oil district, otherwise the company would be charged the same rate as charged consignees. He said the Standard Oil Company paid the same rate as any one else, and that there were no favored parties on the spur.

Herrin examined the witnesses about the making of rates. Sproule gave a long explanation, in which he said in part: "Tariffs are formulated by mutual agreements with eastern lines, and then were so made that western goods could find a market in the East, and a rate was made West so that eastern products could be marketed. If the Southern Pacific refused to take a 75-cent rate upon steel goods the result would be that the connecting lines would refuse a reasonable rate for our commodities.

"The 50-cent rate on some of our products is so low that our connecting lines refuse to handle them. This commodity goes by the Southern Pacific route because the Southern Pacific Company carries this commodity at the 50-cent rate because if it did not do so the business would be given to ships, and the Southern Pacific would lose the class of first class by declining to carry business of a low class. No railroad can hope to do only a first-class business. We would not make the rates so low if we could not get the return cars loaded."

### CANADIAN ROADS LAUGH.

**RATE TROUBLE BOTH WAYS.**

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—The Canadian railway managers find an element of humor in the proceedings entered into them before the Interstate Commerce Commission by the National Association, says the Montreal correspondent of the Times. The roads cited are the Canadian Pacific, and Trunk and Canadian Atlantic. An inquiry to at present being held by the government into the charges of Canadian farmers that their rates are too high.

"At the same time," said G. M. Bosworth, freight traffic manager of the Canadian Pacific, "proceedings are being taken against us by the Interstate Commerce Commission, because our rates for carrying hay and straw into the United States are too low."

### HEADQUARTERS CHANGE.

**DENVER TO CHICAGO DEAL.**

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

CHICAGO, Aug. 10.—It has been officially agreed to move the headquarters of the Transcontinental Passenger Association from Denver to Chicago. All the roads interested have voted in favor of the proposition except the Missouri Pacific and Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroads, and these, it is stated, will announce their decision within a few days.

Chairman Charlton has been in consultation with the general passenger agents here regarding the matter, and it is probable that the transfer of offices will be made August 15.

### RAILROAD CONFERENCE.

**MANY MAGNATES PRESENT.**

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

CHICAGO, Aug. 10.—Several of the most important representatives of the Gould-Harriman railroad interests, the Tribune, have arrived in the city. It is surmised for a conference. Among those here are E. L. Lomax of Omaha, general passenger agent of the Union Pacific; R. Trenbrock of New York, Charles M. Hays of Montreal, president of the Southern Pacific; Roswell Miller, Chicago, president of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. Senator Clark of Montana has had rooms engaged since Wednesday. Miller has just come from Alaska.

### SANTA FE WRECK.

**ENGINEER BADLY HURT.**

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

TOPEKA (Kan.) Aug. 10.—The westbound Santa Fé fast mail crashed into the rear of through-freight train No. 121 at 4 o'clock this morning, near Pauline, four miles west of Topeka. Engineer James Rolla and Fireman E. B. Wahl were badly injured in leaping from their engine. Traffic was delayed six hours. The wreck was due to a dense fog. The slippery rails prevented the long freight from getting up the grade to a siding on schedule time.

## POOR CONDITION OF THE CORN CROP.

**GOVERNMENT REPORT SHOWS THE YIELD WILL BE LIGHT.**

**New York Paper's Special Inquiry is not Encouraging to Grain Growers in the Famous Corn Belt—Comparison With Former Years.**

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Crop conditions of August 1, set forth in the government crop report of yesterday, fully confirm the depressing estimates of injury to corn, and show a deterioration in the condition of spring wheat and oats, from the situation as indicated by the report issued July 10. As variously interpreted, estimates of the corn crop of August 1 range from 1,292,140,000 bushels to 1,320,397,000, against an estimate of 2,093,004,000 on July 10 and last year's harvest of 2,105,102,516. An estimate of wheat is for a crop of 653,969,000 bushels, as against an estimate of 704,280,000 bushels on July 10, and as last year's harvest of 522,229,506.

Supplementing from the government report, the Herald has canvassed practically every county in the seven great corn States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri for the period from August 1 to August 10, bringing the report up to the present. The results, contained in nearly four hundred telegraphic replies, leaves room for no other conclusion than that the late condition of corn has not improved, the benefit in certain sections being more than offset by deterioration elsewhere. The fact that the corn loss amounts to a calamity cannot be concealed.

In making estimates the Herald has been assisted by Oscar K. Lyle of the New York Produce Exchange, and a well-known statistician. Conditions as indicated by the Herald canvass point to a total corn crop on August 10 of 1,168,238,900 bushels. The heaviest loss within the last few days is in the more easterly of the corn States, such as Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. Losses in Nebraska and Kansas were early incurred, and changes there are not considerable as against losses elsewhere.

The information used by the Herald in reaching its conclusions was obtained from bank presidents and cashiers in counties indicated, leading county officials, merchants and trained correspondents. The information sought did not ask for extent of damage, but extent of improvement, as is shown by the following copy of the dispatches:

"The Herald will greatly appreciate it if you will telegraph twenty-five or more words, giving your belief as to how much of improvement in corn crop there has been in your county since August 1."

Deductions drawn from the Herald's canvass are based on an average corn crop for the last five years. That reports have been as conservatively construed as the nature of dispatches permitted will be apparent from a perusal of the reports made to the Herald, and the estimates of conditions obtained from the officials of State boards of agriculture of the several States in the corn belt. The same care has been exercised in obtaining these statistics that has characterized the Herald's Presidential forecasts in years past.

## AMERICAN SEIZURE OF EUROPE'S TRADE.

**HALF-PENNY JOURNALS HAVING SPASMS OVER IT.**

**United Kingdom's Coal Trade Said to Have Been Captured and Morgan Now Plotting to Seize English and German Shipping.**

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

LONDON, Aug. 11.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Sensational journals have been trying to enliven the dull period by various inventions respecting the American seizure of the coal trade of the United Kingdom and J. Pierpont Morgan's fresh plot against the shipping interests both in England and Germany. These stories are not credited either in the coal market or shipping offices. Steamship companies are already in a combination by which passenger and freight rates are regulated, and it is hardly credible that the two chief English and two great German lines can be purchased and brought under American control.

The increasing force of American competition has become, as Senator Depew remarked yesterday, one engrossing foreign question throughout Europe. This is true, and full confirmation comes from the trade statistics, without the adventitious aid from half-penny sensationalism. Every official return concerning the exports and imports show month after month decreased shipments from the United Kingdom to the United States, and vastly-augmented shipments in return, and there are no compensations in trade with the colonies or continental countries.

Unless all signs fail the figures for the present year will offer striking proofs of the expansion of imports and the decline of exports, and convince even old-time free-traders that England cannot go on forever on her present lines, especially when a vigorous competitor like the United States is constantly enlarging its commerce and selling vastly more than it is buying. American competition in general manufactures is felt in every English provincial town. The number of commercial travelers from the United States was never larger than at present, and their energy is shaking up the conservatism of the English trade.

**Time is Fleeting.**

Watches cleaned, 75 cts. 320 N. Spring st.

*SOUTH AFRICA*

## LORD MILNER'S HOLIDAY OVER.

*Going Back to Face a Desolate Waste.*

*Door Slammed Shut on Peace Prospects.*

*Fighting Boers Will not Heed Kitchener's Proclamation. A Black Outlook.*

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The Sun's London correspondent says Lord Milner, Governor of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, left England today to face a desolate waste, blacker even than when he left three months ago. His holiday, which followed the declaration of Gen. Botha, the Boer commander-in-chief, that Lord Milner was personally the greatest bar in the consideration of any terms of peace was one of several moves of the British government inviting an armistice. His ruling principle of statesmanship that the Afrikander idea must be destroyed made it impossible for his active personal administration concurrently with the policy of ending the war by conciliation.

Lord Kitchener tried the latter alternative with slight chance of success, because of the hysterical shrieking of London half-penny papers over an incident such as a man in the Boer ranks running amuck.

The stories of Boer shooting wounded British officers after the fight at Vlakfontein has again embittered the situation, and the door to compromise was shut with a bang by the proclamation which was issued yesterday on Colonial Secretary Chamberlain's instructions.

This proclamation embodies one of the most remarkable phases of the policy of bill-posting, to which Earl Roberts, in the first half of the war, was so inclined. It is safe to say that it will never come to the knowledge of the tenth part of the Boers who are on commando, before September 15, the date when it becomes operative. Among those whom it will reach it will be regarded as only another proof of the dementia of the British government in their dealings with the Boer republics. As the fighting Boers do not expect to recover their property in a form worth having, and the leaders do not expect ever to have a serious share in the government of the country, threats of forfeiture of property and banishment from the country add nothing to the blackness of the outlook.

The suggestion that the British government knows that the proclamation will be without effect, and is but the forerunner of a declaration that the new territory must pay the entire cost of the war, after September 15, possibly has some truth, but has no bearing on the military dead-beat to which the troops have been reduced.

There are sixty-one mobile columns chasing the Boers, scouring here and there for the few burghers who leave commandoes, but Delarey, Dewet and Botha have held their own in their respective and familiar areas throughout the South African winter. There will be good grass on the veldt by the beginning of October, when it may be expected that the Boers will resume the offensive.

QUIET DEPARTURE.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The Tribune's London correspondent says Lord Milner, after keeping a private engagement in the country, embarked quietly at Southampton, without other public demonstration than cheering from the wharf. He has not enjoyed the process of being lionized here and in country houses, and frankly says he will be well pleased to settle down to work.

Gen. Lyttleton, who has sailed with him is a capable officer, with a marked talent for administrative detail. He was the best commander under Gen. Buller in the Ladysmith campaign, and has been named by military men as Lord Kitchener's successor, either before or after the close of the present guerrilla operations.

Lord Milner's return to South Africa will probably be followed by more practical measures than Lord Kitchener's proclamation, which the Unionist journals are making a brave effort to commend as statesmanlike. The resumption of mining operations at Johannesburg on a large scale and the widening of the areas where the usual occupations of peace can be conducted, will be facilitated as rapidly as possible. This will be a practical method of meeting the Boer argument from Holland that the war is in progress with no signs of abatement, and that a British army of 250,000 men is held up virtually as Gen. Buller's army corps was after Colenso and Magersfontein.

### BOERS GET INNING.

**KITCHENER'S LATEST REPORT.**

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

LONDON, Aug. 10.—[By Atlantic Cable.] A dispatch from Lord Kitchener, dated from Pretoria, says that a blockhouse near Brandfort (Orange River Colony) was rushed and captured by the Boers, after severe fighting, the night of August 7. Elliott has captured seventy prisoners and large quantities of stock and wagons, which he is sending in. No details have been received.

### KITCHENER'S FEARS.

**BOER ACTIVITY RUMORS.**

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

LONDON, Aug. 10.—[By Atlantic Cable.] Mail dispatches from Lord Kitchener, issued today in a parliamentary paper, say his constant endeavor has been to improve the fortifications along the lines of communication, thus releasing men from active service. The garrisons off the railways have mostly been withdrawn.

A spirited narrative of the ejectment of Gen. Dewet from Cape Colony concludes with the statement that the raiders undoubtedly received a number of recruits from the colonial Dutch, an ample supply of food and timely information.

Lord Kitchener received certain information that Dewet intends to make for Cape Town, when Gen. Botha, as soon as he heard that the concentration in Cape Colony was effected, was to enter Natal with 4000 picked horsemen and make for Durban.

### BLEW UP TRANSPORT.

**BOER SYMPATHIZER'S WORK.**

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 10.—What is regarded as an effort of a Boer sympathiser to blow up a British transport occurred shortly after midnight, when a terrific explosion occurred at the stock landing, where the Harrison steamer Mechanician is moored. The Mechanician it to carry mules to South Africa. Most of the crew of the ship were asleep, but the explosion brought them quickly from their berths to the deck. An examination showed a large dent on the starboard side of the ship. Two plates at the water's edge had been sprung and considerable water was let into the ship.

The pumps were immediately put to work and when daylight came it was found that the vessel was in no danger of sinking and that the damage done was not serious. The crew of the vessel denied that there are any explosives on board, and there seems little doubt, according to the statements of those who examined the ship, that the explosion was from the outside, and that some sort of bomb or torpedo had been used. Neither the agent of the ship nor any of the officers were willing to express a theory with regard to who was responsible for the explosion.

DISCOVERY OF PLOT.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 10.—New evidences of the plot to destroy the British mule ship Mechanician were discovered by an officer of the vessel today. Attached to the anchor chain near the surface of the water was found a cotton-wrapped wire about 125 feet long to which was evidently attached the bomb or torpedo that exploded last night, and that drove in the plates of the ship on the port side at the water line.

The British officers here and agents of the lines employed by the British government for the transportation of mules and horses to South Africa, are much exercised over the attempted destruction of the Mechanician, and the vessel has been moved out in midstream with a double watch on board. This is true of the other mule transports in port, the Milwaukee being one of them. But for the torpedo exploding against a bulkhead sustained by plates, the vessel would undoubtedly have been sunk. Mules will be taken on Monday and the ship will proceed on her trip to East London.

## NEGRO RAPE FIEND PROBABLY BURNED.

**ASSAILANT OF WHITE WOMAN TAKEN BY GEORGIA MOB.**

**Positive News is Lacking, but Conservative Man Who Captured the Criminal Says He Has No Doubts of the Culprit's Fate in Flames.**

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

SAVANNAH (Ga.) Aug. 10.—The negro assailant of Mrs. J. J. Clark was captured at Liberty City today. Tonight he was taken to Ways Station and identified by Mrs. Clark. While being removed from Ways to the Bryan County Jail, the prisoner was taken away from his captors by a mob, and it is believed has been burned at the stake.

Positive news of the lynching is lacking, and nothing is known tonight. The morning News advices come from R. J. Young, who captured the assailant of Mrs. Clark, who says that he was ordered to leave the vicinity by the man who took the negro from his custody. A short time afterward he saw a fire, the flames from which ascended above the tops of the surrounding trees. He telegraphed the Morning News that he has no doubt that the negro has been burned at the stake.

## SITES OF PREHISTORIC CITIES IN CRETE.

**MANY WONDERFUL RUINS ARE BEING UNEARTHED.**

**One of the Most Interesting Discoveries Due to the Perseverance of an American Woman—Rich Field for the Archaeologists.**

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

LONDON, Aug. 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] It may seem incongruous to cable affairs many thousand years old, but the present salutary calm gives added interest to the remarkable additions just made to the knowledge of the prehistoric periods. Crete, now that it has been rescued from the Turks, is proving a wonderful storehouse of records of fact far antedating what archaeologists expected. It is even transpiring that the island's traditional claim to embrace a hundred cities is not without foundation.

Prof. Hogarth of Oxford, the noted explorer, describes the remains of ancient cities which are coming to light at many more points on the Cretean coast than are recorded in classical atlases. He says he now suspects a Mycenean site in every one of the larger plains. These towns, so far as searched, show little or no sign of having continued into historic periods. Their civilization was blotted out with Mycenean domination.

It is impossible to chronicle the great recent discoveries briefly, but it is interesting to call attention to the spot which Prof. Hogarth describes as the site best worth visiting in Crete. This was located and uncovered by the perseverance of an American woman, Miss Harriet Boyd. The remains of the ancient Mycenean town of Gorynia lie on the Gulf of Mirabello, at the head of the lowest pass to the south coast. The site is close to the main road from Candia to Sitria, and was discovered by Miss Boyd, who has been directing the excavations.

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The uniform success of this remedy has made it the most popular preparation in use for bowel complaints. It is everywhere recognized as the one remedy that can always be depended upon and that is pleasant to take. It is especially valuable for summer diarrhoea in children, and is undoubtedly the means of saving the lives of a great many children each year.—Adv.

**Aluminum Spoons**

will not tarnish by eggs or otherwise; low prices prevail. Pittsburg Aluminum Co., 312 S. Spring.

## CLOUDBURSTS IN ARIZONA.

*Terrible Flood in San Pedro Valley.*

*Big Rush of Water from Huachuca Hills.*

*Railroad Tracks Just Rebuilt Washed Out—Tucson in Darkness.*

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

TUCSON (Ariz.) Aug. 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] A terrible rush of water came down from the skies late yesterday afternoon and flooded the San Pedro Valley. It was a cloudburst, and one of the most severe ever known in this part of Arizona.

A few weeks ago heavy rains washed out ten miles from New Mexico and Arizona Railroad tracks, including two immense bridges. The road was rebuilt, and trains had just begun to run, when the second storm came.

A torrent of water came down Benolta Cañon, with a roar which could be heard for miles. The rush of water came from a cloudburst in the Huachuca Mountains, and it carried everything before it. Reaching the railroad tracks in the San Pedro Valley, one mile of track and embankment was cleared to make way for the flood waters, and great holes were washed in the ground, making the work of repair much harder than it was after the first storm.

Resident Engineer Sroufe had just returned to Tucson, after two weeks' hard work repairing the damage from the first storm, when he was called out again last night, and every available work train and workman was pressed into service. It will be at least five days before trains will be able to run. Telegraph lines are down, and communication with Sonora is cut off. Tucson was visited with the heaviest storm in years this evening, and the Santa Cruz and Rillito rivers are raging torrents.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

TUCSON (Ariz.) Aug. 10.—Rainstorms continue to rage in Southeastern Arizona and Northern Sonora. The road from Benson and Guaymas was badly washed out last night and this afternoon, again stopping trains.

A hurricane and rainstorm visited Tucson this afternoon, totally destroying the gas works, leaving the city without gas. Several large smoke stacks and buildings were blown down, and a large number of trees were destroyed. It rained in torrents fo an hour.

The destruction is considerable, but no one is reported injured.

### JAPS ON A VISIT.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—Takahiko Ofuji, professor in the University of Kioto, Japan, and his brother, J. Ofuji, a civil engineer of Kioto, accompanied by Yasusoke Ohki, the Japanese Acting Consul in this city, are visiting the different public improvements and institutions, including the bridges and the rapid-transit system.

### VON WALDERSEE'S WELCOME.

HOMBURG, Aug. 10.—[By Atlantic Cable.] Field Marshal Count Von Waldersee arrived here at 9 o'clock. He was met at the railroad station by Emperor William, the Crown Prince Frederick William, Prince Eitel Frederick and Count Von Buelow.

His Majesty's greeting of the Field Marshal and the officers accompanying him was most cordial. He kissed Von Waldersee on both cheeks. The Emperor and the Field Marshal drove together to the castle, amid the plaudits of the crowd. There the Empress welcomed the Field Marshal.

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DAILY—9:43 p.m. Other trains at 6:40 a.m., 7:36 a.m., 10:48 a.m., 12:28 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 6:40 p.m. This is the convenient line, and the only line landing passengers at the Surf Pavilion.
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COAST RECORD

# WINTERS DID SMELTER JOB.

## Bullion Thief Confesses His Crime.

## Shows Officers Where He Hid Plunder.

## Treasure Sunk in Mud and Water—Robber Had No Accomplice.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—Jack Winters, who was arrested for the Selby Smelting Works robbery, has confessed the crime, and part of the stolen bullion has been recovered from the bay where he had sunk it.

For three days the detectives have used all sorts of intimidation to make Winters confess, but their threats apparently had no effect upon him. Finally he asked to see Superintendent Ropp of the works, who, he said, was his only friend he had. In his conversation with Ropp, Winters's manner indicated that he knew where the gold had been hidden. Ropp told him that they had a strong case against him, and that he would be sent to prison for thirty years. He said:

"You will be an old man when you get out, and it will do you no good to hide the gold. We know it is hidden in the water near the works and we will search every inch. You may be sure that the gold will be found before you get out of prison."

PRISONER CONFESSES.

Winters, easily weakened and told Ropp that he had taken the gold and would take him to the spot where it was hidden. The criminal, in company with Superintendent Ropp and a number of detectives, left on a tug last night for Crockett. There they waited all night for low tide. Winters pointed out the place at the end of the railroad wharf, behind the coal bunkers at the beginning of the Vallejo ferry slip. At that point, at low tide, the water is about four feet deep, covered by a coat of water.

When the tug first reached Crockett, Winters pointed out the spot in the water where he said he had thrown the gold. Superintendent Ropp marked the place on the wharf, and the tug started away to wait for low tide. This morning Winters himself got into the water up to his neck, and after a hunt and a half groped about in the mud for the missing bullion.

Up to 10 o'clock $141,000 worth had been recovered. This includes the four bars of the gold.

HAD NO ACCOMPLICE.

Winters had put some of the bars in bags. It is said that one of the bags broke and some small bars had been lost. It is now only a question of search to find the rest of the gold.

Winters claims that he did the job all alone, and says that he made fourteen trips from the vault to the wharf, from which he dropped the gold. The smelter officials, however, are positive that he received assistance from some one. Detectives think that the story that he did it all alone is correct.

RECOVERY OF THE TREASURE.

Winters, when he had made up his mind to tell all he knew about the gold, was exceedingly willing to give all the information that was necessary for the recovery of the bullion. He practically assumed charge of the operations, and led Capt. Seymour and Superintendent Ropp to the spot. He acted more like one of the detectives employed on the case than a prisoner charged with a serious crime. As soon as he arrived at the water's edge, he called the superintendent to his side and said:

"Now, watch what I am going to show you. Be careful that you get my motions right."

Stooping, he picked up three stones, and pacing forward, he tossed one of them into the water. It fell to the spot at which the prisoner stood. Another stone fell to the right, and the third was thrown directly in front of Winters.

"Now," said the prisoner, "will mark the boundary of the place where your gold is hidden." Then, stepping to the left, Winters drew a knife from his pocket and asked for a hammer. He drove the nail in the first stringer. He then paced off a few yards to the right and drove another nail in the timber.

"The gold," he continued, "will be found between these two nails, somewhere in line with the spots marked by the stones I just tossed into the water."

A small boat was secured, and into it stepped Veale, Detective Kimball of the Pinkerton Agency and two laborers who had been loaded. Winters assisted in carrying for the bricks. He talked freely all the while. The deep mud caused a stop to operations, and it was decided to build the coffer dam before trying to recover the rest of the gold.

FULL CONFESSION.

Yesterday afternoon, Winters, after the badgering of the detectives, and confronted with the evidence against him, made a full confession, and agreed to produce the gold. The confession came when Capt. Lees exhibited to him a report of an analysis of the soil fifteen feet of the smelter wall, which had been found among the tools discovered in Winters's cabin, the report stating that the specimens of soil were strongly impregnated with sulphuric acid. In the face of this evidence the prisoner finally made a clean breast of it.

He said that he had planned the robbery for months with minute detail. He had calculated every move. He had been employed for two or three months at work on the smelter himself. It had taken two days of labor to cut through the brick wall of the smelter. Most of the bricks in the bottom of the vault had been removed on the night when the gold was taken. He had carried the plunder, which was very heavy, from the vault to the railroad track, through the railroad tunnel, along the track, and then on a wharf which runs parallel to the track and back toward the smelter, forming a little bay between the track and the wharf, and had deposited the gold in the mud a few feet from the wharf, on the side toward the track. The water where he lodged the gold was from three to six feet deep at low tide. The distance from the vault to this subaqueous cache was about a quarter of a mile, and he had made fourteen round trips. That he had walked about eight miles. He was at work four hours on Monday night. The four small bars of refined gold he had concealed among the stones of the breakwater, just at the further mouth of the railroad tunnel. His purpose had been to use this gold for present needs. Ex-Chief Lees found those four bars.

DAYBREAK STOPPED HIM.

Winters, on his last trip, had perceived that dawn was breaking. Not daring to complete the trip, he had laid on the shore the two bricks which were found Tuesday morning, at the point where the robbers' boat was supposed to have landed. The trail of red pepper ending at that point, had been a blind.

Having completed the robbery Winters returned to his cabin, washed, burned his clothes, mounted his bike, rode to Crockett, caught the early train, came to San Francisco, went to San Rafael, and called on Miss Ida Spencer at the Cosmopolitan Hotel. There he was arrested by Detective Tom Gibson.

Winters had been alone in the crime. It was a marvelous feat, but had been marred by several follies. Most of his tools he had tossed into the bay, but he had kept a few and they were telltales.

NO PROMISE MADE.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—A story was printed in the afternoon papers quoting Detective Gibson as saying that President Ralston of the Selby Smelter Works, in consideration of Winters's confessing and revealing the place where he held the gold, had promised him immunity and $25,000 additional. The report met a prompt denial by President Ralston and others, who stated that there had been no agreement with Winters not to prosecute him.

EARNERS OF REWARD.

MORSE CLAIMS FIRST CREDIT.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—Sheriff Veale states that Detective Harry N. Morse is entitled to first credit for the unearthing of the evidence that led to the arrest of Winters and the recovery of the gold.

According to the Sheriff's statement, Detective Morse got his tip last Tuesday afternoon from one of the men employed at the smelter and immediately acted upon it. He went to Winters's cabin on the hill, accompanied by a couple of his men, and forced an entrance. There he found the chalk, the electric battery, the letter from the suspected man's sweetheart, and all the other articles which subsequently were described.

The detectives marked each of the exhibits with his initials, "H. N. M.," and leaving his men to watch the cabin, he went to the office of the smelter and deposited the evidence in the safe. Morse then came to San Francisco and began to search for Winters. He visited the Winchester House on Third street, and other local haunts of the suspect, but failed to find him.

It was on Wednesday, Sheriff Veale alleges, that Detective "Tom" Gibson got his first clew. Gibson visited the smelter office and was allowed to inspect the articles bearing Morse's initials.

Going to Winters's cabin, Gibson found Morse's men in charge. The letter had been left there, and Gibson, reading it, immediately surmised that Winters had gone to San Rafael. Acting upon this theory, Gibson hurried back to San Francisco and crossed the bay to San Rafael, where he found and arrested Winters.

Morse left the various articles found in Winters's cabin in the smelter safe, intending to return for them, for at the time he had not received the slightest intimation that other detectives, and among them Lees, had been employed in the case. Otherwise he would probably have brought this valuable evidence with him to this city.

Morse, it is claimed, returned here late Tuesday night, and early the following morning went to the smelter office and reported that he had strong evidence against Winters.

When it comes to splitting up the reward, both Morse and Veale will probably have something to say. Morse remained in the case until ex-Chief Lees entered it, when the old-time feud between the two sleuths prevented their working in harmony, so Morse withdrew.

Sheriff Veale says he has good proof to back up all he says. Among the persons he claims to have in readiness to substantiate his story is Superintendent Van Der Ropp of the smelting works, who, he says, informed Manager Ralston that Detective Morse was first to find the clew that led to the discovery of the gold.

When seen this afternoon Capt. Morse corroborated the story told by Sheriff Veale.

"I at no time expected a reward," said he, "and, in fact, when I returned from the smelter, I told Mr. Ralston that I was confident of fostering the crime on Winters, but that I would not claim the reward.

"I have been employed by the Selby people for many years, and they are entitled to my services without extra remuneration."

Sheriff Veale stated that he would take Winters back to Contra Costa county either tonight or Monday, and that papers would be served on him for that purpose.

Winters will then be prosecuted at the scene of his crime for either grand larceny or burglary, and probably given five or six years in prison. Considering that he has unearthed the stolen treasure, and in view of the promises that were made him, but the exact nature of which cannot be learned, he will not be severely dealt with. When his time is served, he will be ushered out of the country.

KNOWN AT STOCKTON.

ROBBED ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

STOCKTON, Aug. 10.—Jack Winters, who has confessed to being the man who robbed the Selby Smelting Works of $250,000 worth of gold bars, has been recognized by attachés of St. Joseph's Home in this city as being the same man who robbed the institution of $400 in coin on the 29th of March last.

Published pictures of Winters were immediately recognized as those of the man who came to the institution, and under the guise of an electrician, who had come to inspect the electrical wiring and lighting apparatus, was allowed to go about the place unattended. While going from room to room, ostensibly to inspect the wiring, Winters found a bag of coin, with which the head nurse of the hospital was to have paid the monthly expenses within a few days.

Sheriff Sibley will leave for San Francisco tonight, and he has hopes that he will be able to secure the money taken from St. Joseph's Home by Winters.

BAD MAN IN CUSTODY.

WAS FLEEING FROM JUSTICE.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

SACRAMENTO, Aug. 10.—A special to the Bee says that at 1 o'clock this afternoon Sheriff Keena and Deputy Coan of Placer county, arrested a man who gives the name of R. Vogel, near the Mammoth Bar mine, in Eldorado county, and are now on the way with him to Auburn, where he will be tried on a charge of having attempted to murder a Placer deputy sheriff the other day by shooting. The man was encountered on the road by the officer, and when the latter spoke to him, Vogel drew a revolver and shot at him, the bullet striking him in the leg. Vogel has confessed that he was fleeing from justice, having set fire to a barn in Wheatland, and he thought the officer intended to arrest him. He has also confessed that he committed a highway robbery in Placer county a few days ago.

# DIMMICK ARRESTED FOR MINT ROBBERY.

## FORMER CHIEF CLERK IS TAKEN INTO CUSTODY.

### Four Counts Against Him in the Indictment—Prisoner Unable to Give Bail—Peculations Said to Cover Period of Several Years.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Walter N. Dimmick, former chief clerk of the mint, was arrested late last night by Secret Service Agent Hazen. He was not taken to jail, but was held in custody at his hotel. He was still in custody of the Secret Service officers this afternoon, having utterly failed to get bondsmen for $37,000, the amount of the required bail. United States District Attorney Woodworth said today that the government officers had very strong evidence that Dimmick stole $30,000 from the mint vault. He is charged under four counts with embezzling $32,700.

NOT HIS FIRST OFFENSE.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] A Secret Service official, in closest touch with affairs at Washington, was in New York today and talked regarding developments in the Dimmick case. He said:

"Two years ago, from what I have learned, Dimmick lifted $1000 from the salary fund of the mint, of which he had charge. Last year Dimmick took $2000 from the blue-stone fund. I am told that he owned up to both stealings, but made good the amounts and was promoted in the face of these transactions. The government can prosecute Dimmick on both these charges, and I am sure it will do so."

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—Chief Wilkie of the Secret Service, Treasury Department, has received a telegram announcing that Walter Dimmick, former chief clerk of the San Francisco Mint, has been arrested by Secret Service officials there on two charges. One was preferred by Secret Service Agent George Hazen, charging Dimmick with the theft of $30,000 in gold from the mint in San Francisco. The other charge was made by Superintendent Leach, accusing Dimmick of misappropriation of funds placed in his hands for the purchase of supplies.

KILLED BY A TRAIN.

DAVID SMITH'S FATE.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

STOCKTON, Aug. 10.—David B. Smith, the driver of a grocery wagon, was struck by the incoming Milton train this afternoon and died soon afterward from the effect of the collision. He was driving south on East street when the train approached at fast speed, and tried to hurry up his horses, but the animals became rattled when on the track and refused to proceed.

The animals reared apparently in fright, and the train struck the wagon, throwing Smith several feet. He fell on his head and received a deep cut, and died soon after reaching the Receiving Hospital. He was about 50 years of age, and leaves a wife and a son 16 years of age.

KLONDIKE TELEGRAPH.

PROGRESS OF WORK NOTED.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

SEATTLE (Wash.) Aug. 10.—Word is just received from the Lower Yukon that work on the telegraph line from Eagle to St. Michael, where it will connect with the cable to Nome, is proceeding at various points. The line is finished over the cut off from the coast to Kaltag on the Yukon, and men have proceeded well on to Nulato.

Lieut. Cochran, with a force of twenty men, has reached a point twenty miles below Tanana. A large force of men is preparing to string wire from Fort Hamlin to Circle, while 125 miles of the line between Eagle and Valdez are already open for use. The total length of the latter line will be 450 miles.

SALVADOR'S CONTRACT.

CALIFORNIANS TO SEE ABOUT IT.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

OAKLAND, Aug. 10.—To conclude a settlement with the government of Salvador over a claim of $500,000, A. W. Burrell, president of the Salvador Commercial Company; John H. Ellis, treasurer, and William Lairhill, the company's attorney, have departed for the Central American republic.

The Salvador Commercial Company is the principal stockholder in a grant made in 1894 by the Salvadorean government to a corporation for the development of the port of El Triunfo on the bay of Jiquiliaco. The company makes the statement that in 1898 the Central American government issued decrees and took steps that practically destroyed value of the concessions.

ARTHUR RODGERS DYING.

EMINENT CALIFORNIA LAWYER.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—Arthur Rodgers, one of the leading attorneys in the State and regent of the State University, is dying at Watkins, N. Y. Mr. Rodgers is succumbing to an attack of hemorrhage of the bowels, a complaint from which he has suffered for many years, but which was never so violent as the present attack. His brother, Dr. Lee D. Rodgers, has left for his bedside, and it is not thought that life can be long sustained. Mr. Rodgers left for the Adirondacks some time ago in a futile search for health.

MURDER AND ROBBERY.

WASHINGTON FIND PROVES IT.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

PORT ANGELS (Wash.) Aug. 10.—The body of M. Link of Augusta, Me., was found on the outskirts of this city today with two bullet holes in it. Robbery is believed to have been the motive of the crime. Link was known to have had considerable money, but only half a dollar was found in the clothing of the dead man.

SHRINERS AT STOCKTON.

WOODMEN'S BIG CELEBRATION.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

STOCKTON, Aug. 10.—A special Santa Fé train came in this afternoon bringing 150 Shriners from San Francisco, who came to hold a session in this city and initiate about forty new members. Half of the initiates are Stocktonians, ten come from San Francisco, ten from Sacramento, and several from San Joaquin Valley points. The affair was very enjoyable, and concluded with a banquet, to which the ladies were welcomed.

A special Southern Pacific train went out this evening with seventy members of the Woodmen of the World and candidates initiated during the night at Fernbrook Park, near Niles. At Tracey the train picked up fifteen more candidates. It was said that more than fifteen hundred candidates were to be initiated.

UNIVERSITY FUND.

BISHOP HAMILTON'S PLANS.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

SAN JOSE, Aug. 10.—Bishop J. W. Hamilton of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has announced his intention of inaugurating and pushing to successful issue a movement to raise an endowment fund of $15,000 for the Methodist school here, the University of the Pacific.

He will present his plan in detail before the Methodist conference, which meets at Pacific Grove September 12. Bishop Hamilton was the prime factor in raising a fund to cancel the indebtedness of $80,000, which hung over the university for many years.

CHURCH PROPERTY DECISION.

ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OPINION.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—In answer to a communication from the State Board of Equalizers, requesting information as to whether church property should be taxed when portions of it are rented or otherwise used as a source of revenue, the Attorney General rendered an affirmative opinion today.

The Attorney General was also asked by the Board of Equalizers if there was any authority for examining persons in regard to church property. It is held by the Attorney General that such statements as are deemed necessary may be exacted.

HUNTINGTON'S ESTATE.

CALIFORNIA HOLDINGS KNOWN.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—The inventory and appraisement of Collis P. Huntington's California estate has been filed in the County Clerk's office. The inventory follows:

Promissory note of W. V. Huntington, dated May 17, 1899, for $417,564.64, with interest at 6½ per cent. per annum; lot corner of Julien avenue and Fourteenth street, $9500; four lots in Block 194, Oakland, $4000; lot in Santa Monica, $2000; portion of Rancho Bocade, Santa Monica, $10,500. The total value of the estate in this State is $463,564.64.

DECKHOFF'S PUNISHMENT.

SEWARD'S COLLAPSE TRIAL.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

SEATTLE Aug. 10.—All blame for the collapse of the furnaces of the United States transport Seaward, Capt. J. C. Downing, resulting in her having to be towed from Nome to this port by the Warren, attaches to E. W. Deckhoff, chief engineer of the vessel, according to a decision promulgated today by Capt. Bryant and Engineer Cherry, constituting the local board of inspectors of United States marine hulls and boilers. Suspension for sixty days is the punishment prescribed by the board.

TEST ON NORDSTROM.

EXPERTS SAY HE IS SANE.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

SEATLE (Wash.) Aug. 10.—At the instance of Prosecuting Attorney Fulton, two medical experts examined into the mental condition of Charles W. Nordstrom, the King county murderer, who is sentenced to hang August 23. In a report filed today, they declared Nordstrom sane.

Nordstrom's friends and counsel are dissatisfied with the examination, and on Monday morning will ask Judge Emory of the Supreme Court to name another committee of experts to conduct an examination.

FIRE AT ARMSTRONG.

INCENDIARY CULPRIT CAUGHT.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

VANCOUVER (B. C.) Aug. 10.—A large part of the business section of Armstrong, B. C., was burned today. The total loss is $90,000, and the insurance $23,000.

The origin of the fire was incendiary, a patent medical man named Eagles having started the blaze with the aid of coal oil. Eagles confessed his guilt, was arrested and is now in jail.

FRANCE'S PRUNE CROP SHORT.

UNITED STATES CONSUL REPORTS.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—The Pacific Commercial Museum is in receipt of a communication from the United States Consul at Bordeaux, France, which states that the size of the prune crop in that country is estimated at 25 per cent. less than that of last year. It is also noted that the crop is above the average as regards size and quality.

BRIEF COAST DISPATCHES.

Fruit Quarrel Settled.

SAN JOSE, Aug. 10.—Although a price was fixed by the California Cured Fruit Association yesterday, no sales of prunes were reported today. This is because the deadlock between the California Packers' Company and the association is still unbroken, this being shown by the fact that packers' company refused to confirm sales or orders for nine cars. The controversy between the two organizations is acute. It was stated tonight that the difficulty would be settled Monday or Tuesday and business proceed.

Mammoth Woodmen Parade.

SAN JOSE, Aug. 10.—Seven hundred Woodmen of the World and 200 candidates for initiation paraded the streets here this evening preparatory to boarding the train for Fernbrook Park, where 1500 people are to be initiated tonight. The demonstration here included delegations from Santa Clara, Monterey and Santa Cruz counties.

Woman Sentenced Lightly.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—Julia Gonzaleski, the accomplice of Frank Gardelli, who was convicted of burglary yesterday on the testimony of a woman, was today sentenced to two days in jail. The fact that she turned State's evidence saved her a longer term.

Navigation Company Expands.

PORTLAND (Or.) Aug. 10.—The Pacific Packing and Navigation Company this afternoon purchased all the canneries of Hume Bros., and Hume of San Francisco.

ALASKA EARTHQUAKE.

VICTORIA (B. C.) Aug. 10.—The seismograph at the meteorological office here on Friday recorded some very severe shocks of earthquake, which the superintendent believes occurred in Alaska.


**Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know it.**

How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What to Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and $1. sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.

Home of Swamp-Root.

# Early Fall Styles

In men's medium weight suits are coming in. Of course you expect to come and get posted on styles. No tailor could turn out more finished work—no styles more up-to-date.

$10 to $30.

Mullen & Bluett CLOTHING CO. COR. FIRST & SPRING THE ONE-PRICE HOUSE. 325



# „IN THE TIMES„

On Sunday, August 18, 1901,

Will appear the first installment of a serial story entitled

## "WHEN BOYS WERE MEN"

By JOHN HABBERTON, Author of "Helen's Babies," Etc.

This is pronounced one of the strongest and most entertaining stories of THE CIVIL WAR yet written. It is highly praised by such eminent authorities as Gen. John M. Schofield, Gen. O. O. Howard, Gen. Charles King and James Whitcomb Riley, who have examined advance sheets of the story.

No other paper in this section of the country will have this great story.

BOYS will like it, AND MEN will like it, too.



BEKINS Van and Storage. Cut Rate Shippers of household goods to and from the East and North. OFFICE—244 SOUTH BROADWAY. Tel. M. 92.



MONDAY AND THURSDAY THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED OF SANTA FE

This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.

Leaving at 6 p.m. it arrives in Chicago at 2.15 p.m. on Thursdays and Sundays.

Its high standard of service is fully maintained.

Free Delivery in Los Angeles and Pasadena.

The Owl Drug Co. DEPENDABLE DRUGS. 320 So. Spring St. Cut Rate Druggists

Prescriptions Filled for half what "Combine" stores charge.

DICTATORS OF DRUG PRICES.

# The War Still On.

## Pressure Does Not Change "The Owl" Policy. Boycotting Does Not Change "The Owl" Policy.

The meeting held by the Los Angeles Druggists Association last Tuesday night shows that for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the Los Angeles retail druggist is peculiar.

"On to the Sick Room" is the battlecry of these human bloodhounds. "The sick *must* have medicines; Why not make 'em pay the limit?" That is their argument—born of grasping greed—for higher prices; and these retail druggists are backed up in their position by the Los Angeles wholesalers. Surely these are all honorable men?

25c Carter's Cascara Compound, usually 50c.

25c Californis Syrup of Figs.

25c For Castoria. "Baby cries for it."

## "The Owl" Still Defies the Outfit.

We sell at any price we see fit, Association or no Association. The fight is not only against "The Owl" and independence in business—it is against every purchaser of drugs in Southern California. "The Owl" is the only store in Los Angeles which will not sign the outrageous schedule of prices proposed by The Combine and backed by the Wholesalers.

## "The Owl's" Independent Prices:

| Specials for This Week Only. | | Foods for Infants and invalids—all fresh goods. | | Liquors for Medicinal Purposes. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mennen's Talcum, powdered, 15c, or 2 for | 25c | Malted Milk small | 40c | Canadian Club | $1.00 |
| Churchill's Antiseptic Soap, per box | 30c | Malted Milk large | 75c | Hunter Baltimore Rye | $1.25 |
| Raymond's Olive Oil Soap, per box | 20c | Malted Milk Hospital size | $3.00 | G. & W. Rye. Special | $1.00 |
| Carter's Pills, 2 for | 25c | Wampules Milk Food | 85c | Martin's Baltimore Rye | $1.00 |
| 3-lb sack Bird Seed | 20c | Mellin's Foods small | 35c | "The Owl" Bourbon | $1.50 |
| Leslie's Borated Talcum, 2 for 15c or 4 for | 25c | Mellin's Foods large | 55c | McBrayer Bourbon, full pints | 50c |
| Raymond's Complexion Cream | 30c | Eagle Brand condensed milk | 15c | Guckenheimer, full pints | 80c |
| Cameline bottle | 30c | Nestles Food | 40c | Jockey Club Rye | $1.00 |
| Cream de Lis bottle | 30c | Eskays Food small | 20c | Blue Grass Bourbon | $1.00 |
| Hyacinth Cream | 20c | Eskays Food medium | 40c | Black and White Scotch | $1.50 |
| Lennox Complexion Cream | 35c | Eskays Food large | 65c | Cutter's O. K. Whiskey | $1.10 |
| Louden's Cucumber Cream | 20c | Imperial Granum | 60c | Cutter's AI Whiskey | 85c |
| Lyon's Tooth Powder | 15c | Milkine small | 40c | Dewar's Scotch Whiskey | $1.35 |
| Cutleura soap | 15c | Milkine large | 85c | Usher's Scotch Whiskey | $1.50 |

25c Carter's Lithia Tablets for preparing Lithia water



$1.00 Paine's Celery Compound 50c

$1.00 Pierce's Prescription 50c

65c our price for Lambert's Listerine regular $1.00

# STRIKES.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

next Monday to make cigars during the strike. It said: "No man shall make a cigar for a Tampa manufacturer until the strike is over."

### STRIKE REPORTS.

WALKOUT AT BENWOOD.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

PITTSBURGH, Aug. 10.—The strike at the Riverside plant of the National Tube Works at Benwood, W. V., came earlier than was expected. At 2 o'clock this morning, when the men in the plate mill where the material for the tube works is rolled, finished their turn, they dropped their tools and announced to the management that they would not be back on Monday. They were the first men in the country to obey the general order of President Shaffer. The mill had been operated as a non-union plant, and was only recently organized. The Amalgamated leaders expected that the men would hold another meeting, and feared that opposition to the strike would develop. There were 210 men employed in the plate mill, but only half of that number were engaged on the turn which finished at 2 o'clock this morning. It is understood, however, that the men on the other shift will refuse to go to work when the next turn commences. The action of the Riverside men greatly pleases the strike leaders, and they claim that the tie-up there will be general.

The advices received here by the steel officials from Wheeling, conflict with the earlier reports received from there as to the strike at the Riverside plant at Benwood. They deny that the men struck, and insist that everything is quiet at the plant.

SITUATION UNCHANGED.

The situation at Pittsburgh remains unchanged. It was announced late today that the strike headquarters would be closed to night.

President Corey of the Carnegie Company, went to his place at Homestead early in the afternoon, and it is understood that President Schwab is on the way to his country place at Loretto.

A severe storm broke here this afternoon, and if it continues it will seriously interfere with the demonstrations planned by the strikers to close the campaign. There were two thousand men in the parade at Nek [illegible] this morning.

HARD TO ESTIMATE.

No accurate idea as to the number of men that will obey the order to strike will be obtainable until tomorrow night. Thousands will avow their intentions at the close of work today, but there are points where the men waver and points where the steel corporation has strength, and an accurate count can only be made when the men take their final stand tomorrow night when the next turn is to commence.

RUSH ORDERS.

John Meyers, foreman of the Demmler plant of the American Tin Plate Company, has received orders to force the work on it, and the order is taken as an indication of a move to reopen the works with non-union men. It is said that the Carpenters' Union will refuse to finish the job and that the officials of the mill will have to do the work themselves.

A telegram from Bellaire, O., said that the Amalgamated Association claimed to have induced 150 of the skilled men at the Bellaire works of the National Steel Company to join the association. Those men will, it is claimed, go out today, and the plant cannot be operated without them.

MUM IS THE WORD.

GOMPERS REFUSES TO TALK.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—President Gompers and Secretary Morrison of the American Federation of Labor, returned today from Pittsburgh, where they were in conference with President Shaffer and others. Mr. Gompers declined to discuss the strike situation or plans at this time. He said that the statement he gave out at Pittsburgh yesterday covered the ground, and that he had nothing to add to it.

"I propose to act, not talk," he said. "The newspapers have thrashed over this strike matter too much already, and I do not propose to take any part in the discussion in print. The newspapers can say what they please. I have nothing whatever to add to what I have already said. I stand for industrial peace, and will do everything within my power to bring about an adjustment of the present conflict, and as president of the federation, to use my good offices, if necessary, between the two sides of the conflict to settle the trouble. I stand ready to assist the Amalgamated Association in any way in my power. Further than this I cannot talk."

STEEL OFFICIALS QUIET.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—Officials of the United States Steel Corporation answered that they "had nothing to say," when asked about the strike developments today.

### REMOVAL OF WORKS.

TIN PLATE COMPANY'S PLANS.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

PITTSBURGH, Aug. 10.—The officials of the American Tin Plate Company issued a statement today, announcing that it was their intention to dismantle and remove to Monessen certain of their mills tied up by the strike. The official statement given to a representative of the Associated Press by William Leeds, reads as follows:

"Since the relations between the American Tin Plate Company and the workmen at Monessen have been mutually satisfactory, insuring steady and profitable operation, it has been decided to more than double the plant at that point, and some of the mills now idle on account of the strike declared in violation of the contract signed by the Amalgamated Association, will be dismantled and moved to Monessen. Undoubtedly this will be done in the case of those works in which the sentiment of the employés delays the resumption of work."

On a previous occasion the American Tin Plate Company, cocentrated several of its plants at Wheeling and Vandergrift. Mr. Leeds does not name the plants that will be affected by the decision of today, nor does the official statement indicate what ones will be removed. It is understood that the Monessen plant will be made one of the largest operated by the company. The official statement made by Mr. Leeds, on the heels of the announcement to dismantle the plant at McKeesport, created a profound impression here.

DEWEES-WOOD REMOVAL.

Telegrams from McKeesport announce that 150 men today began the dismantling of the big Dewees-Wood plant. Several cars were backed into the yard, and a number of rolls were taken down and loaded at noon. The strikers say that only old machinery is being removed, and that the corporation is not serious in the matter. As a counter move to the order of the steel corporation, an independent plant backed by local business men is proposed. The capital is placed at $500,000, of which Enterprise Lodge of the Amalgamated Association is said to have placed $80,000. John W. Painter, J. K. Skelly and James F. Kuhn are among those named as promoters of the rival enterprise.

Postmaster George Falkenstein of the Dewees-Wood plant, gave out the following statement today:

"We are now engaged in dismantling the Dewees-Wood plant. About 150 men are now engaged in uncoupling and tearing down the machinery. The removal of the plant to the Kisiminetas Valley will require some 500 cars. All the men will be paid off today and the office force will be notified that after two weeks their services will not be required. The employés who will accompany the mill to its new home will be determined by Superintendent Sampel M. Cooper within a few days."

### UNITED MINE WORKERS IN SYMPATHY.

EXECUTIVE BOARD RECOGNIZES THE STEEL STRIKE.

Action of Amalgamated Association Indorsed and Support Pledged to the Strikers—Conference of Leaders Called for Devising Plans.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 10.—The executive board of the United Mine Workers of America in session here has officially recognized the steel strike. At noon a resolution setting out the causes of the strike, indorsing the action of the Amalgamated Association, pledging the support of the Mine Workers and calling on President Gompers to call a meeting of the presidents and secretaries of all bodies connected with the American Federation of Labor, to meet and devise plans of aiding the strikers, was adopted. Copies were sent to Presidents Shaffer and Gompers.

This action, following closely, as it does, the public statement of President Gompers, in which he promises to aid the strikers, is regarded as significant, as it is the first movement toward uniting all the organizations connected with the Federation in supporting the steel strikers. It is also taken as an indication that the officials of the Mine Workers, the most powerful organization in the federation, apprehend that the struggle between the steel trust and its men may eventually involve the entire federation, if the principles of unionism are to be preserved, and for that reason they are anxious for a conference where a plan of opposition to the trust may be outlined.

It was learned at the headquarters of the strikers that it is not within the power of President Gompers to pledge financial assistance to the steel strikers without having first obtained the authority of his council to do so. President Mitchell of the Mine Workers is a member of this council, and no meeting has as yet been called. It was stated at the Mine Workers' rooms that the organization will stand an assessment to aid the steel strikers if President Gompers and his advisers make a demand.

It is expected that President Gompers will at once issue a call for a meeting of presidents and secretaries of the organizations connected with the Federation, inasmuch as he has publicly stated that he is in sympathy with the steel strikers. The meeting will probably be held in Pittsburgh.

LAST DAY OF GRACE.

STRIKE ORDER TAKES EFFECT.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

PITTSBURGH (Pa.) Aug. 10.—The general strike order of President Shaffer of the Amalgamated Association became effective today and the army of steel, iron and tin workers to which it is addressed was expected to throw down its tools at the close of the last turn.

Strong appeals have been made to both President Shaffer and President Gompers, asking that they throw their influence toward a settlement and various plans for avoiding a general strike have been discussed and offered by disinterested men on the outside. There may yet come a powerful peacemaker with a form of compact that will be accepted by both sides, but for the present the strike seems inevitable.

The open letter written by President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor is generally discussed today and construed by each individual according to his sympathies. The strikers asserted that it was eminently satisfactory to them and that it assured them of the sympathy and support of the Federation. Opponents of the strike insisted that there was but little consolation for the strikers in the statement. They say that President Gompers does not approve the strike and stood ready while here to accept and support any plan for a satisfactory settlement. It is not known here what steps the Federation of Labor will take. None of its officials are here and the Amalgamated leaders refuse to discuss the matter. All manner of reports as to legal actions are in circulation and injunctions and counter injunctions are being discussed, but no steps have been taken yet to invoke the aid of the courts by either side.

President Shaffer left early today for Newcastle to participate in the great strike demonstrations in progress there. He was given an enthusiastic welcome and was loudly cheered whenever he was seen and recognized.

Secretary Williams was in charge of the local strike headquarters in the absence of the chief. He said he knew nothing of any plan for compromise and that he had nothing to say as to the situation. Excellent order still prevails throughout the district.

### STEEL TRUST SPREADS.

SOUTHERN COMBINE GOBBLED.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—It is reported in well-informed quarters that the United States Steel Corporation has made certain advances to the managers of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company and allied industries in the South, by which all the southern iron and steel works will come under the control of the United States Steel Corporation, says the Tribune.

While the report mentioned could not be verified in official circles, it was said on excellent authority that negotiations have been under way for the past year for the purchase by the big steel trust of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company.

# STRIKERS DEMAND NEWHALL'S SCALP.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—The Executive Committee of the Labor Council tonight passed a resolution calling on Mayor Phelan to remove Police Commissioner Newhall, on the ground that the police are being used to subserve the interests of the Employers' Association.

Mr. Newhall is also president of the Chamber of Commerce, and in his official capacity signed the petition to Mayor Phelan, which was printed this morning. The Labor Council takes serious exception to the petition, and to the signing of it by Mr. Newhall.

BOARD OF TRADE SPEAKS.

The communication addressed to Mayor Phelan yesterday by the directors of the Chamber of Commerce was followed by another today from the Board of Trade, urging upon the Mayor the issuance of a proclamation, declaring that peace must be preserved and personal property rights respected.

Mayor Phelan holds that such a proclamation is unnecessary, and would be gratuitous, and a possible cause of violence, rather than operating to allay it. The Mayor so replied to the Chamber of Commerce, and his position is not changed since the Board of Trade communication was drafted.

"The strike has not developed violence demanding the sort of measures suggested by the Chamber of Commerce," said the Mayor tonight.

The request of the Board of Trade reads as follows:

"Hon. James D. Phelan, Mayor—Dear Sir: The Board of Trade of San Francisco is convinced that the time has arrived for the chief executive to issue a proclamation that all citizens of the municipality will be fully protected in the fundamental rights guaranteed them by the laws of the land, and particularly the rights of the enjoyment of their property and the operation of their business free from menace, intimidation or violence.

A public statement to this effect from Your Honor, coupled with an appeal to all persons to abstain from interfering in any manner whatsoever with the lawful pursuits or occupations of other men, will, it is believed, have a salutary and beneficial effect in preserving the peace, and you are therefore earnestly requested to issue such a proclamation without delay."

POLICE NEEDED AT POLLS.

The members of the Draymen's Association received notification today to the effect that on Tuesday, because of the primary election, police protection will be withdrawn from the wagons and trucks. Policemen will also be withdrawn from the danger districts in the railroad yards around the teamsters' headquarters on Fourth street, and from the water front. They will be needed to guard the polls. Because of the withdrawal of the police, the draymen have decided not to allow a single team to leave the stables on Tuesday. The day, as far as draying is concerned, will be a holiday.

George Renner, manager of the Draymen's Association, stated today that the Police Commissioners have promised to swear in 200 policemen at their meeting Tuesday night. These specials will be used to guard the number of additional wagons which the draymen intend to send out. At present all the trucks and wagons are out for which there is police protection.

SHIPS COME AND GO.

There were a number of arrivals and departures today on the water front. The Walla Walla arrived from Puget Sound, the George Loomis from Ventura, the Wellington and the Asuncion from the Sound, the Zealandia from Honolulu, and the Peru from South America.

The America Maru sailed for the Orient, the Mariposa for Honolulu, the Pomona for Eureka, the Aconcagua for South America, and the City of Sydney for Panama.

BOTH SIDES FIRM.

BUT BETTER FEELING NOTED.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—The local labor troubles appear to be no nearer a settlement than at the beginning of the week.

"There is nothing new," said Attorney Michael of the Employers' Association this morning, and this was taken as meaning that the employers are as firm as ever in the stand they have assumed. The forces of organized labor are equally firm. The leaders say they are anxious for peace, and that they are willing to make any reasonable concessions to bring about a settlement, but they are positive in the declaration that there can be no compromise that does not recognize trades unionism.

But in spite of the difficulties in the way of reconciling the views of the parties to the controversy, many businessmen of the city are working hard to bring the employers and the employés together. A better feeling between the Draymen's Association and the locked-out teamsters is apparent, and there is some hope that an end may be speedily put to this strike.

TEAMSTERS WEAKENING.

Although representatives of the Order of Teamsters and the Draymen's Association say there is nothing new in the situation, it is known that terms are being negotiated and an intimation is made that an agreement may be reached.

All the docks are heavily congested with freight. A few of the largest steamers are moving, but the fleet of idle vessels in the bay is continually being augmented by fresh arrivals, whose crews desert them as soon as the harbor is reached.

There was an improvement in the condition of the principal business streets today. Gray Bros. had a force of sixty sweepers at work and the city furnished eight wagons and a sprinkler.

MOORE SHOOTING.

A non-union teamster was assaulted this morning on Post street, near Mason. Two shots were fired at him from a crowd of union sympathizers, three of whom were captured by the police. No other serious rows were reported up to noon.

OAKLAND STRIKERS.

LUMBER BARK TIED UP.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

OAKLAND, Aug. 10.—The bark W. B. Irwin, loaded with lumber, tied up at the wharf of the Puget Sound Lumber Company this morning, and immediately her crew deserted her at the instance of the business agent of the union, who had come from San Francisco for the purpose.

The steamer Noyo, which grounded on the mud flats on her way to Long Wharf to be unloaded by non-union men, is still held by the mud.

One of the members of the Master Painters' Association put three non-union painters to work this morning at the old wages of $3 a day. The journeymen painters say they are confident of victory.

There is no change in the status of the teamsters' strike.

PHELAN BUCKS.

WILL NOT ASK STATE AID.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—Mayor James D. Phelan this afternoon announced emphatically that the proclamation asked for by the Chamber of Commerce will not be issued, as he finds absolutely no necessity for so drastic a measure.

Mayor Phelan states that a riotous condition does not prevail, nor are the striking members of the labor organizations conducting themselves in a disorderly manner.

Mayor Phelan was at his downtown office when interviewed. He had previously written a letter to the Chamber of Commerce stating that the communication of yesterday had been received, and would be duly considered. When asked if the proclamation of warning would be issued, the Mayor replied:

"I do not see the necessity for such action. There is practically no disorder throughout the city. The various labor organizations have counseled their members to refrain from violence, and they are doing so. The labor leaders well know that the entire city government would be utilized, if necessary, to preserve peace and protect property. The militia will not be called upon to act, nor can the police force be increased, as there is no provision for doing so. Special officers, however, are being appointed at every meeting of the Police Commission."

### CANAL NEEDS DEEPENING.

Manchester Finds Its Waterway an Unceasing Source of Anxiety, but Will Improve It.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

LONDON, Aug. 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Manchester is finding its ship canal, which corporation it was compelled to finance and complete, an unceasing source of expense and anxiety. The managers have reported that even small vessels cannot leave the canal for sveral hours after low water, and consequently the entrance to the canal must be deepened two feet and the entire waterway dredged until the largest cargo vessels can pass through it.

This costly work will involve the excavation of more than two feet all along the line. Manchester journals do not like the report, but face the music bravely and contend the town must deepen the waterway and look after the foreign trade, or it will become a helpless inland port, like Ghent, which is incapable of competing with Antwerp and Rotterdam.

AT NEW YORK HOTELS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Southern Californians registered at New York hotels during the week as follows: From Los Angeles—At the Holland, E. W. Meany and wife; Cadillac, G. A. Brown, T. N. Canfield; Gilsey, E. W. Beeson, Mrs. L. I. Beeson, A. M. Wells; Imperial, Miss P. F. Mason; Herald Square, E. W. Potter; St. Denis, C. J. Fox and wife; Park Avenue, Miss Penisch, Mrs. C. W. Walker; Albert, R. E. Barry. From Riverside—Broadway Central, G. C. Peré. From Santa Barbara—Criterion, H. Hinscamp.

Big Mine Deal.

BUTTE (Mont.) Aug. 10.—The Amalgamated Copper Company has bought for $1,000,000 the Clipper-Boss Tweed group of gold-producing mines in Madison county, Mont.


# Hay Fever Can Be Cured at Home.

Gaze upon this picture, and upon this, and this.

At Petoskey, Awaiting a Frost. At Home, Using Cocaine. Cured by Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

These people ran away from hay fever. They are neglecting home duties, barred from home pleasures, simply prisoners to lossity waiting for a frost.

These people are trying to tough it out at home by checking down the distress with preparations containing cocaine. They should beware of drugs that enslave.

These people took a course of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, and, immune to pollen poisons, they hail the glad Summertime as the pleasantest part of the year.

In a recent issue of a medical journal, an editorial, written exclusively for physicians, says: "Something more than an external irritant is required to produce hay fever. Country people are surrounded by a pollen-laden atmosphere; the fields are full of ripening grasses, the ever-present rag weed grows in luxuriance, the goldenrod blooms by every roadside, and their pollens float on every breeze, yet nearly all the hay fever victims are from the populous centers and of a class shut up in the study, the counting house, the factory or store, where the atmosphere is as free as possible from plant dust."

The results of treatment go to prove the same fact, that the real fault is with the individual, that hay fever is a systemic or constitutional disease rendering one particularly susceptible to the influence of substances that have no unpleasant effect on healthy and constitutionally right folks.

Local applications alone never did and never will cure hay fever. Most local remedies, that give relief, contain cocaine that deadens the affected tissues and lulls the more distressing symptoms to temporary rest, but must be resorted to so frequently as to, each season, fasten the dreadful cocaine habit on a considerable percentage of hay fever victims.

To cure hay fever we must not rely on the local tinkering of mere symptoms but address remedies to the deep-seated constitutional cause that permits of the local irritations.

The only real cure for hay fever, as the only true cure for catarrh, consists in so influencing the system by internal or constitutional treatment as to enable it to withstand and be immune to all plant dust irritants. Correct the constitutional weakness that allows of the disease, by proper internal treatment, and, like healthy folks, you will not have hay fever.

There is one remedy that will do this; will so alter, strengthen and fortify the system that it will be proof against pollen poisons. It is the same remedy that has cured so many thousands of catarrh by building them up out of a systemic weakness that permitted of catarrhal conditions.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets if taken in time will render the system resistant to hay fever, and one will no more have it than do other people who are equally exposed to plant dust.

To wholly escape hay fever one must begin the tablets some time before the attack usually comes on. If one waits until the disease is already manifest, to take the tablets, they will relieve to some degree, and, in a measure ward off the disease.

Begin early, get your system thoroughly under the influence of the tablets and in perfect condition to resist influences that do not affect healthy and constitutionally right people, escape the annual vexations and miseries that attend hay fever, stay at home among your friends attending to life's duties and pleasures, and enjoy the beautiful Summer and Fall months, when all nature rejoices and normal folks are happy and content.

All drug stores sell Stuart's Catarrh Tablets at 50 cents a box. They contain no cocaine or opiates, so common to hay fever remedies, and are safe as they are reliable and satisfactory. Try them and be convinced. We will send booklets about hay fever and catarrh free for the asking. F. A. Stuart Company, Marshall, Mich.


### BARONESS KAMENEFF DIES FOR LOVE.

ECCENTRIC WOMAN HANGS HERSELF AT MONACO.

Was an Irish-American Laundress Who Became the Bride of a Senile Russian Nobleman and Inherited a Large Fortune.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

PARIS, Aug. 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The suicide at Monaco of Baroness Helen Kameneff of the American colony, has come to light. She hanged herself in a bedroom three days ago. Every American, familiar with Paris or the Rivers, knew that strange character. Once she was just a pretty Irish girl employed as a laundress in the Hoffman House in New York. She married Rufus Bodington, a western lawyer. After his death in Paris she wedded Baron Kameneff, an old Russian general, who died three days later, leaving to her all his fortune. The Baroness remained absolutely ignorant of society usages, but she was tolerated because of her prettiness, natural wit and generous employment of a vast fortune. Besides, her breaks and freaks amused society. The newspapers ascribe this surprising suicide to disappointed love. The Soci says she had recently grown fond of a handsome fellow under 30 named Trivelli, who passed himself off as an Italian officer.

### COLOMBIAN INVASION.

President Castro of Venezuela Says the Second Attempt Has Been Defeated—Frontier Defended.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—E. Gonzales Esteves, Consul-General of Venezuela, today received a cablegram from President Castro of Venezuela, dated Caracas, August 2, which reads:

"Second Colombian invasion defeated completely. Twenty-two thousand patriotic soldiers defend Venezuelan frontier.

[Signed] "CASTRO."

This blow to the Colombian invasion Consul Esteves said tonight, would end the insurrection.


Diarrhoea Quickly Cured.

"Mr. Jacob Rickerman came into our store some time ago suffering with diarrhoea so badly that he was passing blood," say J. A. Freedel & Co., of Rome, Wis. "He had been under the doctor's treatment but got no relief. We fixed him up a dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and he purchased a small bottle of it, and in twenty-four hours he was well."—Adv.

Aluminum Collapsing Cups.

Best thing for travelers. 312 S. Spring.

Outing Parties

use aluminum collapsing cups. Pittsburg Aluminum Co., 312 S. Spring.

The Fat Man—The Thin Man—The Lo[illegible] Man—The Short Man—all smoke

UPMANN'S Extra 5

Best Nickel Cigar in America

FOR SALE BY UP-TO-DATE DEALERS WHO ARE ANXIOUS TO SUPPLY THEIR TRADE WITH THE BEST GOODS

HAAS, BARUCH & CO., California Distributors

# DUMONT NOT DISCOURAGED.

## *Inventor of the Airship Will Try Again.*

## *Expects to Have a Few More Shipwrecks.*

## *Will Profit by His Recent Disaster—New Balloon Being Built.*

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

PARIS, Aug. 10.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] M. Santos-Dumont is by no means discouraged by the collapse of his balloon Thursday morning. The plucky and persistent aeronaut said this morning:

"This was my third shipwreck in the air, and no doubt I shall have to undergo several more of them, because we are still a long way off from any really practical means of aerial navigation."

"Will your new balloon be larger than the Santos-Dumont No. 5?"

"Yes, only very slightly larger, because if I should increase the size, greater weight could be raised, but at the same time a greater surface would be opposed to atmospheric currents and stronger motor power, which means greater weight of machinery, would be required."

"Are you still convinced that you are on the right track?"

"Yes, indeed. The experience Thursday, I think, proved that, because the motor was working all right at the time of the collapse and the aerial screw was revolving two hundred a minute; this was quite sufficient to propel the ship right against the wind, which, as well as I could judge, was blowing at the rate of six meters a second. But the practical lesson I learned on Thursday was that the fault was in the balloon itself, and in the motor, nor in the steering gear.

"You see, the balloon was not rigid enough, and much to my amusement it buckled just like one of your American rubber balls, and the tissue of the balloon fouled the screw and threw the whole apparatus out of balance. To understand this, you must remember that my Santos-Dumont No. 5 was merely an aeroplane charged with hydrogen gas in such quantity that the weight of the whole apparatus exceeded the weight of the air it displaced by only about one hundred pounds. Rigidity was secured by the pressure of the gas inside, and on Thursday I found out to my cost that in facing a wind the outside pressure became so excessive as to force the front end of the balloon to sag in. When that happens, of course, the aeroplane properly vanishes. I had already tried a sort of pocket in my balloon to stiffen the point of pressure into which air could be forced by the motor, but Thursday's experience proved that some other device was necessary to insure rigidity, and it is in this which is the problem that I am trying to solve in the construction of the balloon I am now making, and the principal innovation in the new balloon will be that a compensating balloon, or ballonet, will, together with a movable counterpoise furnished by a guide rope and the action of the propellor placed on an incline axle, maintain the automatic equilibrium of the ballon and afford it stability in the air.

"The length of the new balloon will remain the same, thirty-four meters, but its diameter will be increased so as to obtain a volume of 600 cubic meters. Its form will be less cigar-shaped and will represent exactly the volume created by the revolution of the segment of the circle round its chord. The valves will be fastened in such a manner as to avoid as far as possible the loss of air and hydrogen, which was the cause of the late accident. The motor will be modified so as to bring about more perfect working of the cylinders."

"When do you think the Santos-Dumont No. 6 will be ready for trial?"

"About September 5, I hope."

## AMERICAN PLUCK.

Henry G. Payne Talks About it, and Thinks There is No Place to Compete With It.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—Among the passengers who arrived from Europe on the Hamburg American liner Auguste Victoria was Henry G. Payne of Wisconsin, ex-chairman of the Republican National Committee. Speaking of the commercial advances of the United States in the world's markets, Mr. Payne said it was impossible for Americans in Europe not to be impressed with the strides made by American manufacturers. Especially in Austria-Hungary and Germany, he said, were the people apprehensive of the inroads America was making in their trade.

"A few years ago, he said, Austria was selling shoes to America, while now there was in operation in Vienna an American shoe store, where only American shoes were sold.

"The Germans, Mr. Payne said, are very much impressed with the way American business, and are sending representatives to this country to get pointers. On board the Auguste Victoria, he said, were three or four representatives of German firms, who came over for that purpose.

"A large oil producer had told him, he said, that he had sent his representative to America to study the situation, and that as a result of their observations he had found out that five American workingmen could do the work that in Europe gives employment to forty men.

## BRITISH STEAMER INJURED.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—A dispatch from Nagasaki announces that the British steamer Ching Wo, Capt. Davies, from Seattle, July 21, for London, is at Nagasaki with a hole in her port bow, damaged and with the loss of her anchor and 105 fathoms of chain. Repairs will be made temporarily in a few days. The injuries were sustained in a collision with the Hoyoku Maru, which was also damaged.

The wreck of the steamer Acis, which was on the rocks west of Cape Race, N. F., has been abandoned. A high south wind is throwing a heavy sea against the rocks and tearing asunder the steamer's bottom.

Globe Watch Co., 220 N. Spring.
Chronometer Watches, 21 jewels, main spring, 50 cts.

WE ALWAYS sell all the latest . . .

Sheet Music

—AT—

Half Price.

BARTLETT MUSIC CO.,

235 South Broadway.

SPORTING RECORD

## CONSTITUTION LEADS THE PROCESSION.

### WINS THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF THREE RACES.

**Cadillac Wins First Trial in the International Series of Yacht Races at Chicago—Yale's Fullback Ill—Baseball and Turf Events.**

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

BATEMAN'S POINT, Aug. 10.—Constitution and Columbia, together with the yawls Ailsa, Navahoe and Vigilant and the seventy-foot sloops Rainbow and Virginia, started today in a thirty-mile race, the first of another series of three races off this point. The forenoon was so foggy that for a time it looked as if there would be no race today, but toward noon it began clearing up, until at 12:55 o'clock the conditions were such that the warning signal was given.

Interest was added to the race because it is the first one for Constitution since the alterations to her rig. Since her last race she has been given a new mast. Other changes designed to improve the boat have also been made.

The race started with Columbia in the lead and on the Constitution's weather port. The time of the start is as follows: Columbia, 1:01:10; Constitution, 1:01:22.

The start was a beautiful one for the Columbia as she came down and took up a fine position to the weather of the Constitution and in that position the two boats crossed the line on the starboard tack very close together. Immediately after crossing the line Columbia seemed to point up better than Constitution and to foot just as fast.

The course is a fifteen-mile beat to windward, southwest and return. The weather clear, wind about three miles from south southwest. Some accident apparently happened to Columbia as she came up in the wind and seemed to be flapping around without apparent object. She was a little ahead of Constitution and the latter caught up with her. After a delay of five minutes Columbia again forged ahead and almost regained the lost ground.

The yachts held the port tack until after 2 o'clock, Columbia being the first to come about on the starboard tack at 2:02, followed a minute later by Constitution.

The yawls started ten minutes after the big sloops, Vigilant leading, closely followed by Ailsa, while the Virginia crossed a little ahead of the Rainbow. Navahoe was last across the line. All five of these boats were immediately headed by Narragansett, the Vigilant in the lead.

In the twenty-five mile run on the port tack Constitution seemed to head better than during the previous races. Columbia, however, appeared to outfoot her, and from this point seemed to draw ahead, although considerably to leeward, so that when the boats tacked it was impossible to say which was nearest the outer mark, some five miles away. After staying five minutes on the starboard tack both yachts disappeared in the haze, but before they went out of sight it looked as if Columbia had drawn up on the Constitution and was slightly in the lead.

Constitution crossed finish at 4:17:48. She was about half a mile ahead of Columbia. The Columbia crossed the line at 4:21:40, three minutes and fifty-five seconds behind Constitution.

### CADILLAC A VICTOR.

WON FIRST RACE EASILY.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

CHICAGO, Aug. 10.—The Cadillac, the defender for the America's cup, this afternoon won the first of the international yacht races, beating the Royal Canadian Yacht Club's challenger Invader by eight and one-half minutes.

The race was sailed around a triangular course of seven nautical miles to the leg, and the first leg was exceedingly close. It had been planned the third leg should be a beat to windward, but a sudden shifting of the wind soon after the start upset the calculations of the committee. The first leg, which was a free reach at the start, developed into a port beat to windward, both boats having to make a short tack before turning the buoy.

The second leg was a free run before the wind and that as the leg was a fairly close hauled reach. The Cadillac finished fully a mile ahead of the challenger. The Cadillac's elapsed time was 2h. 46m. 25s.

### SWIMMING CONTEST.

ARRANGEMENTS UNDER WAY.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—James L. McCasker, of Boston, the champion long-distance swimmer of the world, and Tom Riley of New York, who have been matched for a race from the Battery to Norton's Point, Coney Island, will meet Monday afternoon to perfect arrangements. This course has not been used in a race for a number of years.

### NATIONAL LEAGUE GAMES.

CINCINNATI-ST. LOUIS CONTEST.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 10.—Score:
St. Louis, 5; hits, 15; errors, 1.
Cincinnati, 3; hits, 15; errors, 3.
Batteries—Powell, Nichols and Schriver; Stimmell and Bergen.

PHILADELPHIA-NEW YORK.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 10.—Score:
New York, 3; hits, 6; errors, 2.
Philadelphia, 5; hits, 9; errors, 1.
Batteries—Taylor and Smith; Donahue and Jacklitz.

BROOKLYN-BOSTON.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

BROOKLYN, Aug. 10.—Score first game:
Boston, 9; hits, 15; errors, 0.
Brooklyn, 4; hits, 10; errors, 2.
Batteries—Dinneen and Morgan; Hughes, Kennedy, Farell and McGuire.
Second game:
Boston, 5; hits, 9; errors, 2.
Brooklyn, 8; hits, 13; errors, 4.
Batteries—Pittinger, Dinneen and Kittredge; Newhan, Donovan and McGuire.

### AMERICAN LEAGUE GAMES.

DETROIT AND MILWAUKEE.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

DETROIT, Aug. 10.—Score:
Milwaukee, 4; hits, 8; errors, 3.
Detroit, 3; hits, 8; errors, 3.
Batteries—Husting and Maloney; Yeager and Shaw.

BALTIMORE-BOSTON.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

BOSTON, Aug. 10.—Score, first game:
Boston, 6; hits, 10; errors, 4.
Baltimore, 4; hits, 7; errors, 2.
Batteries—Lewis and Schreick; Powell and Bresnahan.
Second game:
Boston, 7; hits, 3; errors, 0.
Baltimore, 4; hits, 7; errors, 0.
Batteries—Young and Criger; Foreman and Bresnahan.

WASHINGTON-PHILADELPHIA.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—Score, first game:
Washington, 9; hits, 10; errors, 2.
Philadelphia, 4; hits, 8; errors, 3.
Batteries—Mercer and Grady; Fraser and Powers.
Second game score:
Washington, 0; hits, 4; errors, 1.
Philadelphia, 13; hits, 24; errors, 1.
Batteries—Gear and Grady; Wiltse and Powers.

CLEVELAND-CHICAGO.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

CLEVELAND, Aug. 10.—Score:
Cleveland, 11; hits, 15; errors, 5.
Batteries—McNell and Woods; Kahoe, McAllen and Sullivan.

### CHALLENGER'S ARRIVAL.

DUE IN NEW YORK NOW.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—Shamrock II is now hourly expected. She left Gourock on the Clyde on July 27, and five days afterward dropped anchor at the Azores after a run of 1300 miles. As soon as she reaches port she will be taken to Erie basin, where her racing rig, which has preceded her, will be installed. Men will be set to work upon it at once, and it will not take long to remove here travel-stained clothes and replace them with the fine raiment in which Sir Thomas Lipton and his advisers hope she will succeed in bearing away the cup.

### YALE'S FULLBACK ILL.

BLOOD VESSEL RUPTURED.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

NEW HAVEN (Ct.) Aug. 10.—Perry T. W. Hale, Yale's fullback of last year, is seriously ill at the Hartford hospital with internal injuries, which a physician on the staff of the hospital says were traceable to the strains incident to football and to injuries received by Hale in the Yale-Princeton and Yale-Harvard games of last year.

It is said that a blood vessel in the stomach region is ruptured, and that complications and culcers, involving that organ, have set in and that other internal troubles have resulted.

### HORSE RACING.

CALIFORNIA POOLS LET.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

SACRAMENTO, Aug. 10.—The directors of the State Agricultural Society today awarded to Caesar Young of San Francisco the privilege of selling pools on horse races at the State Fair. His bid was $17,505.

The bid of the Harry N. Morse Agency of San Francisco for police privileges was accepted. The entry list of racing events was accepted.

### Delmar Park Results.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 10.—Seven furlongs, selling: Emperial won, Two Annies second, Diaf third; time 1:31¼.

Five furlongs: Okia won, Mamie English second, Attelle third; time 1:09⅝.

Seven furlongs, selling: Nellie Halmuth won, Miss Theresa second, Syncopated Sandy third; time 1:30⅝.

Six and one-half furlongs: Verity won, Jim Clark second, Charles C. third; time 1:22.

Mile and a sixteenth: Lunar won, Meddlesome second, Lord Neville third; time 1:49⅝.

Seven furlongs, selling: Nearest won, Sweet Dream second, Schnell Laufert third; time 1:29⅝.

### Saratoga Results.

SARATOGA (N. Y.) Aug. 10.—W. C. Whitney's two-year-old colt, Goldsmith, won the Saratoga special sweepstakes this afternoon, defeating the champion two-year-old filly, Blue Girl, by a short head.

Handicap, seven furlongs: Bellario won, Belle of Lexington second, His Wife third; time 1:29 3-5.

Mile and seventy yards: Dr. Riddle won, Hammock second, Alfred Vargrave third; time 1:49 1-5.

Saratoga Special, five and one-half furlongs: Goldsmith, 122 (Turner,) 6 to 1, won; Blue Girl, 119 (Shaw,) 8 to 5 and 2 to 1, second; Master Man, 122 (Bullman,) 12 to 1, third; time 1:08 1-5. Caughnawaga, Smart Set, Stranger and Rossignol also ran.

The Traverse Stakes, mile and an eighth: Blues, 124 (Shaw,) 20 to 1, won; Dublin, 111 (Mounce,) 6 to 1, and 3 to 1, second; The Parader, 129 (McCupey,) 10 to 1, third; time 1:56 1-5. Water Color, The Rhymer and Chuctanunda also ran.

Five and a half furlongs: Hans Wagner won, Honolulu second, Emma A. third; time 1:10.

Mile and an eighth, handicap: King Bramble won, Cambrian second; time 1:53 3-5. Only two starters.

### Results at Butte.

BUTTE (Mont.) Aug. 10.—One mile: Mr. Robinson won, Harry Thatcher second, Corn Tetti third; time 1:44.

Six furlongs: Lucy won, Lee Metford second, Homage third; time 1:16.

One mile: Synia won, Free Pass second, Strike third; time 1:42½.

Five furlongs: Innocencia won, Winne Cook second, Flourish third; time 1:01⅝.

Five and a half furlongs: Tom Kingsley won, Kitty Kelly second, Pope Leo third; time 1:07½.

One mile and three-sixteenths, five hurdles: Old Fox won, Delgado second, Gus L. third; no time.

### Harlem Results.

CHICAGO, Aug. 10.—Six furlongs, selling: Andeen won, Likeness second, Rosa Dias third; time 1:13 3-5.

Four and a half furlongs: Magia won, Mabel Winn second, Hoodwink third; time 0:55.

Six furlongs: Miss Mennett won; Burnie Bunton second, Sam Fullen third; time 1:12 3-5.

Mile and a sixteenth: The Pride won, Lady Strathmore second, Siberian third; time 1:46 2-5.

One mile: Six Shooter won, Henry Burt second, Parley Moore third; time 1:39 4-5.

One mile and 100 yards: Constellator won, Evelyn Bird second, Hermencia third; time 1:46.

One mile and 100 yards: Chorus Boy won, Haviland second, Kunja third; time 1:45 3-5.

## AGED PHOTOGRAPHER DEAD.

### J. H. Rawes Passes Away in New Hampshire After Having Photographed Some of the Great People.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

BOSTON, Aug. 10.—Reports have been received from New Hampshire of the death of Josiah Johnson Hawes of this city, who is supposed to have been the oldest photographer in the world. He was in his 94th year and was away on a vacation in New Hampshire at the time of his death. In early life he was a painter of oil portraits and of miniatures on ivory.

When M. Gouroud came to Boston in 1841, to tell about Daguerre's discovery, Hawes made his acquaintance and took the American agency for the process of which Daguerre was the inventor. Later he built the first skylight erected for photographic purposes in America.

In his studio the first camera picture of Daniel Webster was made. In the morning when the famous Anthon Burns speech was delivered from the balcony of the Revere House.

Jenny Lind and Goldschmidt, who she afterwards married, were photographed by Mr. Hawes; also Oliver Wendell Holmes, Theodore Parker, Emerson, Thomas Starr King, Longfellow, Whittier, Louis Kossuth and Baron Rothschild.

### GREAT HEAT IN ITALY.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—Telegrams from Rome today say nothing like the heat wave which is scorching all Italy has been known within living memory. The thermometer in many parts of the country registered 42 centigrades in the shade. The vineyards in whole districts have been shriveled up and ruined to the very roots as though set on fire. The air in the provinces of Syracuse is barely respirable, and the sea water so warm that bathing has been abandoned. The people have been forced to sleep in the open air.

### CHIDWICK'S MOTHER DEAD.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—Chaplain J. P. Chidwick of the United States battleship New York, now cruising off the coast of Japan, may not learn of the death of his mother, Mrs. Margaret Chidwick, which has just occurred at her home in Brooklyn, for several weeks. Cablegrams have been sent to various Japanese ports, but it is not known just where or when the cruiser will enter port. Chaplain Chidwick became well known several years ago as chaplain of the battleship Maine at the time of the explosion in Havana harbor.

The light rails on the Siberian Railroad are to be replaced by standard rails, weighing twenty-five pounds to the yard.

Any Summer Suit in the house $9.55

Out They Go

Commencing Monday morning your absolute choice of any spring or summer weight suit in the house at nine dollars and fifty-five cents.

It's an old established precedent with this house never to carry goods over from one season to another, and in accordance with this rule we inaugurate these sales twice a year. The last one was the closing out of our fall and winter suits at the same price. This was the greatest value-giving sale ever made in Los Angeles and resulted in the selling of hundreds of suits. While every suit was sold at a loss to us it has been repaid by the making of hundreds of customers who will, no doubt, appreciate another opportunity of the same kind. It matters not what price suit you select.

$15, $18, $20, $22.50, $25 or $27.50.

They all go at the same price. Fine tailor-made garments in fancy effects or plain blue serge from such celebrated makers as Fechheimer, Fishel & Co.; Hackett, Carhart Co., and Alfred Benjamin & Co., all cut in the latest styles and of just the proper weight for ten months out of the year in this climate. There are over twelve hundred suits—the very choice patterns are in small lots and first comers will find considerable advantage in selecting. This sale opens tomorrow morning at eight o'clock and as was the case in our former sale extra salesmen have been engaged to insure prompt service.

Shoes at Half or Less.

The greatest shoe room in California. The largest retail shoe stock in the West. Prices that no other establishment in Los Angeles can afford to meet, and the best of all, our guarantee goes with every pair of shoes we sell.

Women's $2.00 Oxfords 98c.

Black or tan vici Oxfords, fancy vesting tops to match, hand turned and beautifully finished. You will appreciate them as $2.00 values. Monday, 98c.

Women's $2.00 Black Vici Oxfords.....$1.19
Women's $3.50 Fancy Newport Oxfords.....$1.95
Women's $4.00 Hand Sewed Shoes.....$1.91
Women's $3.00 Button or Lace Shoes.....$1.85
Misses' $1.00 Dongola Lace Shoes.....59c
Misses' $1.25 Dongola Lace Shoes.....71c

Men's $4.00 Shoes $2.58.

Hand-sewed shoes in congress or lace, black or tan vici kid, wax calf, velour calf or box calf, latest style lasts, worth every day in the week $4.00; Monday they go at $2.58.

Men's $3.00 Lace or Congress Shoes.....$1.85
Men's $3.00 Calf Lace Shoes.....$1.95
Men's $4.00 Tan or Black Oxfords.....$2.94
Men's $3.00 Hand-sewed Oxfords.....$2.65
Youths' $1.25 Calf Lace Shoes.....71c
Boys' $1.75 Black or Tan Shoes.....93c

Note these prices carefully, then compare them with what other stores offer. You will find the difference in our favor by half.

Monday a Day of Strong Values In all Departments.

Men's percale and madras golf shirts, neat stripes and figures; regular $1.00 values. Monday..... 27c

Men's fine silk neckwear, all the latest and most popular shapes; our regular 50c values. Monday..... 25c

Men's Japonette handkerchiefs, plain and fancy borders; our regular 20c values. Monday..... 5c

Boys' cambray, crash, duck wash suits, sailor or Russian blouse, styles 3 to 10 yrs, $2.50 and $3, Monday $1.46

Boys' unlaundered percale waists, all the new colors, stripes, solid effects; regular 50c values. Monday..... 23c

Boys' wool knee pants, in cheviot and worsted, all neat patterns; regular 75c values, sizes 3 to 12. Monday.... 48c

Closing out of women's summer gloves. The "Amsterdam" lisle gloves Monday for..... 21c
Silk and lisle gloves 45c and 65c.

Women's wash waists in white and colored lawn and chambray, latest style sleeves. Reg. $1.50 waists, Monday.. 65c

Women's fine white lawn waists beautifully tucked and trim'd, all Reg. $3 and $3.50 val., Monday.. $1.95

Women's silk waists, a lot of odds and ends from our fine $10 waists which we'll close out Monday at $2.95

Women's golf skirts in black and oxford gray flounce and flared, advance fall styles, worth $10; Mon. $6.95

Boys' and misses' black ribbed beach hose, strong and well shaped; regular 12c values, Monday..... 7c

Note

Out of town people in ordering these special sale suits will be particular in giving sizes and measurements, also preference as to color, we will be just as careful in trying to give you just what you want.

Jacoby Bros.

331-333-335 South Broadway.

Straw Hats

Every straw hat in the house, men's or boys' on sale Monday at half or less.

Men's $3.50 straws for.....$1.69
Men's $2.50 straws for.....$1.19
Men's $1.50 straws for.....79c

## FIGHTING BOB EVANS REPRIMANDED.

### NAVY DEPARTMENT CENSURES THE REAR ADMIRAL.

**Acting Secretary Hackett Informs the Gallant Sailor that His Reflections on Former Secretary Chandler Are Subversive to Discipline.**

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—The Navy Department has acted upon the complaint made by the Hon. William E. Chandler against Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans. It has reprimanded the admiral and the following letter has been addressed to him:

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
Washington, Aug. 9, 1901.

Sir: The Hon. William E. Chandler, president of the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission, lately a Senator of the United States, and formerly Secretary of the Navy, has complained to the department, as you are aware, of certain strictures upon the official conduct of the then (1884) Secretary of the Navy.

The text of your book it is not necessary here to recite. Nor is it needful to ask of you an explanation why you felt yourself justified in publishing what you have. It is obvious to any reader that you speak offensively of Secretary Chandler's action; that you impugn his motive, and otherwise disabuse him in respect to orders given you by the Secretary in the discharge of the duties of his office.

You are informed that this deliberate publication of yours has justly incurred the displeasure of the department. For an officer thus to attack a former head of the Navy Department because of orders given to him by that official, is to abandon the courtesy that should always characterize an officer of the navy. If tolerated it would unquestionably prove subversive of discipline. It would tend to bring the office itself into disrepute. The act is the more reprehensible in this instance, because of your long experience in the service.

It has become my duty, therefore, to censure you for this breach of the obligation imposed upon you as a commissioned officer of the navy of the United States, which I accordingly do. Copy of this letter will be furnished to the Hon. William E. Chandler.

Very respectfully,

F. W. HACKETT,
Acting Secretary.

Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, U. S. N., Washington, D. C.

Former Secretary Chandler was notified of the action of the department in the following letter:

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
Washington, Aug. 9, 1901.

Hon. William E. Chandler, Waterbon, N. H.—Sir: Referring to recent correspondence upon the subject of alleged strictures made by Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans upon the conduct and motives of the Secretary of the Navy in 1884, published in his book entitled "A Sailor's Log," I have the honor to inform you that the department regards this action of Admiral Evans as deserving of reproof. Accordingly, the department has censured that officer, as will appear from the copy of letter to him of this date, given inclosed.

I have the honor to be, Yours respectfully,

F. W. HACKETT,
Acting Secretary.

Admiral Evans has acknowledged, under date of August 10, 1901, his receipt of the letter of Acting Secretary Hackett.

It is the understanding at the Navy Department that the action taken closes the incident, so far as the department is concerned, and if anything further is done it will have to be on the initiative of Admiral Evans in asking for a court of inquiry or of Mr. Chandler. The right of the Navy Department to administer a reprimand and without waiting for the passage of a court has been in question at times, but it is said the precedent leaves no doubt that this right exists.

## RANGER MAY GO.

### TROUBLE IN THE SOUTH.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—The State Department was without any additional information today concerning the Venezuelan-Colombia situation, or upon the revolutionary outbreak on the Isthmus. Those two troubles are quite distinct, one on the west and the other to the east of Colombia.

The Ranger, which has been ordered to get in readiness at San Diego for duty to Panama, is a small cruiser of 1000 tons' displacement, and has been engaged for some time past in inspection work on the Pacific coast and in Central American waters. It is very possible that her services at the seat of trouble will suffice, and that a battleship will not be obliged to make the long trip down from the north.

The Ranger has a main battery of four 4-inch rapid-fire guns, and a secondary battery of four 6-pounders and one gun. She has a complement of officers and 127 men, and is in command of Field.

As the battleship Iowa reported her arrival at Bremerton today, while the battleship Wisconsin has not yet been heard from, it is probable that the latter may be substituted for the contemplated trip to the Pacific side of the Isthmus. It is decided to send a battleship, although the formal announcement of the change was not made up to noon today.

## QUELPART REVOLUTION.

### DEPARTMENT'S KNOWLEDGE.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—The State Department gives the following summary of advices received at the Department of State up to July 3, the revolt on the island of Quelpart, off the southern coast of Korea, has been suppressed by the Korean government, aided by the two French gunboats and three hundred persons were killed in the revolt, mostly Christians. It was ascertained from persons who had been on the island that the revolt was caused by an attempt to collect increased taxes.

The substance of the information received is that the islanders, who are very poor, refused to pay these taxes, and the tax collectors being available among the inhabitants themselves, it is arranged that the Christians, chiefly Catholics and presumably exempt, should collect the taxes. A conflict occurred, and before quiet was restored all the Christians had been killed. When the conflict had been precipitated between the people and the tax collectors, it seemed that the inhabitants collected at the town on the south side of the island, under the leadership of an ex-magistrate and marched in two divisions around the island to the town of Che Chou, on the north, driving the Christians before them.

Under the name of Christians seem to have been included those who were not natives of the island. The fugitives were driven into Che Chou, where many were killed. Two French priests engaged in missionary work on the island are reported to have been saved by the insurgents' leaders until released by the arrival of the French gunboat Dubois, which was soon followed by the Korean merchant vessels Pausang, bearing 100 Korean troops. No word has been received as to the reported renewal of the outbreak.

## THEY WERE TRIED BY THEIR PEERS.

### CASES IN WHICH THE LORDS SAT AS JURORS.

**Clever Escape of a Duchess—How the Verdict Was Delivered in the Case of Earl Cardigan—The Remarkable Trial of a Queen.**

Apropos of the trial of Earl Russell by the House of Lords, the Sketch recalls some interesting incidents in previous cases where that aristocratic body sat as judges.

To find a precedent for a case similar to that of Earl Russell one has to go back exactly a century and a quarter, to the case of the Duchess of Kingston, who was tried for bigamy in 1776. That trial indeed created a good deal of excitement, and drew an enormous concourse of people, for in a print of the period the Great Hall is represented "as full as full might be."

The Duchess of Kingston, one of the famous beauties of her time, and a maid of honor to the then Princess of Wales, was engaged to be married to the Duke of Hamston, but, having broken off the match, she contracted a marriage with the Hon. Augustus Hervey, a lieutenant in the navy, a young man as poor as lieutenants often are, though he afterward became Earl of Bristol.

The course of true love having failed to run smooth, steps were taken to put the marriage aside, and, as both husband and wife seem to have been of one mind in the matter, the lady denied that she was a married woman, while the Court of the Bishop of London declared her to be "free from all matrimonial contracts and espousals, with the said Hervey," who was forbidden to make any claim to the lady as his wife. After a few weeks she was led to the altar by the Duke of Kingston. He, however, survived his happiness only four years, and one of his nephews, wishing to invalidate the will, declared that Her Grace had been guilty of bigamy, and the case was brought before the peers.

At the beginning of the trial the Duchess had to listen to a long lecture from the Lord High Steward, who presides on such occasions. That worthy peer informed her that the offense of which she stood charged was "by the statute law of this kingdom for many years, in your sex, punishable with death." To death, indeed, the beautiful woman, having been found guilty, was sentenced. That she was as clever as she was beautiful, or that her advisers were very astute, is proved by the fact that she demanded "the benefit of peerage according to the statutes."

It was decided that, instead of being executed, she could demand the punishment of being "burnt in the hand in open court." Even that punishment was eventually evaded, and she was left to the "feelings of her own conscience" to supply the defect of a punishment which the assembled peers did not mete out to her.

THE EARL OF CARDIGAN'S CASE.

The Earl of Cardigan, the last Earl tried, sat on a stool within the bar, uncovered and without his robes, and, when the case for the crown and the defense had been concluded, the Lord High Steward, rising in his place, called on each peer in turn to give his verdict in this curious formula: "How says Your Lordship, is James Thomas, Earl of Cardigan, guilty of the felony whereof he stands indicted or not guilty?"

The Lord thus called upon rose in his place with his head uncovered, and, placing his hand over his heart, replied: "Not guilty, upon my honor."

That practically was the unanimous verdict of the Earl, who, had he been less fortunate, would naturally have been declared "Guilty, upon my honor."

Another famous case in the past was that of Earl of Ferrers, who, found guilty of murder, was sentenced to death, but in consideration of his high degree, was permitted to be hanged by a silken rope instead of one made of hemp, like ordinary mortals.

THE TRIAL OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

After the birth of the Princess Charlotte, Queen Caroline, the consort of George IV, went to live abroad, and her conduct was alleged to be so imprudent that it was deemed "indispensable that it should become the subject of a solemn inquiry." Accordingly, the Earl of Liverpool introduced into the House of Lords a bill, entitled "An Act to Deprive Her Majesty Caroline Amelia Elizabeth of the Titles, Prerogatives, Rights, Privileges and Exemptions of Queen Consort of This Realm and to Dissolve the Marriage Between His Majesty and the Said Caroline Amelia Elizabeth."

The Queen was defended by Denman and Brougham, whose names from that time forth became famous in the land, the one as Lord Chief Justice of England, and the other as Lord Chancellor. The boldness of their defense was unparalleled, and so skillfully did they conduct the case that, although the bill went to a second reading with a majority in its favor of 28, and two days later the divorce clause was carried in committee by 67 votes, yet on the day set down for the third reading Lord Liverpool announced that he was prepared to move its reading that day six months.

The Queen's friends claimed it as a triumphal acquittal, and the Queen herself demanded a palace, and an establishment suited to her rank and station. This the King refused, alleging it was "not possible for His Majesty, under all the circumstances, to assign any of the royal palaces for the Queen's residence;" but he added that "the allowance which has hitherto been enjoyed by the Queen will be continued to her," and when Parliament met she received an income of £50,000 a year. This she did not have long, as the next year she died, having been taken ill the day after she was refused admittance to Westminster Abbey, where the King was crowned.

The speeches of Denham and Brougham lasted two days each, and Brougham's peroration was written over seven times, as he told Macaulay, while Denham's speech gave rise to the famous quatrain—

"Most gracious Queen, we thee implore
To go away and sin no more;
Or, if that effort be to great,
To go away, at any rate."

### The Land of Earthquakes.

[London Express:] There are certain generally-accepted conclusions that are entirely wrong. One of these is as to the land of the most frequent earthquakes. Ask almost any person and he will tell you that the most earthquakes are in Japan; but he is wrong. It seems as though we hear more about earthquakes at or near Japan than at any other place, but when the cold facts are tabulated, we find that Greece is away ahead of Japan in seismic disturbances. The latest complete reports cover a period of six years, from 1893 to 1898, and during that time 3187 earthquakes occurred in Greece, and about one-half of that number in Japan. The island of Santa alone had 1256 shocks during the six years.

## SMALLPOX RAN RAMPANT IN ELSINORE VALLEY.

### CRIMINAL CONDUCT OF PHYSICIANS CAUSED SPREAD.

**Disease Diagnosed as Chickenpox and Cuban Itch While Sufferers Walked the Streets—Dr. O. S. Brown at Last Secured Official Action.**

"There have been forty cases of smallpox in the Elsinore Valley to a positive certainty, although the town proper has not harbored a single case for any length of time," said Dr. Oscar S. Brown, the discoverer of the disease, last night, in this city.

Dr. Brown lives about three miles from Elsinore, and practices his profession among the sufferers who seek relief at the hot sulphur springs. He said the extent of the epidemic there was little known because of the efforts of his fellow-physicians to suppress the facts, or their ignorance of the nature of the disease. According to his statements the conduct of Dr. T. E. Ellis and Dr. Whitfield was little short of criminal.

"The disease was first brought over about two months ago by a boy from the New River country, out on the desert. It was communicated to others and in a short time there were several cases at various ranch houses. The town physicians were called to attend these cases, and diagnosed them first as chickenpox. Then the serious symptoms came on and these practitioners declared it to be the Cuban itch.

"The cases I saw I diagnosed as smallpox, but Dr. Ellis, the Health Officer, sent out a statement which was published in Los Angeles and country papers stating that 'the resident physicians had thoroughly investigated the reports, and found that there was not a single case of smallpox in Elsinore or the vicinity.'

"The situation was becoming serious. I met a man who looked like one afflicted with the disease, and snatched his shirt open to be sure. He was in the scaly stage of the disease, and had been going in and out of stores all over town. It is a wonder that it did not spread more rapidly than it did. Later, after the county health officers took hold of the matter, two other persons suffering with the malady were picked up on the street and sent to their homes and quarantined.

"The official denial that smallpox existed, caused people to become careless, and therefore I appealed to the District Attorney at Riverside. The State Board of Health and county officials were made cognizant of the true facts, and Dr. Price was sent out. He threatened a general quarantine of the vicinity unless strict precautions were observed.

"Dr. J. W. Reese was placed in charge, and under his vigorous policy the epidemic has somewhat abated. At each ranch a quarantine would be enforced as soon as the disease appeared. The houses of the victims were thoroughly fumigated, and undoubtedly the disease will soon be entirely stamped out."

Dr. Brown has received hearty commendation from State and county officials for his action in bringing the dangerous state of affairs to the attention of the authorities in spite of the efforts to suppress the facts.

## FLASHES FROM THE WIRES.

The United States Consul-General at Colon, Colombia, Hezekiah A. Gudger, has publicly notified the Chinese that they are entitled to the protection of the United States consulate.

The work of consolidating about thirty salmon canneries on Puget Sound and in Alaska was completed yesterday at Portland, Or., and the Pacific Packing and Navigation Company paid over about $5,000,000 in cash and distributed stock to the various cannery men who have come into the combination. E. E. Ainsworth, the manager of the company, said: "The pack of the company this year should be 1,500,000 cases."

Two large buildings owned by the Hafner-Lothman Manufacturing Company at St. Louis, Mo., consisting of a planing mill and sash and door factory, were burned Saturday afternoon, telling a loss estimated at $150,000. Three freight cars on the "Katy" Railroad tracks were destroyed and a dozen others scorched.

The British royal yacht Victoria and Albert, with King Edward, Queen Alexandra and others on board, arrived at Flushing, Holland, yesterday. An American warship in the roads fired a salute.

The report of the board of survey on the cruiser Columbia, now at New York, is to the effect that she will not be in condition until cleaned and fumigated.

Senator Depew is almost the only prominent American in London, says the Tribune's London correspondent. He has accepted no invitations to country houses and has avoided publicity as much as possible. The Senator will spend another week in London.

The United States battleship Indiana arrived at Halifax, N. S., yesterday. The battleship came up the harbor with her flags flying half-mast, including the German standard flying from her turret half-mast as a tribute of respect to the late German Empress Dowager.

A dispatch to the New York Herald from Berlin says the Foreign Office has received news from Morocco which confirms the reports of the arrest of the chief of the special mission to Berlin and London. In spite of the fact that the opening up of the Morocco question would at present be very inopportune, Germany is prepared to support England in any diplomatic action she may take.

The packing firms of Armour & Co. and Swift & Co. yesterday became joint owners of the stock yards at Fort Worth, Tex., and will soon expend $1,000,000 in building branch plants at that place.

### FRANCO-RUSSIAN TROUBLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Aug. 9.—The Franco-Turkish dispute on the Quay claims remains unsettled. Turkey persists in the idea of purchasing the Quays from the French Company, but it is impossible to find the money at present owing to the impoverished condition of the treasury. The Ports today again informed M. Constans, the French Ambassador, that the French conditions for the transfer of the Quays were unacceptable.

### The Cherub's Bath.

"My wife didn't stay but a week down at her mother's."

"Homesick?"

"No; but her younger sisters admired our baby so much they nearly washed it to pieces."—[Chicago Record-Herald.

### Warm Weather Resistance.

"Harry, I hear a burglar down stairs."

"Well, Harriet, shout down the tube to him that if he steals our ice we'll have him arrested and locked up."—[Chicago Record-Herald.

**Crystals for Watches, 10 Cents,**

Main springs, 50 cts.; watches cleaned, 75 cts. 329 N. Spring.

**The Great Tuna Club**

received their shark in aluminum vessels. Pittsburg Aluminum Co., 243 S. Spring.

# TEACHERS AND COLLEGE MEN

**Praise and Recommend Pe-ru-na.**

Hon. J. A. Simpson, Secretary of the Board of Education of San Francisco, Cal., writes:

"I have found Peruna an ideal tonic. Some months ago I suffered with neurasthenia (systemic catarrh,) caused by too close application to office work. My system seemed worn out and I felt far from well. I found Peruna benefited me very much. It built up the entire system and made me feel like a new man. I believe it is well worthy the high praise bestowed upon it."—J. A. Simpson.

Systemic catarrh always gives fair warning of its approach, and can be easily warded off by the proper treatment. Floating brown specks before the eyes, mental confusion, fits of nervous headache, sleeplessness, flashes of heat, chilly sensations, palpitation, irritability, despondency; any of these symptoms or all of them should be promptly met by the use of Peruna.

**A Traveler's Letter.**

J. Edward Clark, 402 Temple street, Los Angeles, Cal., writes:

"I fully believe Peruna saved my life. About two years ago after returning from Alaska I was taken with catarrh of the stomach, and in fact of the whole system. My stomach failed me, as nothing I ate seemed to do me any good, but always gave me pains and belching of gas. My kidneys got sore and weak, I had palpitation of the heart, my lungs were sore and it was difficult to draw a long breath. I also had fainting spells, and while walking was afraid I might fall to the sidewalk. I also had to get up at night and sit in a chair to keep from smothering. My legs and arms pained me most of the time. *my feet were cold on the hottest day, my tongue was coated, I had chills from my head to my feet. I was weak and had very little life and everything looked dark to me, and often I wished for the end.*

"I took all kinds of medicine—do not think there is a drug store in this city that I did not get some truck from. I also used vapor baths, dieted, drank all the mineral waters, had many consultations with two of the best doctors of this city, used their prescriptions, but all seemed of no use.

*"After months of this kind of work I fully made up my mind to try Peruna and thank God for it, as I had not used over a bottles until I felt a change and have been getting better ever since, and now I am well and strong. All my friends tell me how well I look. Let me say to those who are sick, try Peruna if you have any of my symptoms; it will cure you. Don't expect to be cured by one bottle, but stick to it until cured."—J. Edward Clark.*

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

## PE-RU-NA INVIGORATES.
## PE-RU-NA REFRESHES.




Miss Maggie Becker, 653 Lake St., Appleton, Wis., writes:

*"It is with pleasure I recommend Peruna as a splendid tonic to any over-taxed persons. When the mind is wearied the body will soon be worn out also, but Peruna invigorates the body and refreshes the mind. I have also found it a relief in cases of severe backache. We are never without it at home, and consider it a household blessing."—MISS MAGGIE BECKER.*

**Has Better Health Than for Six Years**

Mrs. W. E. Llewellyn, Florence, Ala., writes:

"After using six bottles of Peruna my health is better than it has been for six years. I always recommend your medicines to my friends and will do all I can for you. I had been in bad health for two years before I took Peruna.—"Mrs. W. E. Llewellyn.

**Suffered Five Years.**

Mrs. Christopher Fliehmann, Amsterdam, N. Y., writes:

"In speaking of your remedy I have been sick with catarrh of the stomach and pelvic organs for about five years and had many a doctor, but none could help me. Some said I would never get over it. One day when I read your almanac I saw those who had been cured by Peruna, then I thought I would try it. I did, and found relief with the first bottle I took, and after two more bottles I was as well and strong as I was before. Now I can eat most anything, and it don't bother me."—Mrs. Christopher Fliehmann.

**Peruna The Best Medicine in the World.**

Mrs. Fredericka Hœpfinger, writes from Tilden, Madison County, Neb., the following:

"I was in the Change of Life and was despairing; did not know what to do. I was troubled with hot flashes; it seemed as if there was heat all around me. I think Peruna is the best medicine in the world."—Mrs. Fredericka Hœpfinger.

**Free Home Advice.**

In view of the great multitude of women suffering from some form of female disease and yet unable to find any cure, *Dr. Hartman, the renowned specialist on female catarrhal diseases, has announced his willingness to direct the treatment of as many cases as make application to him during the summer months without charge.*

Miss Frances M. Smith, 844 Seventh Ave., New York, writes:

"Care and responsibility shattered my nervous system. Like other women under a great strain my system gave way. My food didn't seem to have any taste. My sleep was disturbed. I was just as tired in the morning as I was at night. And there was a lazy, weak feeling over me all day. A friend requested me to try Peruna. I am glad to be able to say that after taking six bottles of it I feel a new woman. My stomach is now in perfect order and I sleep well."—Frances M. Smith.

Miss Francis M. Smith is treasurer of the East Side Ladies' Aid Society. She is connected with a number of benevolent organizations and takes an active interest in the Tenement House movement. She recently appeared before a committee of the Legislature at Albany in favor of Tenement House reform.

**A U. S. Senator's Wife.**

Mrs. Verona E. Roach, wife of Senator Roach, of North Dakota, writes from Larimore, N. D.:

*"I can cheerfully recommend your excellent remedy, Peruna. Indeed, I know of no other remedy as good as yours. It is a grand tonic."—Verona E. Roach.*

If you do not deprive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

*SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST*

# THE FREE-FOR-ALL FOR TIMES PRIZES.

## *Kaleidoscopic Changes in The Score—"The Last First" and the First Hustling for More Votes.*

THE CONTEST FOR SCHOLARSHIPS began August 1, and will close September 10. The contestant who has the largest number of votes will be allowed first choice; the one with the second largest, second choice, and so on.

Blanks for single votes may be cut out of the paper. Blanks for 40 votes and upward are to be had, free, by applying, personally or by letter, to The Times office.

For one month's subscription, paid in advance, 40 votes will be allowed; two months in advance, 80 votes; three months in advance, 125 votes; six months in advance, 250 votes; one year in advance, 500 votes.

These blanks also answer for a receipt to the person subscribing until a more formal one can be sent him from The Times office for the money he has paid the contestant, which will be done as soon as the money is received.

Being already a subscriber doesn't bar anybody from voting in this contest. It is PAYING IN ADVANCE that counts.

Contestants in towns outside of Los Angeles should pay subscriptions to the local agent of The Times, take his receipt, on a voting blank or otherwise, and send to us, when they will be given proper credit in the "Score" printed below.

The contest will remain open until September 10, 1901.

Votes must be turned in at The Times office within one week after they are taken or they will not be counted.

**NO TRADING WILL BE ALLOWED.**

*Scholarship*
The Los Angeles Business College
**$50.00**

*Scholarship*
The Brownsberger Home School of Shorthand and Typewriting
**$50.00**

*Scholarship*
The Throop Polytechnic Institute
**$75.00**

*Scholarship*
The Los Angeles Conservatory of Music and Arts
**$75.00**

*Scholarship*
The Los Angeles Military Academy
**$100.00**

*Scholarship*
The Cumnock School of Expression
**$150.00**

## THE SCORE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Carrie Sugg Rivera, Cal. | 6700 |
| Duff Cartwright, Alhambra, Cal. | 6600 |
| Bessie Beatty, 2357 W. Pico st. | 6500 |
| Jewell Fuller Lang, 645 Hope st. | 6300 |
| Egbert Edwards, 933 W. 12th st. | 6200 |
| Atha Barker, 2223 E. 2d st | 6050 |
| Fay M. Avise, 908 S. Figueroa st. | 5950 |
| Lena A. Whittington, 223 W. 24 st. | 5800 |
| Clarence Tritt, 1323 Winfield st | 5650 |
| Myrtle Kennedy, 139 E. 7th st | 5500 |
| Mabel Gird, Soldiers' Home, Cal. | 5400 |
| Frank Canfield, 2417 Hoover st. | 5250 |
| Earl Musselwhite, 1246 Trenton st. | 5100 |
| Cecily Praeger, 221 S. Hill st. | 4950 |
| Jessie Mullinix, Santa Ana, Cal. | 4800 |
| Ronald Moore, Soldiers' Home, Cal. | 4650 |
| Joaquin Valle, 334 E. 4th st | 4500 |
| Lucy Powers, 829 W. 17th st | 4350 |
| Edna M. Blumbe, 2101 Hoover st. | 4200 |
| Ed H. Bixby, Lordsburg, Cal. | 4050 |
| Sherman Bainbridge, 2111 Park Grove av | 3900 |
| Bessie B. Halsey, 292 N. Griffin av | 3750 |
| Adeline Towne, Pasadena, Cal. | 3600 |
| Inez McFarland, 117 N. Bunker Hill av. | 3450 |
| Blanche Bisbee, South Pasadena, Cal. | 3300 |
| Walter T. Strohm, 319 Crocker st. | 3150 |
| Wilbur Moody, 1117 Avenue 41 | 3000 |
| Sybil Scott, 348 Towne av. | 2850 |
| Ivan Putnam, Redlands, Cal. | 2700 |
| Cora Spring, 1350 Avenue 28 | 2550 |
| Frank T. Bates, Rialto, Cal. | 2400 |
| Helen Spencer, Sherman, Cal. | 2250 |
| Edward Cray Taylor, 243 W. Adams st. | 2100 |
| Louis Feisenthal, Buckhorn, Cal. | 1950 |
| Belle Campbell, 735 E. Pico st. | 1800 |
| Rolla R. Robe, 204 E. 4th st. | 1650 |
| Mabel A. Russell, 119½ Flower st. | 1500 |
| Vernon Harris, 1107 W. 38th st. | 1350 |
| Trimble Barkalow, 1243 Colton st. | 1200 |
| Albert Row, 923 Maple av | 1050 |
| Edgar Wildey, Azusa, Cal. | 900 |
| Edith Edwards, 434 Figueroa st. | 750 |
| William Ahlborn, Anaheim, Cal. | 600 |
| Rhea Ruth Fuller, 929 Denver av. | 450 |
| Fidel Rowland, Puente, Cal. | 300 |
| Isabel Richards, 1941 Loveland av. | 150 |
| George Dennison, 708 S. Grand av. | 100 |
| Faunce English, 916 E. 23d st | 100 |
| Florence Cassidy, 914 W. 11th st | 100 |
| Marie Preston, Covina, Cal. | 100 |
| W. A. Watson, 311 S. Workman st. | 100 |
| Effie Haddock, Sta. K, Los Angeles | 100 |
| Honorena Labory, 134 S. Bunker Hill av | 100 |
| Charles E. Relyea, Santa Monica, Cal. | 100 |
| Nellie Osborn, 932 W. 37th st. | 100 |
| Bessie M. Farrell, 309 E. 4th st. | 100 |
| Harry LaGrange, 647 S. Spring st. | 100 |
| Ethel Olcott, 314 S. Fremont av. | 100 |
| Kate Isaacs, 184 Rose st. | 100 |
| Maude Kunzmann, Highland, Cal. | 100 |
| Andrew J. Keer, 2128 Park Grove av. | 100 |
| Henry S. Well, 322 W. 33d st | 100 |
| Rose B. Glasscock, Chatsworth Park. | 100 |
| Charles Hinman, El Monte, Cal. | 100 |
| Sidney Daniels, Lordsburg, Cal. | 100 |
| Leah B. Lawrence, 1210 Easton st. | 100 |
| George Clark, 1720 Michigan av | 100 |
| Otto Burrit, University Station | 100 |
| John F. Lynn, 304 Savana st. | 100 |
| Mattie Scherer, 1614 W. Jefferson st. | 100 |
| Charles C. Putnam, 1340 Paloma st. | 100 |
| Lemma St. George, 965 Hidalgo st. | 100 |
| Lena Khilian, Prospect Park, Cal. | 100 |
| Tommy O'Brien, 1112 E. 16th st. | 100 |
| Roy Shrode, Pasadena, Cal. | 100 |

DIRECTIONS—Cut this Coupon out, fill in name of person whom you favor for a scholarship, and send to SCHOLARSHIP MANAGER, Times Office, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE TIMES

*FREE SCHOLARSHIP COUPON.*

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

TAKE NOTICE—This coupon is good only till August 10, 1901—will not be counted if presented after that date.

# MOSS WHACKS THE CORONER.

## Intimates That He Robs the Dead.

## Holland Strikes Back at Attorney.

### Complaint of Disappearance of Money Made to District Attorney.

Leon F. Moss, attorney of the Public Administrator, has addressed the following communication to Dist.-Atty. Blanchard of Los Angeles county:

Dear Sir: I have heretofore invited your attention to the fact that Coroner Holland makes it a practice in cases where he is called to take charge of dead bodies, to search the rooms and personal effects of such deceased persons for money. In many well authenticated cases the Coroner has taken possession of money and property not found on the dead bodies. I can prove beyond a doubt, that the Coroner has taken possession of trunks, valises, receipts and other personal effects of decedents, and I have no knowledge as to the disposition which he has made of such property in many cases. In this connection, I have also invited your attention to the fact that in a large number of cases it has been charged by friends and relatives of deceased persons, that sums of money ranging from a few dollars to many hundred dollars, were disappeared about the time of the taking possession of the bodies by the Coroner, or by the persons authorized by him to take possession thereof.

Because of these facts, both myself and Mr. Kellogg, have personally remonstrated with the Coroner, and protested against his taking possession of property other than that found on dead bodies, and have protested against his making any search or causing any search to be made of the premises or effects of deceased persons.

We have called upon you heretofore for an opinion as to the Coroner's rights and duties in the premises, and you have instructed the Coroner in the premises and have advised him that he has no right to interfere with any property belonging to deceased persons other than that found on dead bodies. Notwithstanding your instructions in the premises, I am informed that the Coroner continues to take possession of property not found on dead bodies, and that you advised that he and his deputies continue to make searches through the effects and premises of deceased persons. I have two well authenticated cases in mind, one being that of Prof. Edward Kugler, who died some time last, among whose effects, it is claimed, the Coroner made a search. In the other case is that of Charles Wilson. This man died at No. 1 Broadway August 1, 1901. Mrs. Marshall states that after the coroner left after the body had been taken from the house, the Coroner's deputy went to the decedent's room and made careful search through his effects. This was done without any notice to the Public Administrator, and certainly was without any shadow of right upon the part of the Coroner. In this case, the undertakers selected by the Coroner went to the room and viewed the dead body without any search having been made through the clothes of the deceased prior to removal.

We have positive information based on statements made by the said landlady, and by Mr. Wolf, a clothier on Main street, near Second, and Mr. Morris, the pawnbroker, on Main street, near Second, and Detective Walter Auble, that the deceased was possessed of and was carrying on his person but a few days before he died, a sum of money amounting somewhere between $200 and $300. This money has disappeared.

The police report having found $9 and some change in the room of deceased. The Coroner and undertakers report no money found. A search has been made through the decedent's effects and no money has been found.

I have stated the above facts so that you may be informed of the necessity of taking some action to prevent the Coroner from interfering with property of deceased persons, other than found on dead bodies, and I request you to take such action as may seem to you to be proper in the premises.

Respectfully yours,

LEON F. MOSS,
Attorney for C. C. Kellogg, Public Administrator of Los Angeles County.

CORONER'S REJOINDER.

On receipt of a copy of the foregoing letter Deputy Coroner Holland yesterday, when asked to comment on the matter, he said:

"I am doing my duty as I see it, and intend to do so as long as I am in office. If I have ever done anything that the Public Administrator or any one else has the proper course of action to take, I have taken possession of no property without receiving the opinion of Assistant District Attorney Wilbur, the contents of which I have adhered to in the communications from Mr. Moss, except in accordance with his instructions. However, should my duty ever lead me to any place of questionable character, and I deem it necessary for the protection of any person, either dead or alive, to take charge of property, I shall do so regardless of what Attorney Moss or his fellow Moss may say. I consider it a part of my duty to protect the Public Administrator and property belonging to a decedent, but I do not put himself in the way of any information. No, the Public Administrator can go ahead as far as I am concerned.

"Mr. Moss can cast all the reflections on me which he pleases. I have been a target for him or the Public Administrator. Property which falls into my hands no one ever can expect to escape for.

"As far as the Francis case is concerned, neither I nor Mr. Strubel, my deputy, have remained until the inquest was held, and I was never in the dead house at all. As to his effects, I have no knowledge of them.

"This man was found dead shortly after noon by his landlady. I was notified of the fact by telephone, after the police had called at the house. I authorized the undertakers to remove the body, and that evening sent Mr. Strubel to the room to ascertain the decedent's true name, as there were conflicting stories as to his identity. Mr. Strubel did examine some of the effects in the presence of the undertaker, landlord and a reporter, but nothing of value was removed. The only object of that search was to ascertain the man's true name.

"This attack on the part of this alleged attorney Moss, is inspired by spite because I sat down on him at Inquest a few weeks ago. So long as I am desired to ask questions which I deem a right to of the witnesses I shall do so, and if Moss or any one else attempts to interfere with me in the discharge of my duty, I shall not hesitate to put him out of the room, even if he is a lawyer. I have permitted it, but when he began to cast reflections and innuendoes on me as a public officer I denied him the privilege of continuing the questioning. I guess he is sore."

HE WAS ACCEPTED.

(1.) Proprietor: Can you handle dishes dexterously?

(2.) Applicant: Why—

(3.) didn't I juggle wid Barnum for five years?

(4.) Bet yer life I kin.

Watch Crystals, 10 Cents,
and cleaned, 75 cts.; main springs, 75 cts. 220 N. Spring.

To Remove the Cause

of dyspepsia and diseases of the stomach take Gray's Stomach Powders with hot water—guaranteed to cure any case in time.

50c. per box.

For a pleasant quick relief
GRAY'S HEARTBURN TABLETS.
10c.
FOR SALE BY
Sale & Son Drug Co.,
220 S. SPRING ST.

ECUADOR TO AMERICA.

BUFFALO, Aug. 10. — Ecuador's handsome building at the Pan-American Exposition was formally transferred to the exposition company today, the anniversary of the birth of that republic. Many of the foreign and State commissioners were present. The ceremonies began with an address by Señor Don Luis Felipe Carbo, Minister of Ecuador at Washington. In concluding his remarks, Señor Carbo said: The republic of Ecuador has had her doors open to the commerce of the world. Agricultural and mineral resources in my country are at the disposition of anyone wishing to make use of intelligent investments of capital in the most productive of business enterprises." Director General Buchanan responded, accepting the building. President Milburn, of the exposition; Judge William Buckner of Kentucky and others spoke.

The Butler's Dilemma.

[Mainly About People:] In spite of the proverbial query, there is often a "great deal in a name," syllabically at any rate. I notice in a weekly contemporary that Lady Magheramourne has just been celebrating a birthday, and that reminds me of a story of a servant's ingenuity when face to face with this somewhat formidable title. Lady Magheramourne was, one evening shortly after Sir James McGarel Hogg's promotion to the peerage, visiting an old friend's house to be present at a dance with her daughter. The old family butler who received them knew them well, but his cordial though respectful bow was converted into a stare of amazement when the card bearing the new title was handed to him. He was too well trained a servant to ask questions, so upstairs he led them, card in hand, and, when he had taken one more furtive and despairing glance at the undecipherable pasteboard, he threw open the door, and in loud tones announced: "The late Lady Hogg and the late Miss Hogg."

"Does you daughter attend the natatorium?"

"Oh, no! She is in the social swim."—[Chicago Record-Herald.

THIS MEDICINE

For the past fifty years has been recognized as the one sure cure for all Stomach, Liver and Bowel complaints.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters

WILL CURE

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Flatulency and Malaria, Fever and Ague. Try it.

All Druggists and General Dealers sell it.
See that Our Private Die Stamp is over the neck of the bottle.

"Good impressions made by the wearing of clean cloth's."

Outing Garments Cleaned.

FLANNEL AND DUCK SUITS A SPECIALTY.

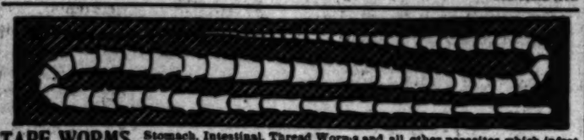
Established 1877

Telephone us and the wagon will call for your Suits, Dresses, Skirts, Curtains, etc. Finest cleaning summer garments, such as organdies, swiss, mull, dimity, fancy gowns, laces, etc., superior to all others. Our prices are lowest consistent with first-class work.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS,

Removed our office temporarily to Main Office and Works, 608-610 S. Spring St.

Mail and Express Orders Received. Tel. Main 1016.



TAPE WORMS, Stomach, Intestinal, Thread Worms and all other parasites which infest the human body, and which are the cause of so many chronic troubles, can be removed without inconvenience or fasting. We diagnose and tell you whether you have any of these parasites or not. All charges for treatment are moderate. No charge if you are not satisfied. CONSULTATION and DIAGNOSIS FREE.
Hours 9 a. m. to 12; 1 to 4 p. m.

Dr. Smith and Arnold, 202½ South Broadway Rooms 220-221

Are You Ready For That Hunt?

We have one of the largest lines of GUNS in the city—all standard makes. Low prices prevail. Dealers buy of us, why not you? We are specially prepared to outfit hunting parties with Guns, Ammunition and Cutlery.

J. H. MASTERS, Gun Furnisher, 136 S. Main.

Garden Hose at Great Reduction This Week.

"Barker's is Synonymous with Good Furniture"—Since 1880.

New Fall CARPETS

First in everything—First to show the new patterns that have been brought out for fall selling—Manufacturers are always bringing out new patterns—Seeking thereby to increase their output—Some of the effects are too new, too crude, too outlandish to find ready buyers—they become "bargain" carpets after awhile—We skip all such, our buyer is too well posted to take doubtful patterns—he knows what to buy for Los Angeles trade, just as well as he knows how to cut a carpet to save yards—His judgment is to be relied upon.

First shipments have arrived—New in their artistic beauty, not in name only—truly new in their color blending and their pattern conjuring—revelations to those who know art, to those who like pretty things.

Exclusiveness is one of the attractive features noticeable in the Barker carpets—Unlike any others even if the others be new—We always get first pick, partly because we are the largest buyers and partly because we know just when and where to buy—Among the entirely new effects in all kinds of carpets are

L' Art Nouveau, Persian, Marie Antoinette, Indian and Oriental.

Never Before So Many Rugs.

More, twice more than you have seen here in bygone days. Rugs are becoming more and more generally used. That's why we have so many more of them. Usual sizes, large sizes, odd sizes—you can't think of a size we cannot supply—shapes that are common and uncommon, square, long and regular—patterns that will be the envy of every rug salesman who sees them in our window.

Every kind, quality and grade—none that are commonplace—none that are more expensive than you think they ought to be. Rags, Rugs galore, Rugs,

Carpets Oriental rugs BARKER BROTHERS Linoleum Matting
420 TO 424 S. SPRING ST. LOS ANGELES

Straw Hats

Formerly sold at $2.50, $2.00 and $1.50, this week for $1.00.

All the $1.25 and $1.00 kinds for 50c.

Ladies' Shirt Waist Patterns

Formerly sold at $2.50 and $2.00, while they last, for $1.00.

See our 15 show windows at

Desmond's,

Cor. Third and Spring Sts.

Big reductions in underwear.

I have used this cut for many years. It has become a sort of Trade Mark with me, although it is not copyrighted. I notice the cut is used by another advertiser who has recently started up. I wonder why?

INVESTIGATE

My methods and my record if you need a Truss. Don't patronize me simply because I advertise trusses. An ignoramus can advertise himself an expert truss fitter, can even steal my advertisements bodily (it has been done), but he can never approach the excellence of fitting which has built up my immense business in this line. When anyone asks your patronage, ask to see his credentials and the names of his well-pleased customers. I do not have to take my customers outside to a truss maker in order to have them fitted. I have 3000 good references in Southern California. Who can match it? In a matter of such vital importance to your health take no chances—Investigate. I have today the largest and best equipped plant of its kind in the City.

W. W. SWEENEY,

TRUSSES, BRACES, ELASTIC HOSIERY AND SUPPORTERS,

Now 421 S. Broadway.

We Manufacture YUCCA ARTIFICIAL LIMBS. This department is under the Management of J. E. Seeley.

Did it ever occur to you, why the late

C. P. HUNTINGTON

was so much opposed to the government's building

The San Pedro Harbor?

Of course it has. You know that he resorted to every available means to prevent the work, because he wanted to retain a monopoly of the seaboard shipping as long as possible. But did you

Lend Him Any Assistance

in the matter?

Do you not know that there is not a city in the United States, having

that does not have competition in the gas business?

Then don't be fooled by all this talk which the old company is giving you about the advantages to the people, of a gas monopoly.

Our generating plant is nearing completion, and our

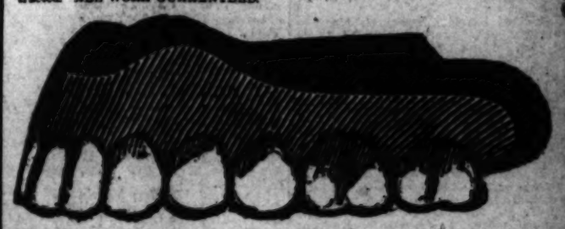
Pipe Deliveries Are Guaranteed

for the near future. So, if you want COMPETITION ON YOUR STREET, and want it quick, sign one of our petitions and you will get it.

EQUITABLE GAS AND ELECTRIC CO.,
217 New High Street.

WAR! WAR! WAR!

In Dental Prices to continue one week more only. This done to introduce our celebrated VITALIZED AIR for painless extracting of teeth, and our PATENT SUCTION PLATE, which is the only plate worn with any comfort. See them before you have your teeth extracted. ALL WORK GUARANTEED.



War Prices. Full Set of Teeth, $5.00; Best Set of Teeth on R. R., $8.00; Por. Sets of Teeth, $2.50 up; Crowns, $4.00; Gold Fillings, $1.00 up; Teeth Extracted, 25c; Teeth Cleaned, 75c.

Good, Honest and Painless Dentistry is what you receive when you visit our Dental Parlors. Teeth extracted free when best teeth are ordered. Spanish and German spoken. Lady Attendant. Open Sunday 9 to 1. Tel. Red 3251.

Spinks Dental Parlors, Dr. W. E. Hutchason, Prop.
Corner Fifth and Hill Sts., Spinks Block.

# THE PUBLIC SERVICE—OFFICIAL DOINGS.

## SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

Yesterday the City Attorney completed the election ordinance, which will be submitted to the Council tomorrow. Legal troubles on account of the petition filed for a writ of review are not feared by the Councilmen.

The salary and license ordinances will come before the City Council on Monday, and it is believed that many breaks and dissensions will arise amid the happy family.

Judge Allen has decided in plaintiff's favor, the injunction suit begun by the Redondo Railway Company against the Traction Company's new move to the Pacific.

### AT THE CITY HALL

### ELECTION ORDINANCE NOW IN READINESS.

### WATER BONDS TO BE VOTED ON THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

**City Attorney Does Not Believe That Legal Complications Will Delay the Election—List of Precincts and Polling Places.**

Last night the City Attorney finished the preparation of the ordinance calling a special election on the 27th inst. to vote upon the proposed issue of $2,000,000 water bonds for the purchase of the improvement made to the plant by the Los Angeles City Water Company and affiliated corporations. If legal complications do not ensue the Council will pass this ordinance at the regular meeting tomorrow.

Some attempt has been made to secure delay in the proceedings, but the Councilmen do not look with favor upon this plan. It is the opinion of the City Attorney that no writ of review will be issued in accordance with the petition filed in the Superior Court by Charles McFarland, Esq. Should such an order of court be made it is believed that it would only operate as a temporary stay of proceedings.

Most of the Councilmen firmly believe that the Kessler syndicate of New York bankers is behind the suit. It is stated that threats were made some time ago by a representative of the firm that the election would not be called without a fight.

The Mayor believes there is nothing in the case and that it will never occupy a place on the court calendar for more than a brief period, if at all. The Mayor intended to leave for Santa Barbara yesterday on a two weeks' vacation, but he has decided to stay in the city until the bond election is over. Sometime during the week he will issue a manifesto stating a number of facts relative to the water litigation and the compromise. It is not the aim of the Mayor to take a decided stand either for or against the bonds. He will endeavor to make some points clear to the voters that they may be better informed on the situation before going to the polls.

In the election ordinance the ninety precincts in the city have been subdivided into twenty-nine municipal election precincts. An effort has been made to arrange the polling places so as to be convenient to the voters as much as possible. In the outskirts of the city where the precincts are large it will be necessary for some of the voters to travel far, as two or three of these large precincts will be combined in one.

All saloons will have to close on election day, according to the interpretation of the State law by the attorney, and the city for eleven hours will be ostensibly a dry town.

The polls will open at 6 o'clock a.m. and remain open until 5 o'clock p.m.

It will take a two-thirds majority of the votes cast to carry the bonds, and an effort will be made to poll a heavy vote. The $2,000,000 issue of waterworks bonds voted on August 22, 1898, carried by a vote of 7189 to 935; a ratio of 7 1-3 to 1. The Council believes that the present issue will carry by as large a ratio, even if the total vote is not as heavy as at the election two years ago.

From the following list of municipal election precincts, and the general election precincts embraced by each, voters will be able to learn where they will vote on the 27th inst., if the plans of the City Council are carried out:

FIRST WARD.

Municipal Election Precinct, No. 1.—General election precincts Nos. 1 and 2. Polling place, vacant store on Avenue 26, near Humboldt street, opposite the works of the Los Angeles Stoneware Company. Election officers: Judges, Melvin Mudge, Archibald Douglas; inspectors, Walter Mundell, J. L. Van Every; clerks, E. J. Post, Frederick C. Calkins; ballot clerks, E. L. Hartun, Robert Hardesty.

Municipal Election Precinct No. 2.—General election precincts 3A, 3B and 4. Polling place, vacant store, corner Avenue 19 and Downey avenue. Election officers: Judges, R. Thomas, Charles Wickham; inspectors, George W. Peachy, Charles F. Durr; clerks, J. S. Brown, A. Gundlach; ballot clerks, William Tinker, S. H. C. Langworthy.

Municipal Election Precinct No. 3.—General election precincts Nos. 5 and 6. Polling place, No. 400 Main street, corner of Clover street. Election officers: Judges, J. R. Lawrence, Alfred Moore, Jr.; inspectors, E. H. Ihm, Hyman Beach; clerks, J. T. Saunders, Robert McGarvin; ballot clerks, James Kline, Michael Haley.

SECOND WARD.

Municipal Election Precinct No. 4.—General election precincts Nos. 7, 10 and 11. Polling place, No. 919 Buena Vista street. Election officers: Judges, A. A. Bailey, M. M. Gillispie; inspectors, Albert C. Day, Pat Doyle; clerks, R. A. Brown, C. M. Smith; ballot clerks, A. E. Sensenev, E. McKain.

Municipal Election Precinct No. 5.—General election precincts Nos. 8, 9, 16 and 17. Polling place, No. 1716 Temple street. Election officers: Judges, J. C. Kenyon, C. L. Bannister; inspectors, A. C. Hutchins, Horace B. Ferris; clerks, C. W. Dunham, George Hull; ballot clerks, E. W. Koster, J. R. Hemphill.

Municipal Election Precinct, No. 6.—General election precincts Nos. 12, 13, 14 and 15. Polling place, No. 234 New High street. Election officers: Judges, S. Livingston, R. P. Kiefer; inspectors, W. M. Meeks, John Burn; clerks, D. Fargo, E. B. Rivers; ballot clerks, F. Renshaw, George D. Keym.

THIRD WARD.

Municipal Election Precinct, No. 7.—General election precints, Nos. 27 and 69. Polling place, Seventh and Alvarado streets. Election officers: Judges, B. S. Eaton, S. W. Luitweiler; inspectors, J. M. Joseph, R. D. Hollibard; clerks, Godfrey Fritz, G. D. Easton; ballot clerks, D. W. Fields, W. A. Lamb.

Municipal Election Precinct, No. 8.—General election precincts, Nos. 29, 34, 35 and 36. Polling place, Sixth and Figueroa streets. Election officers: Judges, John Bicester, Andrew Daram; inspectors, Paul D. French, J. W. Hinton; clerks, G. D. Mathess, W. D. Baird; ballot clerks, Gregor McDonald, O. E. Roberts.

Municipal Election Precinct, No. 9.—General election precincts, Nos. 18, 19, 21, 22 and 32. Polling place, City Hall. Election officers: Judges, J. D. Griffith, W. W. Robinson; inspectors, J. M. Guinn, B. Sens; clerks, Dennis Feilt, G. A. Hart; ballot clerks, Thomas Pascoe, B. N. McDonald.

FOURTH WARD.

Municipal Election Precinct, No. 10.—General election precincts, Nos. 70 and 71. Polling place, northwest corner of Pico and Fedora streets. Election officers: Judges, John Zeller, Dr. E. T. Crandall; inspectors, Rufus H. Frost, Charles W. Bridges; clerks, W. C. Woodman, David Sutherland; ballot clerks, James Smith, A. Richards.

Municipal Election Precinct, No. 11.—General election precincts, Nos. 34A, 34B, 35A, 35B. Polling place, northeast corner of Eleventh and Sentous streets. Election officers: Judges, J. M. Franch, August W. Worm; inspectors, G. E. Harpham, A. S. Koyer; clerks, C. B. Crisp, W. G. Finch; ballot clerks, T. H. Cortelyou, D. P. Riley.

Municipal Election Precinct, No. 12.—General election precincts, Nos. 31, 33 and 36. Polling place, engine-house, Sixteenth and Hill streets. Election officers: Judges, David Allen, I. Dockweiler; inspectors, F. M. Whiffen, E. W. Babcock; clerks, James Heliman; Capt. White; ballot clerks, Ed Lloyd, E. Strong.

Municipal Election Precinct, No. 13.—General election precincts, Nos. 23, 29, 30 and 33. Polling place, George Knarr's barn, corner Tenth and Flower streets. Election officers: Judges, Leonard O. Hall, G. C. Johnson; inspectors, Theodore Summerland, Dexter Sampson; clerks, Perry Howard, R. H. Hewitt; ballot clerks, D. E. Wells, H. O. Vogel.

FIFTH WARD.

Municipal Election Precinct, No. 14.—General election precincts, Nos. 72A, 72B and 73A. Polling place, No. 1154 Quincy street. Election officers: Judges, J. L. Starr, Fred A. Ripley; inspectors, J. Reed, Henry S. Havill; clerks, Neal Colgan, William Cousesly; ballot clerks, Otmar Bauer, L. B. Cline.

Municipal Election Precinct, No. 15.—General election precincts, Nos. 37, 38A, 38B and 39. Polling place, Marlborough Stables, Twenty-third street, between Scarff and Thompson streets. Election officers: Judges, Freeman G. Teague, E. P. Carr; inspectors, C. H. Toll, J. M. Copes; clerks, C. H. Alford, E. T. Park; ballot clerks, A. L. Eagles, Joseph Hannon.

Municipal Election Precinct, No. 16.—General election precincts, Nos. 73B and 74. Polling place, Wilsonia store, junction of McClintock street and Vermont avenue. Election officers: Judges, William J. Ahern, Harrington Brown; inspectors, Joseph H. Martin, C. W. Hyatt; clerks, George Williams, E. R. Shrader; ballot clerks, A. W. Bannister, William Dryden.

SIXTH WARD.

Municipal Election Precinct No. 17.—General election precincts Nos. 40, 41, 42 and 43. Polling place, No. 1614 South Main street. Election officers: Judges, Charles A. Baskerville, F. O. Cass; inspectors, Robert G. Hotchkiss, Ernest Prefferle; clerks, Ernest G. Taylor, W. G. Warden; ballot clerks, J. H. Whitney, William Young.

Municipal Election Precinct No. 18.—General election precincts Nos. 44A, 44B and 46. Polling places, engine-house, Fourteenth street, and Central avenue. Election officers: Judges, G. A. Chappel, Samuel R. Gregory; inspectors, Joseph Hamilton, W. Gee Morris; clerks, Adam Trabert, Frederick W. Stein, Jr.; ballot clerks, Thomas M. Shephard, C. A. Treat.

Municipal Election Precinct No. 19—General election precincts Nos. 45A and 45B. Polling place, No. 2815 Central avenue. Election officers: Judges, James M. Armstrong, J. W. Hood; inspectors, H. E. Hayes, John N. Rushton; clerks, Samuel G. Tyler, Imanuel Bamesberger; ballot clerks, Thomas J. Watters, T. W. Woodworth.

Municipal Election Precinct No. 20—General election precincts Nos. 74, 75 and 76. Polling place, Akey's Hall, corner Central and Vernon avenues. Election officers: Judges, Thomas A. Bryant, Henry C. Dominy; inspectors, James C. Lewis, E. M. Millsap; clerks, E. H. Morgan, William Shipley; ballot clerks, Hulbert L. Sheets, Albertus L. Whitney.

SEVENTH WARD.

Municipal Election Precinct No. 21—General election precincts Nos. 50, 51 and 54. Polling place, No. 3007 Palmetto street. Election officers: Judges, M. D. Flynn, A. M. Bragg; inspectors, Frank E. Copeland, David Foster; clerks, J. L. Moore, William Richards; ballot clerks, J. F. Cadwell, William Rogers.

Municipal Election Precinct No. 22—General election precincts Nos. 52, 53, 54 and 55. Polling place, No. 464 East Third street. Election officers: Judges, E. L. Grubb, R. M. Walton; inspectors, A. J. Bennet, John G. Orth; clerks, John W. Buckley, Alexander Grieve; ballot clerks, Phil Eichols, Lewis Roeder.

Municipal Election Precinct No. 23—General election precincts Nos. 47, 48A, 48B, 49A and 49B. Polling place, No. 466 East Seventh street. Election officers: Judges, John A. Smith, John G. Sanders; inspectors, Charles Wells, H. C. Hupfenny; clerks, G. H. Starbuck, W. E. VanLoane; ballot clerks, W. S. McCloy, Albert L. Jansen.

EIGHTH WARD.

Municipal Election Precinct No. 24—General election precincts Nos. 61, 62 and 63. Polling place, store building, southwest corner of Main and Railroad streets. Election officers: Judges, Fred Colby, J. R. Campbell; inspectors, J. Jansen, John Morris; clerks, B. F. Groves, N. W. Haas; ballot clerks, W. J. Schmidt, John J. Hustoe.

Municipal Election Precinct No. 25—General election precincts Nos. 60, 57A, and 57B. Polling place, residence building, northeast corner Jackson and Wilmington streets. Election officers: Judges, F. Clavere, Timothy Horgan; inspectors, Isaac P. Dehail, Charles Gurson; clerks, John Flood, George LaCour; ballot clerks, H. Henderson, Louis Lieber.

Municipal Election Precinct No. 26—General election precincts Nos. 58A, 58B, and 59. Polling place, store building, southwest corner of Vignes and Turner streets. Election officers: Judges, Adolph J. Guenther, Charles W. Griswold; inspectors, H. Wenger, Jr., Carl Gutach; clerks, A. C. Nebbe, C. Vincent; ballot clerks, Robert W. Gilkerson, Fred Meyer.

NINTH WARD.

Municipal Election Precincts No. 27—General election precincts Nos. 64A and 64B. Polling place, No. 733 Allies street (Tony Rave's store). Election officers: Judges, George Rheinschild, F. L. Lambourn; inspectors, R. Maloney, G. M. Derby; clerks, Fred Daken, S. C. Hubbell; ballot clerks, E. G. Fuller, C. E. Steinbilber.

Municipal Election Precinct No. 28—General election precincts Nos. 65 and 67. Polling place, No. 2024 East First street. Election officers: Judges, A. H. Sanborn, O. P. Bell; inspectors, George W. Campbell, J. P. Rogers; clerks, J. A. Simmons, I. H Weir; ballot clerks, D. R. Browning, George A. Williams.

Municipal Election Precinct No. 29—General election precincts Nos. 66 and 68. Polling place, Hall's barn, northwest corner First and Mott streets. Election officers: Judges, C. H. White, F. L. Rogers; inspectors, William Ruddy, C. H. Rogers; clerks, George L. Arnold, G. E. Bloomfield; ballot clerks, C. H. Anderson, D. C. Hammill.

**The Lady Undertaker.**

Mrs. M. H. Connell with Orr & Hines Co., is the only lady undertaker practicing in Los Angeles. No extra charge. Tel. M. 66.

## SALARY ORDINANCE.

### MANY CHANGES PROBABLE.

There is a prospect that the salary ordinance, submitted by the Finance Committee, last Monday, will look like a map of the Thousand Islands by the time the disaffected Councilmen get through with it tomorrow. The precipitate introduction of the measure by Allen and Blanchard last week, and the evident intention to rush it through the Council, has led to a thorough examination of the document by all the City Fathers. Each one has his ideas of what should be done, and unless a preliminary understanding is reached, lively times are probable at tomorrow's session.

Many valuable and needed tips have been received by the Councilmen from their constituents, and it is whispered that several plays for retrenchment to cut down expenses are being studied in the quiet seclusion of their apartments by the municipal solons. Evidently a pleasant time is in store for the happy family tomorrow.

The shade of the license ordinance, which is also due tomorrow, does not remove from the Councilmanic shoulders those weighty burdens of anxiety and care, compared to which the load of Christian as he struggled through the Slough of Despond can only be likened to a feather duster. The merchants are on their trail on the license question; at each corner a taxpayer wants to know why salaries should be increased; over their heads is suspended, like the sword of Damocles, that shortage of $80,000 in the funds. Verily, the official life of the Councilman hangeth by a thread. And only 100 "plunks" per month per hang!

Councilman Allen declared last week that if an attempt is made to play the license ordinance against the salary ordinance, he would fight the latter to the death. No course seems to be open but to "play both ends against the middle."

### Zanjeros Want Increase.

Despite the financial gloom that shrouds the Council, the zanjeros working on the outfall sewer, have not given up hope of securing a raise in wages. They are now paid $2 per day. A wage of $75 a month is asked. These men have to keep a team, and are obliged to work from 2:30 o'clock in the morning until 7 in the evening. The superintendent of the outfall sewer says the petition of the men is just. The zanjeros assert that the Council has agreed to pay them $75 a month. When it is found necessary to raise the salary of office inspectors, who work less than eight hours a day, from $80 and $90 a month, the zanjeros believe they are entitled to consideration. Last Monday a petition was made to the Council for the increase. It will be renewed tomorrow.

### Main-street Difficulty.

In grading North Main street, from First to Marchessault street, the grade has been changed, so that certain manholes belonging to the Edison Electric Company are above the surface. The Street Superintendent ordered the company to change them. A reply was received by the City Clerk yesterday to the effect that the company will change the manholes to conform to the grade, but at the city's expense. It is asserted that no formal proceedings were had for the change of grade, and that the city cannot force the company to the expense of changing the manholes, which lead to the underground conduits.

### Arizona to the Front.

A Mecca for the Mayor and some of the Councilmen who are "larned" in orthography has been found in Arizona. A grave question arises as to whether Arizona may not have been first with the system, in which case some city officials may be guilty of plagiarism. An undertaker at Bisbee is sending to Los Angeles the body of a man who died at Naco, Ariz., in July, reports that death was caused by "information of the stumick" and adds: "This Bodey has bin thurley embamed and sealed in metalick case." The health office has laid the communication aside for presentation to the Mayor. It may be a further aid to "fonetick speling," think the officials.

### AT THE COURT HOUSE

### REDONDO RAILWAY DOWNS THE TRACTION.

**WINS INJUNCTION AGAINST NEW ROAD TO PACIFIC.**

**Judge Allen Says the Redondo Property Must Stand and Howard's Summit Station House Must not Be Interfered With—His Opinion.**

The Los Angeles and Redondo Railway Company has won its injunction suit against the California-Pacific Railway Company, according to an opinion handed down by Judge Allen yesterday, and an order will be entered in the Superior Court enjoining the defendants from interfering with the sidetracks, spurs, turnouts or switches of plaintiff's road on Vermont avenue, and with the building thereon at Howard's Summit.

"Plaintiff corporation," says the court, "in 1889 secured from the Supervisors a permit to enter on Vermont avenue and lay a single track of railroad, with the right to change to double track at any time during the life of its franchise. After the road was constructed, one Howard moved into the public street a frame structure which he permitted the railway company to use as a depot and telephone station, and which has so been used continuously for a number of years. Now, the defendant claims the right, under section 465 of the Civil Code, to go upon this street and construct another line of railroad upon a surveyed route parallel with and some fifteen feet distant from the center line of plaintiff's single track, no permission of the Supervisors ever having been given therefor, but defendant relies upon the absolute right given it by section 465 and denies the authority of the Supervisors to control their action in the premises.

LEGISLATIVE BOODLE HINTED.

"An examination of the statutes discloses the fact that the Legislature of California in 1861, with a zeal either born of a desire to encourage railroad building, or to faithfully serve the commands of some Col. Masuma (boodler) of that early day, gave all of the public highways in California to the railroad companies, if they desired to use them, and construct thereon lines of double-track railroad; and, strange as it may seem, this law crept into the Civil Code, and, stranger yet, into the recent codification of our law, which took effect on July 1, 1901.

"The right of the defendant corporation to enter upon Vermont avenue, and construct its line of road depends upon the construction which shall be given to the sections of the code referred to.

TRACTION TRESPASSES.

"If I am right, then, the defendant company is a trespasser upon Vermont avenue, but the law has not given to the plaintiff control of these highways, and it has no power, by injunction or otherwise, to prevent the defendant from trespassing, except upon account of some threatened injury to its own property or rights. I do not understand the grant to plaintiff to construct an additional line of track, if it so desires to be an exclusive grant to the whole street, by which it could hold exclusive control thereof until such time as it might determine whether it desired to build another line of road, and, if so, where, but it has a right to put down another track. I think plaintiff has no vested interest or right in any portion of the street west of its present single track, any more than in any other portion of the street, nor in any portion until it does take possession under its franchise. It has already, with its switches and turnouts, taken possession of a portion of the street.

ACTIONS LOUDER THAN WORDS.

"The defendant, however, denies that it intends to disturb these switches, sidetracks and turnouts, or threatens so to do; but when we consider that they are entering upon the public street forcibly, without leave or license, that they have already graded a portion of it up to the ends of the ties, and within a safe operating distance of the sidetrack; that they have caused the survey to be made and the stakes to be placed, and say they intend to build upon that line which runs through the sidetracks and spurs, I think these acts amount to threats and menaces, which the company cannot be permitted to say are idle and meaningless. Defendants concede that they intend to remove the frame structure upon the street, which is in the line of their track, and, while that building is there without any authority, the plaintiff company are tenants at will, have an interest in the property as such tenants, and are entitled to the possession of it, unless disturbed by the governing body of the county."

### TWO REVERSALS.

SUPREME COURT OPINIONS.

The Supreme Court has reversed the judgment of the lower court in the water suit entitled J. J. Mabb and wife against Lyman Stewart and others, wherein judgment was given to plaintiffs for damages for failure of the San Antonio Water Company to furnish water at a certain time for irrigation purposes on ten acres of land in the Ontario colony. Plaintiff was awarded damages in over $5000 for injured trees, but the cause has now been remanded for new trial.

In the case of Ben W. Cave and others against George W. Tyler and others, the judgment of the lower court in favor of the plaintiffs has also been reversed by the Supreme Court. This is an action to quiet plaintiffs' title to the right to the use and a diversion through a ditch called the Mill Creek zanja, of all the water of a natural stream in San Bernardino county called Mill Creek and its tributaries. A new trial is also ordered in this case.

### COURTHOUSE NOTES.

BREVITIES MISCELLANEOUS.

JEFFREY WILL GO. J. W. Jeffrey, editor of The Times' agricultural department, has been elected a delegate to the National Association of Horticultural Commissioners, which will meet at Denver in September. Mr. Jeffrey is secretary of the Horticultural Commission of this county. Although he will be absent about two weeks, his trip will be without expense to the county.

CERTIFICATE GETTERS. The County Board of Education has granted certificates as follow: High School, Florence Hopper; grammar school, Laura A. Collins; special drawing, Grace G. Rockwell; recommendations for kindergarten life diplomas, Lillian M. Clark, Annie M. Junkin; recommendation for life grammar-school diplomas, Mrs. Elizabeth Millard, Laura L. Thompson; Normal document, Teresa B. Van Dobpealaar.

### THE MINING FIELDS

### TEXAS MINE OF OLD DIGGINGS SOLD.

**BOOM MAKES ITSELF FELT IN SHASTA GOLD FIELD.**

**Six Claims Bonded—Tucson to Have Smelting Establishment—Arizona Copper Company Declares Big Dividend—News of Field Work and Workers.**

The old Hart or Texas mine, the deepest and best gold producer of the Old Diggings district of Shasta county, has been sold, and the famous property will be immediately reopened and extensive operations carried on.

Since the property became involved in litigation several years ago it has been held in trust by the Bank of Tehama County, and it was from the bank that a syndicate, headed by the following business men, purchased the mine: Dr. W. H. Garlick, a wealthy pottery manufacturer of Calumet, O.; Col. H. C. Woodrow, A. B. Paul, E. W. Runyon, a banker of Red Bluff, and Harry Elkoff of San Francisco.

The syndicate has been incorporated as the Texas Gold Mining and Power Company, and has purchased the Paul-Garlick electric power plant near Coppley, together with the water rights. The plant now has a capacity of 500 horsepower.

Extensive improvements are contemplated by the new owners, who are arranging to enlarge the twenty-stamp quartz mill, which is run by electricity as the motive power.

The work of repairing the shaft has already begun, and it is anticipated that it will require at least three months for this work. The shaft is 800 feet deep, and extends 300 feet below the lowest drift. The new company is hopeful of increasing the output of the mine from 100 to 200 tons per day.

OLD DIGGINGS ABOOM.

From Shasta county comes the word that the Old Diggings mining district is again coming to the front. Coincident with the purchase of the Texas mine comes the intelligence of the bonding of six claims in the field by a San Francisco man for $25,000.

The property on which the bond was given last week consists of the Keystone No. 1 and No. 2, Wishbone, Homestead, Lucy Ned and Mountain Bell, owned by Edwin and Grace White. Eugene Harvey of San Francisco took the bond, and the option has a life of three years.

According to the agreement the owners allow the bondholders to have 50 per cent. of the net value of the ore, as developed by smelting returns, and the other half of the returns from the rock will be held by them to apply to the purchase price.

SMELTER FOR TUCSON.

Tucson is to have a smelter; this is almost assured. The new plant will be built and operated by Stephen Ochoa, a well-known Southern Pacific contractor, who is doing contract work for the Loma Verde Copper Company in its mine fifteen miles east of Tucson. The smelter will be run in connection with the mine, though it will do custom work also. Ochoa states that the Loma Verde copper mine alone would doubtless keep his smelter, if erected, in operation. The field around Tucson is large, however, and the opinion prevails that if a smelter is erected near there it will have all it can handle.

The Loma Verde is a local corporation, and is now working three shifts. A crosscut is run at the 100-foot level, and will be extended at least 100 feet. Another 100-foot extension is being made in the main shaft, and it is estimated that almost $10,000 will be taken out of the new drift, besides giving the mine that much development.

ARIZONA'S DIVIDEND.

The latest evidence that goes to show that copper mining in Arizona is a paying proposition is found in the announcement just made by the Arizona Copper Company of Clifton. Besides making extensive improvements the company has declared a dividend of $4.44 per share. Most of the stock is held by a Scotch syndicate.

COPPER GLANCE SHAFT.

Unexpected activity is reported from the plant of the Copper Glance Mining Company, seven miles southeast of Bisbee. It is announced that the company has commenced work upon a new double compartment shaft, and is now considering the matter of starting another shaft at an early date. The recent strike of very high grade copper ore in the holdings of the Solomon Springs Company is probably responsible for the activity, as the properties adjoin. The copper find in the Solomon land is all that has been claimed for it.

PICKED FROM DUMP.

The Detroit Copper Company at Morenci, Ariz., is doubling the capacity of its concentrating plant.

Although the Vulture mine has been worked since 1891, and has produced $5,000,000, yet it has only been worked to a depth of a few hundred feet. The company will soon begin the work of cyaniding the tailings, which have accumulated from the past workings of the mine and which are worth $4.25 per ton. There are 400,000 tons in the dump.

SAN FRANCISCO MINING STOCKS.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.] SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—The official closing quotations for mining stocks today were as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Alta | 3 | Mexican | 18 |
| Andes | 7 | Occidental Con | 3 |
| Belcher | 7 | Ophir | 85 |
| Best & Belcher | 19 | Overman | 12 |
| Caledonia | 30 | Potosi | 7 |
| Challenge Con | 15 | Savage | 5 |
| Choller | 5 | Sierra Nevada | 73 |
| Confidence | 170 | Silver Hill | 89 |
| Con. Cal. & Va | 195 | Standard | 325 |
| Crown Point | 9 | Union Con | 13 |
| Gould & Curry | 12 | Utah Con | 7 |
| Hale & Norcross | 26 | Yellow Jacket | 19 |
| Justice | 5 | | |

## THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

A LITTLE, unsophisticated, awkwardly-clad country girl, just next to being all alone in the world, starting out unattended to find a home among strangers.

She was down at the Arcade depot, in this city, having been brought there by her father—a grizzled, prematurely-old rancher, but as tender as a mother.

It was pathetic to watch them. The little one was in a bright, new, flowered dress, and a sombrero; the father wore his dirty plow shoes, a faded and shapeless suit, a rusty slouch hat, and his face was covered with a stubby red beard. In the ways of the world there was little difference between the two, but in consoling, confiding tones that were but a rumble to all except the child, he was telling her that which was meant to drive uneasiness from her mind. Emotion lent a shrillness to her voice, and her replies could be distinctly heard.

"Well, how'll I know when I have to change cars?"

"Will I give this piece o' paper to the conductor?"

"You'll have to pay for a bed, won't you?

"I hain't going to sleep any!"

She put her handkerchief to her eyes and went to the water cooler, and then stood looking vacantly out the window.

"Her mother died and left her all alone with me," the old man said, his eyes swimming in tears, an' I'm a-sendin' her up north to my brother."

He brushed his eyes with the back of his weather-beaten hand.

"I guess she won't have no trouble. They ought to be awful kind to a little thing like her trav'lin' all by herself. Her mother, she died an' I can't go—an'—an'——"

His big heart welled up and overflowed. His rough jacket, his browned and furrowed skin, his shock of sandy hair, may not be beautiful to look upon, but his heart, where love of wife and offspring is enshrined, is a picture of radiant splendor.

"M' brother'll give her a good home, an' I hain't nobody to look after her no more, just wen she needs a mother most, an'—an'—I know its best, but it kind o' breaks me all up to send her off. I—I——"

"All aboard for Sa'barb'ra—Mon'rey—Sa' Fr'cisco," rasped through the waiting-room. "All abo-o-ard."

The little girl was again seated by him, and he talked on, sometimes to her and then to his neighbor.

"She's awful scart of trav'lin' all alone. You mustn't be afraid. I don't wonder, though. Don't cry now—jist show 'em that piece o' paper. It must be nigh time fer the t'rain."

He shuffled off to the gatekeeper.

"Wat time does the train go to Albana?"

"To where?"

"To Albany."

"Abany—oh, er—oh, yes—it left about five minutes ago."

"No, that's too bad. Nobody didn't holler 'Albany.' Well, I s'pose she'll have to wait fer the next one."

The old man looked worried, as he walked back and sat down. He hitched his rusty slouch nervously down toward his nose.

"The train's went."

"Hain't I goin' at all, now? Have to wait till 5 o'clock? What'll I do when——"

Her voice was drowned by the roaring of a train as it rushed into the shed. The lusty "caller" appeared at the door and shouted:

"Lo' Beach train—all aboard for Lo-o-ng Beach! All a-bo-o-ard."

"What's he say? Long Beach, hey? Wy, Tillie, that's my train, an' I'll hev ter go first. Don't now, Tillie; don't cry—the people'll be good to you—an' write me a nice letter soon as you git there—just show them that piece o' paper on the train—now, good-by, Tillie."

He caught her in his arms and kissed her repeatedly, until all the people about, who had been amused before, seemed quite different now.

The woman opposite suddenly discovered the things in her valise needed adjusting; an old lady adjusted her glasses and looked scrutinizingly at the same spot that had been before her nose for two hours; the old porter suddenly had business in another direction; the "caller" seemed to repeat his jargon with a tremolo.

"All abo-o-ard for Lo-o-ng Be-e-ach."

The father and child did not speak again. The old man tore himself loose, shaking as with the ague. Once he looked wistfully back at his child, who had drooped limp and crying into the seat, and then he staggered through the gate. Father and child had started on their divergent paths.

"There, little one; there's yer train," the caller said to her tenderly, as the "Owl" pulled in.

**Don't Be Deluded.**

An agreement which reads "In case I remove from said premises or discontinue the use of gas entirely, this contract to be at an end" is not intended to "leave you free to quit at any time you please," but is intended to bind you to take gas, if you take any gas, from the corporation who exacted the contract, no matter how obnoxious the service may be. And then there is the payment of that $15 bond in order to get the "lowest rates."

If you have signed any such agreement, remove it at once, and leave yourself free to buy the best for the lowest rate.

FREE CONNECTIONS
APPLIANCES AT COST.
$1.00 MONTHLY INSTALLMENTS.

**Los Angeles Lighting Co.**
Broadway and Fifth.

**DR. HARRISON & CO.**
Specialists for Men.

Men who suffer from weakness, men who complain of symptoms and men who suffer from chronic contracted disorders, the result of early dissipation and excesses.

Our treatment and speedy cure of these conditions.

STRICTLY RELIABLE.

**The Cure of Varicocele in 5 Days.**

The scientific questions relating to the cause and nature of VARICOCELE may not interest the sufferer from this trouble so much as does the question of cure, and yet DR. HARRISON'S investigations as to the cause of VARICOCELE, shows that it is the chief source of men's nervous ailments.

DR. HARRISON'S knowledge of the real nature of Varicocele and the importance of curing it, led him to develop and perfect the original and only method that cures in 5 days. Ample proof will be furnished any one interested that the cure is absolute and reliable in every case.

**Chronic Inflammation of the Prostate Gland.**

The Main Cause of Men's Apparent Weakness.

We have found in a practice of sixteen years devoted exclusively to Nervous Disorders of the Male, the most frequent cause is a Chronic Inflammation of the Prostate Gland, the center of the reproductive system, which is very rich in nerves. When the termination of these nerves is kept in a constant state of excitement by a chronic inflammatory process, it is very clear that by transmission of irritation to other nerves, the patient may be subject to nervous phenomena of the most varied character. They are not WEAKNESSES, but symptoms of the inflammation.

The most frequent cause of this inflammatory condition is contracted disorders or early dissipations and excesses. The object is to reduce the swollen or inflamed organ.

By our local OZON-ZED method we remove pathological products, stimulate the tissue and cause absorption of the inflammatory exudation by means of the increased circulation in the veins and glands.

In addition to these rapid improvements, it gives tone and strength to the flabby blood vessels and to the relaxed muscular fibers of the organ, and a certain healthy stimulus is communicated to the nerves throughout the reproductive system, causing renewed vigor and endurance.

**Contracted Disorders.**

Under the old methods, before irrigations were established, five weeks considered the duration of an acute contracted disorder. If not cured in this length of time, it was considered to have become chronic.

In referring to our practice during the past eight years, covering 8000 cases, we can show that 90 per cent. of our patients have recovered in fifteen days. We are, therefore, justified in saying a case not properly cured in fifteen days must be considered in a chronic condition and complications have arisen, for which the patient should seek the services of a specialist. We invite free consultation on this subject and can offer the experience of sixteen years in the treatment of chronic disorders.

**Certainty of a Cure is What You Want.**

**Stricture and Its Complications.**

We cure these conditions in ten to fifteen days, and especially solicit those that other methods have failed to cure.

THE first essential in the treatment of these cases is to lessen the trouble and to determine its nature, and to ascertain if there are any ulcerations, which are always accompanied by sub-mucous thickening of the walls of the canal, and which consist of a mass of diseased tissue. Our OZO-CHEMIC application will remove and heal these in fifteen days by removing the abnormal formation. This is done without detention from business and is free from pain or cutting.

Our treatment is entirely original and perfectly painless. It completely and permanently removes every obstruction from the urinary passage. It stops every unnatural discharge, allays all irritation and restores the canal to a normal condition.

Office { 214 Over Wolf & Chilson's Drug Store, Corner Second and Broadway. | Hours { 9 to 4, 7 to 8; Sundays, 9 to 12.

"NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN."

**Old Sol Heats Water**

**No Modern House Should be Without**

Step expense for heating apparatus and fuel. 2000 in use here. It works automatically, conducive to health. Why not keep the sun on the roof instead of in the kitchen?

Send for our Illustrated Catalogue.

CLIMAX SOLAR WATER HEATER CO., 338 South Broadway.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

We wish to inform our many friends and patrons that we have been so fortunate as to secure the services of one of the most expert cutters in this city, Mr. H. A. Penrod, for our Spring Street Store.

BRAUER & KROHN, Tailors,
128-130 South Spring Street.

# HOW TO BE SAFE FROM SUMMER SUFFERING.

Summer suffering!
Who cares it?
Not I, for a minute!
Keep clean inside!
Stop the undigested food from souring in your stomach and bowels! Remove regularly all sour refuse in your body, sweeten the system and keep it in shape to take every nourishment out of your food and expel all unnecessary rubbish.
Keep cool inside!
You can't keep cool outside if you have a blazing, boiling, souring mass of corruption inside of you.
Isn't that common sense?
Most people think that diarrhea is the opposite of constipation. It is not. Diarrhea is a form of constipation and is caused by nature trying to get rid of the obstruction of acid-weakened bowels.
The proper thing to do, therefore, is to keep your bowels strong, healthy, natural all summer; and to do so you must use a medicine gotten up for that particular purpose—not physic, pills, liquids, old-fashioned ripgers, would kill you. And yet YOU MUST keep the channel clean, pure and open.
There is only one preparation that will do it, and you will find it in any drug store, 10c, 25c or 50c a box—Cascarets Candy Cathartic, purely vegetable, sweet, eat like candy, stop fermentation, make the mouth breath pure and sweet and keep the inside clean and cool. One of Cascarets' most wonderful qualities is that mamma eats a tablet; baby gets the benefit. Nursing mothers make their milk mildly purgative by eating Cascarets. This is the only scientific, safe way to protect suckling infants against summer suffering. Children like Cascarets and should take a little piece of a tablet every day.
The writer of this article has written the above from most careful investigation and his experience proves that Cascarets used regularly during the summer's heat absolutely prevent all the diseases usually attributed to the effect of summer. In the South they have been used successfully as a preventive of yellow fever, Asiatic cholera, and elsewhere of the plague. Should any one desire to try them before buying, the writer has arranged with the manufacturers to send a free sample and booklet to any person mentioning this article and addressing Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

## Worms and Tapeworms.

Experts know that summer heat favors every form of decay and fermentation. Hence every kind of worm is as active as in winter. Tapeworms, pinworms, roundworms, threadworms, all grow lively and hard at work. Every creature that fills the universe during the summer heat has created billions of animal and vegetable animal and vegetable germs, from the microscopic to the visible, that fill the universe during the summer heat. Nature has created billions of

# Orange County Towns: Santa Ana, Fullerton and Orange.

## FREAK WELL YIELDS QUEER VARIETY.

### SALT AND HOT WATER, SHALE, OIL AND GAS.

**"What Next" the Question on the Bluffs of Newport Bay—Santa Ana Street Fair Still Unsettled—Suit for Thousands.**

SANTA ANA, Aug. 10.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] The well being bored on the bluffs near Newport by the Bay Oil and Asphalt Company is a freak. At a depth of 200 feet it was partially filled with salt water. This was shut off and the drill sent down another 100 feet, when indications of oil and gas were found. A little farther and hot water was struck, and now, at 350 feet, the drill is working in blue shale, through which some hidden force is sending seepages of oil. The theory is advanced by the contractors that there is an immense body of oil somewhere in the vicinity, and that there is sufficient gas to force the oil through this shale. Whether this well will touch the supposed body of oil is problematical. Experts who have examined this territory think a great body of oil will be found in the vicinity of Newport Bay. The water in this well is so hot that one cannot hold a hand in it for any length of time. When the drill is not working the gas forcing its way through the water can be distinctly heard. What next?

THAT STREET FAIR.

Members of the Chamber of Commerce and the Thirty-second District Agricultural Association this afternoon considered holding a week's entertainment in this city from September 16 to 21, inclusive. It is proposed to have a street fair in connection with the opening and dedication of the new courthouse and a farmers' institute. It is probable that the association will attempt to hold a fair this year, and consequently the Chamber of Commerce desires that it permit the State appropriation for agricultural purposes to be used in awards to ranchers for the best exhibits in a street fair. As there was not a majority of the directors present today it was decided to adjourn with the understanding that the secretary of the association call a meeting of the directors for next Monday afternoon, when it is expected that definite action will be taken.

FORECLOSURE SUIT.

Graves, O'Melveney & Shankland of Los Angeles filed papers here today with the County Clerk foreclosing a mortgage on forty acres at Brookhurst, this county, for the Security Savings Bank of Los Angeles. The defendants in the action are Watson H. Brown, trustee for A. H. Cargill; Panola C. Hampton and Kate M. Stearns; Fred A. Brown, trustee for Walston H. Brown, trustee; Charles H. Blair, trustee for Mary Payson Cargill; Julius J. Schneider, A. H. Cargill, Panola C. Hampton, Kate M. Stearns, Mary Payson Cargill, John Doe and Richard Roe. The suit is to recover $8151.89, with interest from the 1st inst., and $700 attorney's fees. The sum is alleged to be due on a promissory note and mortgage dated November 12, 1898.

SANTA ANA BREVITIES.

Harry Ward and Miss Jessie Barger were married today by Justice of the Peace Willson under difficulties. "His Honor" is confined to his couch on account of the presence of one of "Job's comforters" on the south side of his anatomy, but the lovers were invited into his parlors, where the ceremony was performed.

The Misses Gertrude and Louise Montgomery gave a surprise party Friday evening in honor of their mother's birthday. Twelve ladies were present and Mrs. Montgomery was presented with a handsome salad bowl.

Rev. and Mrs. George C. Butterfield of Tustin left today for Coronado Tent City to remain until next week. They are accompanied by their friend, George C. Swan, who is returning to his home in San Diego.

The Main Investment Company has purchased property on the corner Sycamore and Fifth streets with the expectation of building a two-story block there. The location is good for an office building.

Col. and Mrs. W. F. Heathman and daughter, Miss Vera, accompanied by their friend, Miss Minnie Heathman Smith of Oxford, Miss., left today for a week's stay at Newport Beach.

Capt. T. M. Turner's family has arrived from Los Angeles with a view of making this city its future home. The captain and family recently came from Texas.

David Tyler and wife, who have been visiting Alexander Chisolm of Tustin, left today for San Diego and Coronado. Mr. and Mrs. Tyler are from Ypsilanti, Mich.

Mrs. I. N. Rafferty of this city and Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Hulse of Los Angeles left Santa Ana yesterday for a three-weeks' visit to Shasta and Portland.

Mrs. Emma Smith and two little girls, Ruth and Louise, went to Newport Beach yesterday to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. Halliday, Jr., for a week.

Miss Mina Menges went to Los Angeles today to be the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Boyd, for several days, after which she will visit friends in Long Beach.

The Misses Margaret Maxwell and Myrtle Pinger have returned to their home in Los Angeles after a pleasant visit here with the Tedfords.

Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Green and daughter of this city, and Mrs. Green of Tulare, left yesterday for a week's outing at Long Beach.

Miss Clara Garnsey of this city, and her friends, the Misses Raney of Santa Clara, left today for an outing at Newport Beach.

Mrs. T. D. Buffington and little son of Burbank are visiting Mrs. Buffington's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Bear at Newport.

Mrs. Colgan Burns and children returned from Newport Beach this morning. They will return to the beach next week.

Rev. O. S. Frambes and wife of Phoenix, Ariz., arrived yesterday for a visit with S. A. Frambes and other relatives.

Mrs. O. P. Litton returned yesterday from an extended camp in Trabuca Cañon considerably improved in health.

Ten carloads of summer tourists passed through this city this morning for Coronado Tent City and San Diego.

Fred Hewitt and sister of Los Angeles are in Santa Ana visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. N. Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Roper and little daughter, Ethel, left this morning for a week's outing at Newport Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Collins of Oakland are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Yarnell of the Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hunt left today for a week's trip to Los Angeles and other Southern California towns.

J. Lurch and daughter, who have been visiting J. M. Kanouse, have returned to their home in Ontario.

Mrs. Kate Tupper Galpin of Los Angeles will preach in the Unitarian Church here tomorrow.

Dr. M. A. Menges and family left today for a two-weeks' outing in Silverado Cañon.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Fuller of Tustin are entertaining I. N. Fuller and family of Pasadena.

The City Marshal wants a dog catcher. No applications for the position have been filed.

Mrs. W. A. Packard went to Los Angeles today on account of the illness of her mother.

Miss Ethel Brown went to Los Angeles this evening to visit her sister over Sunday.

Mrs. Emma J. Cone returned today from an extended visit in Marysville, Kas.

Miss Marie Keeler is entertaining Miss Lavina Fay of San Diego for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Albee of Santa Ana are spending a week at Long Beach.

Dr. F. M. Bruner and family of Santa Ana are spending a few days in Trabuca Cañon.

O. G. Hawkins and family and Miss Sue Halliday went to Newport Beach today.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Moesser have gone to Beaumont for a two-weeks' vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. James are visiting friends in Los Angeles for a week.

Mrs. B. F. Sheperd has gone to Newport Beach for a stay of two weeks.

Anaheim Landing has more campers than for the past several years.

Mrs. F. Van Vranken is visiting friends in San Diego.

Coronado Tent City; coolest and best.

### ORANGE.

FAMILY'S NARROW ESCAPE.

ORANGE, Aug. 10.—[From The Times' Correspondent.] The family of A. M. Schmidt, residing on Chapman street, east of town, came near perishing in the flames Saturday morning in the burning of their barn, which they occupied while preparing to build a fine residence. They lost all household goods and clothing except what they hastily picked up as they ran from the building. Schmidt was awakened shortly before daylight by the crackling flames that were consuming a large haystack nearby. It burned so rapidly that the family had barely time to get from the building before the structure was ablaze. The horses in the stable were saved.

ORANGE BREVITIES.

Dr. D. F. Royer and daughter, Miss May, returned today from an extended visit in the Eastern States.

A. Meacham has secured the contract of finishing another story to the schoolhouse at El Modena.

Miss Ella Proud has gone to Whittier to spend a month with relatives.

The Misses Schorn have returned to their home in Olive from San Francisco.

Leander Good has returned from San Francisco, where Mrs. Good is detained at the bedside of her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Drake, Mrs. Emma Bussek, Dr. Ida B. Parker, Miss Bryan and Marian Bussek, together with Judge and Mrs. J. E. Pleasants of Santiago, constitute a party which left a few days ago for Bear Valley for a month's outing.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Terry and Miss Esther Hatcher have gone to Long Beach to remain for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Tiffany, the Misses Alice C. McCarty and Edna Honadel and Messrs. K. E. Watson and William Hutchisson have gone to San Juan Hot Springs for a two weeks' stay.

The Crawford family of Olive have returned from their camping trip in Bear Valley.

## VEGETARIANS WEARY OF THE NEIGHBORS.

### PLACENTIA COLONY WOULD SEEK A BETTER LAND.

**Odd Little Tribe Offering Its Secluded but Well-kept Property for Sale—School Bonds Voted by Orangethorpe District.**

FULLERTON, Aug. 10.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] The vegetarian colony at Placentia is offering its property for sale. Some weeks ago the manager of the ranch, Thales, stated that they would no doubt try to sell out soon and move away on account of alleged persecution. He says they want to go to some country where they can conduct a vegetarian colony without interference by neighbors and county officials. The colonists have one of the best-kept places in Dronge county. Their orange groves are always free from scale and the walnut disease has never affected their improved "Placentia Perfection" walnut, which is in many ways superior to the average.

FULLERTON BREVITIES.

The Odd Fellows will confer the initiatory degree next Monday evening.

Miss Carrie Reed has been appointed a deputy in the postoffice.

Mrs. Jacob Stern and children spent the past week at the beach.

Jensen & Eubanks have leased the Fullerton Hotel and will take charge soon.

Orangethorpe school district has voted $1200 bonds to finish the upper story of the school building. The vote was close, 17 to 7, as the law requires a two-thirds majority to bond a district.

W. B. Dewey, a cousin of Admiral Dewey, has gone in business here.

There has been another change in the superintendency of the Puente Oil Company, Jack Gallman succeeding E. P. Wightman.

Mrs. Tolitha King, colored, who had been a resident of Fullerton the past twelve years, died at the home of her sister in San Bernardino Friday, and will be buried here tomorrow afternoon. The services will be held at the Methodist Church.

### THE TIMES AT THE BEACHES.

Patrons of The Times desiring the paper delivered to them at any of the beaches may leave the necessary order at The Times office, or with any of the following-named agents:

A. E. Jackson, Santa Monica, 236 Third street.

Mrs. Thacker, Ocean Park, corner Hill and Second streets.

F. J. Schinnerer, Long Beach, Bank Building.

F. W. Clark, Catalina.

S. R. Commander, foot of wharf, Redondo.

Baetzer & Krohn, Sixth and Deacon streets, San Pedro.

Arrangements have been made for especial summer delivery of The Times at all resorts, and patrons will confer a favor by reporting any irregular or unsatisfactory service.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

# Riverside and San Bernardino Counties: Their Towns.

## A ROWHEAD CLUB'S ANNUAL OUTING.

### MEMBERS COME LONG DISTANCE TO SQUIRREL INN.

**Fire Breaks Out in Plunge Creek Canyon, Near San Bernardino—German Consul Not Satisfied in the Bohn Murder Case of Eight Years Ago.**

SAN BERNARDINO, Aug. 10.—[From The Times' Correspondent.] The annual meeting of the Arrowhead Mountain Club was held this evening at Squirrel Inn. James E. Mooney and J. A. Gamble, well-known Cincinnati capitalists, whose money is largely back of the Arrowhead Reservoir Company, arrived on the delayed Santa Fé overland yesterday afternoon, and left today for Squirrel Inn, where Mr. Mooney has a pretty cottage. For years it has been his custom to cross the continent in summer to enjoy an outing in the San Bernardino Mountains, and attend the annual meeting of the mountain club. It is probable that before Mr. Mooney and Mr. Gamble return east, it will be announced who will act as superintendent of the reservoir company, and what the future policy of the company will be.

MOUNTAIN FIRE.

A mountain fire started yesterday in Plunge Creek Cañon, a few miles from the Brookings lumber mill. Forest Supervisor Bartlett left in the afternoon with a force of men for the scene of the conflagration. A telephone message was received in the evening that the fire was under control, and there was little danger of the flames spreading.

LAND SUITS.

The Fontana Development Company has brought suit against a number of persons named as defendants to quiet title to the Muscupiabe Rancho, comprising a large acreage of land, situated near the head of Cajon Pass, on the south side of the mountains.

SAN BERNARDINO BREVITIES.

The German Consul at San Francisco has ordered an investigation into the facts relating to the shooting of Gus Bohn, who in 1893, was shot and killed by Charles Button, while picnicking in the mountains. Button was tried several times, but was not convicted. He was afterward run over and killed by a Santa Fé train.

The rain of the past ten days in Bear Valley and vicinity was the heaviest known in that section for years during the summer months. The water is reported to have risen a foot in the big Bear Valley reservoir. This will prove of tremendous benefit to the orchardists in Redlands, Highland and vicinity.

Judge Bledsoe yesterday rendered a decree for the plaintiff corporation in four suits brought by the Southern Pacific Company against certain defendants to enforce payment for lands which they had agreed to purchase.

Bathhurst B. Mann, a native of England, was today admitted to citizenship by Judge Bledsoe.

Percy Hight left today for San Francisco, to enter upon his second year's course at a law school.

William McDonald of New York is a guest at the home of his sister, Mrs. A. A. Kitchell.

Mrs. F. W. Richardson and daughter left today for Berkeley where they will reside.

Mrs. F. Wendelborn of Los Angeles is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. C. Pratt.

A movement has been started to organize an athletic club here.

Miss Ruby Cunningham left yesterday for Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. L. I. Coy and family are at Long Beach.

Mrs. R. F. Garner and son, Robin, are at Santa Monica.

Miss Stella Dexter is visiting friends at San Diego.

W. A. Boren is at Oceanside for a short stay.

Mrs. O. A. Allen left today for San Diego.

L. D. Houghton left today for Catalina.

Miss Joanna Pruitt is at San Diego.

Miss Maggie Keough is at San Diego.

Mrs. L. Horowitz is at San Diego.

J. B. Parasette is at Glenn ranch.

C. B. Tyler is at Catalina.

Coronado Tent City; coolest and best.

### ONTARIO.

FROST PROTECTION.

ONTARIO, Aug. 10.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] At a meeting at the packing-house, North Ontario, to discuss the means of frost protection to lemons, reports from different localities were heard, and a committee, consisting of J. W. Freeman, W. C. Farlow and H. Little of Ontario and W. S. Way, W. C. James and J. Hoffman of Cucamonga, was appointed to test the relative merits of a coal basket and oil pot that were on exhibition at that meeting from Riverside, and report at the next meeting, to convene at the call of the committee. Information concerning the cost of baskets and fuel will be gathered.

ONTARIO BREVITIES.

At the last meeting of the Town Trustees they voted to clean up Euclid avenue and trim the trees the entire length of the town limits to Tenth street, two miles.

Mrs. Sarah Sykes has received a telegram informing her of the death of her only daughter, Mrs. B. F. Burdick.

A daughter has been born to the wife of George Thompson.

F. W. Balfour, manager of the Edison Electric Company at Pomona, and three solicitors are in town, with the view of establishing their service here.

Matthias Jensen of Minnesota has purchased four acres of budded Washington navels on Vine avenue of C. L. Meacham for $2400.

No services will be held in the Baptist Church for a month, as the pastor, Rev. Mr. Binney, has gone to Long Beach with his family on a month's vacation.

The second hearing of Earl Wolpert and Vincent Andres, young men of North Ontario, charged with having disturbed the peace, was held before Justice Scott this morning. It resulted in the dismissal of Andrea's case. Wolpert's case was postponed, no witnesses appearing.

Prof. Samuel Holmes of Ann Arbor, Mich., who graduated twelve years ago from Chaffey College is visiting his mother at her home on East Fourth street.

### REDLANDS.

GOOD MEASURE WANTED.

REDLANDS, Aug. 10.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] Arrangements have been made for a final measurement of the water in the streams of the Dunlap ranch, and a large party of citizens, city officials and engineers will go out Wednesday at 8 a.m. Representatives of the Dunlap heirs will conduct the party over the place. The City Trustees and the Citizens' Committee have engaged civil engineers, and the measurements will be made jointly. The carriages will start from the Y.M.C.A. building, and an invitation has been extended all interested persons to go along.

DISASTROUS RUNAWAY.

O. E. Holland, a Yucaipe rancher, had a disastrous runaway on Orange street yesterday. The leaders of his six-horse team became frightened at a locomotive and plunged away at great speed, in spite of the weight of the heavy wagon and trailer they were pulling. The animals finally broke loose and went down Colton avenue, while the heavy wagons piled up on a buggy near the curb, making a general smashup.

REDLANDS BREVITIES.

A. C. Denman of the new electric road has an automobile.

The Santa Fé road has its gates working across Orange street, and the danger that has always threatened the railroad crossings in the center of town is obviated.

Dr. S. W. Wynes left today for a vacation at Mount San Jacinto.

Mrs. H. H. Limeau has gone to Coronado for a few weeks.

Mrs. Avis E. Ashby has gone to Avalon for the summer.

Many Redlands people are returning from the beach resorts.

Coronado Tent City; coolest and best.

### RIVERSIDE.

JUDGMENT FOR CITY.

RIVERSIDE, Aug. 10.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] Judge Trask of Los Angeles, who tried the damage case of Edward Lacy vs. the members of the City Board of Trustees and the Riverside Water Company, has filed his opinion, judgment being for the defendants. The plaintiff, while driving home one dark night, accompanied by his wife, daughter and son-in-law, collided with a water box at Fifth and Main streets. The son-in-law saved himself by jumping, and the other occupants of the rig were thrown out and more or less seriously injured. Judge Trask states in his opinion that none of the defendants have failed to exercise such ordinary care as the law requires in such cases.

FRATERNAL VISIT.

There was a merry gathering at Odd Fellows' Hall last evening on the occasion of a visit of the members of the Fraternal Brotherhood of Redlands to the local branch of the order. Following a well-rendered musical and literary programme, refreshments were served, after which dancing was indulged in until a late hour.

RIVERSIDE BREVITIES.

Mrs. B. C. Mills died yesterday after a long illness at her home on East Thirteenth street. Interment was made this afternoon in Evergreen Cemetery.

I. A. Witherspoon and family have returned from Strawberry Valley.

E. W. Hall and family left today for Coronado Tent City.

Judge and Mrs. Gibson have returned from a month's stay at Coronado.

Frank Brooke has been appointed trustee of the Kenworthy school district, to succeed Frank P. Wellman, deceased.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Ogden are at San Diego.

H. W. Hawes has returned from an outing at Laguna.

W. W. Wilson left today on a business trip to Santa Paula.

W. D. Clark and family are visiting relatives in Los Angeles.

Ladies' ticket for sale, first class, Santa Fé route, to Chicago, good until September first; every letter answered immediately; best offer takes it. Address Lock box V, Pasadena, Cal.

Coronado Tent City; coolest and best.

### CORONA.

BURNED BY ACID.

CORONA, Aug. 10.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] Arthur L. Walton, proprietor of a drug store on Main street, was helping W. C. Hamlin in moving shelves containing chemicals. A bottle of sulphuric acid was upset, and the contents spilled on Walton, burning through his clothing to the flesh, from one shoulder to his foot. Hamlin's clothing was also burned. To make matters worse the acid spilled into permanganate of potash, causing a lively flame, and filling the store with noxious gases. The blaze having been extinguished, Hamlin attended to Walton's burns, which were later dressed by a physician. Though not serious, it was a narrow escape, as two bottles of nitric acid also fell to the floor, but fortunately did not break.

CORONA BREVITIES.

Walter Penprase, arrested for running a gambling joint, and released on his own cognisance, failed to appear in court yesterday morning for trial. On hearing he had left town, the Marshal started in pursuit.

The City Trustees on Tuesday night levied a city tax of $4800.

The W.C.T.U. is arranging to open a place for rest and recreation, with refreshments furnished, as a substitute for the saloons, which will close September 1.

C. B. Webster has been appointed Justice of the Peace in place of A. M. Phillips resigned.

The carpenters begun yesterday an

the Boston and South Riverside Fruit Company's packing-house.

John Glass, who has been in Greenwood, Miss., the past two years, returned yesterday.

Dr. S. S. Willard and family left yesterday for a week at Coronado.

George Thacker and family are at Catalina.

Among the returns to the city are the following: Miss Billings, from Los Angeles; Mrs. W. S. Clayson, Miss Clayson, and Walter Clayson, Coronado; A. J. Smiley and family, Bear Valley.

Mrs. R. F. Billings is in Los Angeles for several weeks.

### SAN LUIS OBISPO.

GOODS COMING BY RAIL.

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Aug. 10.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] Merchandise and other goods are piling up in the freight depot of the Southern Pacific in this city. All the merchandise which formerly came by steamer to San Simeon and Cayucos in the northern part of the country has been turned to the railroad by the strike, and now comes to this city. It is hauled by teams from here to Morro, Cayucos, Cambria and San Simeon.

A CELEBRATION.

The Spanish-American citizens of this county are to commemorate the ninety-first anniversary of the independence of Mexico by a celebration at Arroyo Grande on September 16. There will be a free barbecue. L. Lamy, Esq., has been named as president of the day, and addresses will be made by C. R. Soberance, Dist.-Atty. Campbell and Assemblyman Warren M. John.

### ARROYO GRANDE.

BREVITIES OF NEWS.

ARROYO GRANDE, Aug. 10.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] The W.C.T.U. of this place has about fifty members. A series of interesting mothers' meetings have been held this summer. Wednesday the women met with Mrs. O. M. Pence. Miss Tyler, daughter of the Fresno county union's president, gave a reading. Miss Tyler is principal of the Malaga school. She is now the guest of Rev. J. R. Ross and family, having stopped on her way from Los Angeles to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawes, from South Africa, who have been sojourning here a while, left Wednesday for Los Angeles.

A visit to Port Harford revealed more than anything else the great harvest gathered from the valleys through which the Pacific Coast line runs. Ships are loaded with grain daily, and the wharf and long pier literally swarm with men trying to handle the wheat that is piled up on the wharf and on long lines of cars waiting to be unloaded.

Coronado Tent City; coolest and best.

### OXNARD.

GAMBLER CONVICTED.

OXNARD, Aug. 10.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] The Anti-Saloon League won a trick in the temperance game played in this county by securing today the conviction of Elmer Lee, accused of gambling.

The case was set for Friday, but a jury was not secured until today. Lee conducted a joint in Chinatown. He was arrested July 30, on evidence gathered by H. M. Roland and J. J. Sanderson, and accused of running a roulette wheel. Judge Shepard of Ventura appeared for the defendant and W. E. Harris, Esq., of Oxnard and the District Attorney for the prosecution. After being out twenty minutes the jury returned a verdict of guilty. The offense is a violation of the State ordinance, and the fine is $500. Shepard will move for a new trial.

Coronado Tent City; coolest and best.

### PERSONAL.

Nelson Snyder of San Diego is at the Ramona.

The Van Nuys has B. Gilpin, Jr., of Baltimore.

Jake Cohen, the Tucson merchant, is staying at the Nadeau.

R. Greenman is an Indianapolis traveler at the Natick.

E. E. Powell is a traveler at the Natick from Belling, Mont.

G. W. Cray is a Bakersfield oil man staying at the Ramona.

J. Gandolfo is a Yuma citizen registered at the Hollenbeck.

Robert F. Imralls is a Portland, Or., guest at the Westminster.

James P. Haddock is at the Van Nuys Broadway from San Diego.

Albert Illg, a mining man of Prescott, is a guest at the Ramona.

Frank de Launay, Jr., of Deming, N. M., is housed at the Natick.

N. P. Cayhy and wife are Riverside guests at the Van Nuys Broadway.

Dr. J. F. T. Jenkins has returned from a month's vacation at Catalina.

H. E. Overholt, a Santa Fé excursion agent from Chicago, is at the Nadeau.

John F. Fisher is in town from Redlands. He is registered at the Van Nuys.

George Belcher and wife, at the Natick, are excursionists from Magdalena, N. M.

William McE. Ramsey, the bean man of Santa Paula, is registered at the Westminster.

W. E. Willis, editor of the Redlands Review, is spending a few days in Los Angeles.

J. M. Molino, well known in financial circles of Southern Arizona, arrived here yesterday.

Col. John W. Darrington, publisher of the Arizona Sentinel, is visiting Los Angeles friends.

F. Boland Smith and S. Mansfield Jones are Tucson citizens quartered at the Hollenbeck.

D. S. Blackburn of Ventura has taken apartments at the Rosslyn Hotel for a few weeks.

Vincent P. and Miss Anna M. McGean are New York tourists visiting at the Westminster.

D. R. Davies of the Western Union Telegraph Company is at the Nadeau from San Francisco.

Joseph Nugent, a well-known business man of Yuma, is spending his summer vacation here.

C. H. Tator and wife of San Antonio, Tex., are at the Ramona, and expect to locate here.

A. J. Doran, E. Warm and O. Lime are mining men from Prescott, quartered at the Nadeau.

V. E. La Porte of Visalia and William W. La Porte of San Diego are staying at the Nadeau.

Father O'Gliddon, touring the United States from Killarney, Ireland, is at the Van Nuys Broadway.

C. S. Fulton, connected with the Southern Pacific at San Francisco, is registered at the Ramona.

J. P. Sterling of Kansas City, a manufacturer of mining machinery, is quartered at the Ramona.

Charles A. Chapman and Stephen R. Allen and wife are Denver people staying at the Westminster.

Secretary Averil of the Board of Education has gone to Strawberry Valley for a short vacation.

Miss Edna Lyons of Anaheim is in Los Angeles, visiting her sister, Mrs. J. J. Stein, No. 332 Myers street.

B. F. Hammett, Jr., an El Paso (Tex.) real estate man, is at the Hollenbeck, accompanied by his wife and child.

Walter Millar, who is connected with the American Girl mines, near Hedges, is in the city on business. The American Girl group of mines is proving profitable. The mines are owned by ex-Gov. Markham and associates.

P. C. Norris and daughter of Phoenix have joined the Arizona contingent at the Rosslyn for an extended stay.

Mrs. E. L. Vandaveer, wife of the proprietor of the Hotel Petrolia, at Santa Paula, is a guest at the Ramona.

A party of Kansas City tourists at the Hollenbeck consists of Dr. A. E. Neumeister and wife, George A. Harning and T. M. Barr and wife.

D. P. Moore and J. W. Hill, capitalists of Mexico, Mo., with their families, are spending the month in Los Angeles to escape the intense heat of the interior States.

Richard W. Blake and wife and Miss Daisy Blake and maid are touring the southern part of the State from San Francisco. Mr. Blake is a prominent lumberman of the north.

Thomas W. Hamilton and George Cusenbary, who recently sold several valuable copper mines located in Yuma county, Ariz., are enjoying their summer vacation at Santa Monica.

Mrs. E. W. Scripps, wife of the proprietor of the Scripps newspaper syndicate, is at the Van Nuys with her children and maid. They are down from their summer home at Miramar.

Mrs. Lillian Henderson of Bakersfield, who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. E. Gallagher, No. 706 Temple street, went to Catalina yesterday, accompanied by her sister, Miss Catharine Gallagher.

John G. Mott, prominent among local Elks, and delegate to their Grand Lodge in Milwaukee last month, is home again. Mr. Mott speaks especially of the reputation possessed by the Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, among eastern men of the order for its hospitality and energy. The last Grand Lodge was one of the best in Elk history.

## MILKMEN IN DANGER ON EVERY HAND.

### ONE MISTAKEN FOR A BURGLAR AND SHOT AT.

**Matthews Fires from His Door and Shoemaker, Filling a Wounded Man's Place, Doesn't Like It—"Save Us from Our Customers."**

Mistaking his milkman for a burglar, Charles Matthews of the firm of Ludwig & Matthews, fired a shot at Michael Shoemaker, a driver for the Crystal Dairy, at midnight, and narrowly missed him. It was at the side entrance of the residence of the late Hon. Stephen M. White, Eleventh and Main streets.

Shoemaker has the wagon formerly driven by George Allen, who was shot through the leg several weeks ago at No. 716 South Hill street, by an unknown would-be assassin. Allen has not sufficiently recovered to return to work, and Shoemaker has been on his wagon ever since his employer was wounded. Shoemaker tells this story of the shooting last night.

"I drove up to the front of the White residence, and taking a jar of milk, went around to the Eleventh-street side, opened the lattice gate and placed the milk on the side porch. As I turned to leave, and just as I was passing through the gate, I heard a man open the door. Thinking that he wanted to order an extra supply of milk for Sunday, I paused. Without a word he fired at me without opening the screen door. I then yelled at him, asking him what he meant by shooting at me. He then asked who I was, and what I wanted, and I told him. I was not satisfied, but drew my own pistol and started back toward where he was. He was dressed only in his nightclothes, and he explained to me that he had heard noises several times, and had gone to investigate them. He seemed to be very sorry for what he had done, and after a few words with him I left.

"Say," added Shoemaker, "if you are a newspaper reporter, for God's sake publish something which will give us milkmen some protection, not only from the devil who has been waylaying us, but from the people we deliver milk to. If our customers begin shooting at us without provocation, we will all quit our jobs. If that man had called to me before he fired I could have told him who I was, and he would not have shot at me."

Several officers were sent out from the Police Station to investigate the shooting, and to them Matthews gave the following version of what had happened:

"I retired about 10:20 o'clock, and soon after I fell asleep the barking of a dog in the yard awakened me. The dog barked as if he saw something, and soon I heard him whine as if some person had struck him. Taking my revolver, I went to investigate, and after going all over the back yard, and finding nothing, I returned to bed. Again I was awakened and again I started to investigate. Hearing a noise, as I thought, in the cellar, I called out to find out who was there. I was then near the Eleventh- street entrance to the house, and the moment I called out I heard some person run down the side steps. I immediately pulled open the side door and fired through the screen door. Instantly the milkman called out to me, telling me who he was. Naturally he was angry because I had fired at him, but I really did not aim at anybody, but fired low. Then the milkman came back and we had some words and he left."

The bullet from Matthews's pistol passed through the screen door and splintered the side of a post in the fence and rebounded. It was picked up by one of the officers in the yard.

## MALIGNED GOLD-SEEKERS.

**Former Los Angeles Woman Grilled by a Klondike Miner—Ambitious Mrs. Crane's Hunt for Evil.**

Mrs. Alice Rollins Crane, who is somewhat variously known in Los Angeles, has again come into unenviable notice. It will be recalled that she went to the Klondike to seek her fortune, and her husband shook her by suing for divorce on the ground of desertion. Mrs. Crane has been writing to a foreign publication, and has raised the ire of every American in Alaska.

W. R. Weeks of Alameda, who is also well known in Los Angeles, is now in the Klondike, and in a letter to the Alameda Encinal pays his respects to the lady in question.

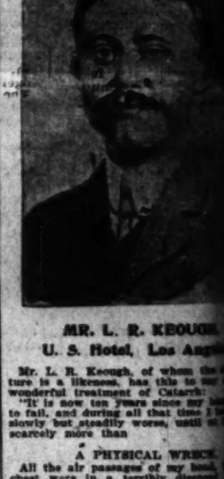
Mrs. Crane stated in an article written to the Wide World Magazine, that it was necessary for her to have a guard of two United States soldiers to accompany her to the British lines to protect her "from the human savages on the trail," and that "with few exceptions, men and women seemed to have lost common decency."

Mr. Weeks scores Mrs. Crane for criticising others on the trail, while her own conduct was open to even greater criticism. He says:

"She seemed to consider that she was a superior being, who occupied a much higher social and mental plane than the men. Probably in reality a good many of the despised men were much brighter and occupied a much higher social position at home than Mrs. Crane. She misconstrued contempt for her egotism and self-importance into jealousy. She appears to have convinced herself that she would see and record only the evil and unworthy side of life here, even misconstruing good for bad, that she might satisfy herself."


Tapestry Brus...
80 CENTS PER YARD.
This means new and ... designs with borders to ... made by people who know ... make carpets. The price ... heavy padded lining and ... pet complete on your floor.
These goods are made ... for us and include a large ... of designs and colorings ... give better service than ... shown in this country ... price.
California Carpet Co. 312-14 S. Broadway. Billington Co. Prop.

Of Vital Moment
Abbe's Summer Treatment for Catarrh and Chronic Diseases.
It's Supreme Importance to Those With Enfeebled Constitutions, Weak Lungs and a Tendency to Consumption
Dr. Abbe offers to those who apply during the month of August a one month's trial treatment for..... $5


MR. L. R. KEOUGH.
U. S. Hotel, Los Angeles.
Mr. L. R. Keough, of whom the picture is a likeness, has this to say of wonderful treatment of Catarrh:
"It is now ten years since my hearing began to fail, and during all that time I have been slowly but steadily worse, until at present I scarcely more than
A PHYSICAL WRECK.
All the air passages of my head, throat and chest were in a terribly diseased condition. The filling up of the throat at night, my rest, each respiration was accompanied by rattling and wheezing sounds, and a hard, never-ceasing cough. The
EAR TUBES WERE CLOGGED,
producing buzzing, dizziness and pain in my head, and my memory, power and my sense of hearing, became badly impaired. Neither did my stomach escape. I could not retain food, and the little I managed to force down caused me most intense misery. The final break-down of the digestive organs was followed by shooting pains through the back and limbs, which left away in flesh and strength, and my nervous system became so shattered that
HARDLY WRITE MY NAME.
"I had taken enough medicine to stock a drug store—I could not begin to enumerate—but got no better. In addition could scarcely have been worse, and had no hope of a cure.
CURED TO STAY CURED.
"I chanced to meet a man who had been cured at the Abbe Institute of a disease similar to my own, and who had remained well ever since. This meeting led me to take treatment by the specialists of that institution for the results of which I have reason to be
GLAD AND GRATEFUL.
"I am now feeling strong and well, my cough is gone, my breathing free from pain, and my stomach is in first-class condition.
HOME TREATMENT.
Doctor Abbe requests all who read this and who feel a gradual weakening of their powers, realize that their health is being undermined by some unknown complaint, to call, write, or if impossible to do either, mark the question that most nearly applies to their case, and he will diagnose your case free.
"Is your nose stopped up?"
"Do you sleep with mouth open?"
"Is there pain in front of head?"
"Is your throat dry or sore?"
"Have you a bad taste in the morning?"
"Do you cough?"
"Do you cough worse at night?"
"Is your tongue coated?"
"Is your appetite failing?"
"Is there pain after eating?"
"Are you light headed?"
"When you get up suddenly are you dizzy?"
"Do you have hot flashes?"
"Do you have liver trouble?"
"Do your kidneys trouble you?"
"Do you have pain in back or shoulder blades?"
"Do you wake up tired and sorry?"
"Are you losing flesh?"
"Is your strength failing?"
Consultation and Examination Free.
ABBE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE
109½ South Broadway, Los Angeles.
HOURS—9 a.m. to 8 p.m.; Sundays 10 a.m. till 2 p.m.

# s Angeles County—Its Cities, Towns, Villages, Resorts and Suburban Places.

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80 CENTS PER YARD.

means new and handsome with borders to match by people who know how carpets. The price includes padded lining and the cost ghest for your floor. goods are made expressly and include a large range gns and colorings that better service than any in in this country at

Vital Momen

Summer Treatment Catarrh and Chronic Diseases.

ms Importance to Rheumatoid Constitutions, eak Lungs and a Tendency to Consumption

who offers to those during the month of August $5.00

R. L. R. KROUGH. Hotel, Los Angeles.

Krough, of whom the above ...ment of Catarrh; ...ten years since my health ...declined. At that time I have ...steadily worse, until at last ...re than

PHYSICAL WRECK. ...possess of my head, ...in a terribly diseased ...up of the throat at night ...respiration was accompanied ...whooping sounds, and I ...cough.

TUBES WERE CLOSED. ...dizziness and ...and my memory, together ...hearing, became badly ...my stomach escape. I ...the little I managed ...most intense misery through ...of the digestive organs. ...ever would be to bring ...through the bowels and ...flesh and strength, while ...became so shattered that ...

DLY WRITE MY NAME ...enough medicines to ...I could not begin to ...get no better. Indeed, ...scarcely have been worse ...of a cure.

RED TO STAY CURED. ...to meet a man who ...Also Institute of a similar ...ers, and who had received ...This meeting led to ...the specialists of this ...to of which I have ...

AD AND GRATEFUL. ...r hesting stoves and ...e, my breathing free and ...ach is in first-class ...

ME TREATMENT. ...requests all who are ...gradual weakening of ...their health is being ...known complaint, to ...the question that appeals ...will diagnose your ...

...one stopped up?" ...sleep with mouth ...pain in front of ...throat dry or sore? ...you a bad taste ...

...cough?" ...cough worse at ...tongue coated?" ...appetite failing?" ...pain after eating?" ...light headed?" ...you get up suddenly ...

...have hot flashes?" ...have liver trouble?" ...kidneys trouble you?" ...have pain in back or ...der trouble?" ...wake up tired and ...

...losing flesh?" ...strength failing?"

...on and Examination ...

EDICAL AND URGICAL INSTITUTE South Broadway, Los Angeles. ...m. to 8 p.m.; Sundays 9 a.m. ...

...GUST 11, 1901.

...ARENA GOLFERS PLAY TEAM CONTEST.

...EW ASSEGUAIN IS TOO STRONG FOR WARDEN.

...ads Leah in Yaih for Houses—...ell First is the Mountains—Elec...Road Began to Alhambra—Shoes ...at 69 Without Feet.

...ARDENA Office of The Times, No. ...Broadway avenue, Aug. 10.—...Resident Corre...Country Club golf ...there was team ...chosen by I. P. ...Warden. Clarke's ...by a point and a ...team was composed ...H. W. Lee, Joseph ...Clarke. In Warden's ...R. O. Bruce, J. B. ...and H. T. Fuller. ...beat Russell, 4 up; ...Jardine, 6 up; Bruce beat ...up. An unusually large ...played the games. As yet no ...have been arranged for next ...

...TY AND BUILDING. ...people are looking for ...but many would-be ...are looking vainly for houses. ...are wondering what is go...house next winter at this rate. ...come here to South Marengo ...before they are fin...People are putting up money in ...to become homes for the future. ...is preparing to make ...improvements in his house ...corner of South Orange Grove ...and Arlington Drive, to the ...of 9000. The partitions be...the main hall and the library ...removed and the whole made ...large hall, finished in Flemish ...wood and balcony will be ...

...s. Bell, who purchased the ...property in South Pasadena, ...adding extensive improve...to the big brick block has been ...on the McGonigle Block.

FOREST FIRES. ...ranch owners are keeping a ...for forest fires. It is the ...to the big timber, and ...getting pretty dry in the ...have been several ...already, and about two ...with a rather serious ...on Cahoo. It was ...but out by the ...firemen, but it sprang ...more damage. There ...in the mountains ...people at Sturte...The small parties ...the ones that start ...have been issued ...are known. ...in the brush. ...the other day ...few miles back of ...

...ELECTRIC. ...people are feeling ...electric communica...city and Pasadena ...On Friday last the ...Angeles Railroad ...accepted the $10,500 ...right-of-way agreement, ...cars are at work break...Superintendent Jones ...there are unforeseen ...road will be ready by ...that case the tourists ...winter may go by elec...Gabriel Mission.

...MA BREVITIES. ...while working in a ...Angeles the other day, ...to give his feet ...When he returned for them, ...found his work they were ...in the case with cuff ...which had been ...in them.

...C. Collins and wife leave ...Santa Barbara, where they ...until September 1. Upon ...they will occupy the ...No. 411 North Ma...

...temperance meeting of ...next Monday even...by Rev. J. H. Habbick. ...Misses Alice and Mat...Pasadena will sing.

...aged 24 years, a native ...died yesterday at La ...died there seven ...home in hopes of re...consumption.

...ved of No. 612 Maylin ...Sunday night for ...and Portland, and will ...

...electric car broke ...ostrich farm this even...while a few minutes.

...Richter of the Board ...today from Long ...

...Stanley and daughter, ...Mrs. Carter and Henry ...for Berkeley tomor...

...and family will be ...next week.

...family will spend Sun...

...Love have gone to ...

...and wife went to San ...

...went to Catalina ...

...for sale, first class, ...range, good until ...latter answered ...takes it. Ad...ena, Cal.

...few days left ...one-fourth off ...equally low, ...per cent. dis...

...go to Louie's ...ent. off for cash.

...Bank safety de...

...the best—The City ...

...Bicycles. The ...messenger work telephone ...

...sale paints and will ...

...Pint City; coolest and best. ...taken at McCament's. ...sale paints.

SANTA MONICA. A MEMORY LEFT.

SANTA MONICA, Aug. 10.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] Moses Robinette de Groff, well known here and in Los Angeles, is dead in Springfield, Mo. His sister, Mrs. J. J. Baynham of La Verne, received a telegram to this effect today.

disappearance is expected to draw the people from Los Angeles and the inland towns in much larger numbers than they have been coming. During the week previous to the evacuation of the animalcule, many people at the hotels and a large number of those occupying cottages, left for their homes, preferring heat to the stench which greeted them at the seaside. All danger seems now to have passed. The green waves crested with white foam lure the bathers, and the sparkling blue beyond is filled with a multitude of fish that have swarmed back to their old feeding ground.

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

A man named Lawrence, who recently bought the restaurant on India street owned by Mr. Johnson, has been worrying lately. Instead of conducting the business himself, he placed two honest-looking individuals in charge, whose names could not be learned, but who were called Bill and Suzy. They came from Redondo, and were supposedly man and wife. On occasion Lawrence dropped down from Los Angeles to see how things were going. On one of these "drops" his suspicions were aroused regarding the financial management of his business, and he forthwith proceeded to examine affairs. He discovered a shortage of several dollars, and while he was probing into things, Bill and Suzy made away with most of the coin remaining and have not been heard from since.

SANTA MONICA BREVITIES.

The dance at Hotel Arcadia tonight was the most largely-attended of the season, and from the time dancing began until midnight, the ballroom was crowded. Most of the tennis players attended, and large numbers of local and Los Angeles society people enjoyed the brilliant affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Pruess entertained Dr. and Mrs. A. J. McIvor-Tyndall at dinner last night, at their home on Second street, after which the following-named guests were received: Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Tufts, Mrs. Collins, Misses Schwartz, Mrs. Dan T. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin, Mrs. Brooks and Miss Schumacher.

Today's arrivals at Hotel Arcadia include J. S. Vallely, Granville MacGowan, Mrs. Wesley Clark, Miss Lucille Clark, Miss Sarah Clark, Master Russell Clark, Miss Noonan, Mabel Rendall, Fowler Shankland, C. Morgan and wife, Mrs. Connell, Miss Allan, K. C. Klokke, Russell McD. Taylor, Miss Hazel Sharp, Warren Carhart, Los Angeles; J. C. Farrance, Mrs. Mary Farrance, John F. Reeves, E. H. Greenendyke, D. A. McGilvray, Harry B. Kay, Pasadena; Miss Hammond, San Francisco; K. Pruess, San José.

Louis Volkman arrived this week from Prescott, Ariz., and will spend the summer in Santa Monica.

G. S. Holmes, who has been confined to her home for over three weeks with a serious illness, is able to receive her friends.

The Sunset Telephone Company announces that an exchange will be put in at Ocean Park by the middle of September.

SOLDIERS' HOME.

PRESENTED WITH AN EAGLE.

SOLDIERS' HOME, Aug. 10.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] Quartermaster J. H. Simpson brought to the Home on Wednesday a splendid specimen of the golden eagle, a gift to the Pacific branch, N.H.D.V.S., from Gen. H. G. Otis, editor of the Los Angeles Times.

The magnificent bird is not more than half grown. It has been assigned to temporary quarters beside the corder, pending the construction of the new "zoo" and aviary, when it will be given a permanent home. Its near neighbor, the huge condor, views the handsome rival with apparent unconcern, and lazily flaps its nine feet of wings, as if to say: "Get onto my spread—guess I'm IT yet." The eagle seems quite contented with its new surroundings, and is already making friends with the veterans that crowd around it, and with whom it promises to become chief pet.

HOME BREVITIES.

Commodore Hopkins Association, No. 35, Naval Veterans, on Monday evening, in Assembly Hall, entertained a number of guests, among whom was Mrs. Armitage S. C. Forbes, the originator of the ceremony of scattering flowers on the ocean on Memorial day, in memory of the navy's dead. The association had elected that lady an honorary member, and Capt. Hogia in a few appropriate remarks, presented her with a badge of the association, which she accepted feelingly in fitting terms. Hon. and Mrs. John W. Mitchell, Mrs. Fred Wheeler of Los Angeles, and Miss Lyon of Hollywood, contributed in various ways to the enjoyment of the evening.

Barrett school district, which includes Soldiers' Home, affords evidence of growth in the fact that the appointment of an additional teacher has been found necessary for the coming term.

A prearranged reception to the two newly-appointed teachers, brought together in Wyant's Hall, Sawtelle, on Wednesday evening, a large and representative number of the residents of this district. The hall was elaborately decorated for the occasion, and the Reception Committee had more than it could do to find accommodation for guests, many of whom were, owing to the crush, compelled to note proceedings within, from vantage points outside. After several addresses, a programme of music and recitation was followed by refreshments provided by citizens of Sawtelle. The teachers held a reception until a late hour.

Mrs. Jane C. Talbot of Pomona, the newly-appointed principal of Barrett school, comes with a number of diplomas and certificates. Her assistant in the primary grade, Mrs. Susie A. Chaffey of Los Angeles, also holds certificates from several States' schools. Both, in other respects, come highly recommended.

Nicholas Pansy, a veteran man-o'-war's man has presented to the Association of Naval Veterans a full-rigged model of the U.S.S. Hartford, which will be accorded a fitting corner among other curios in their meeting room.

Dr. A. J. McIvor Tyndall, on Monday evening, gave an exhibition of mind reading to a large audience in Memorial Hall. The veterans seemed to enjoy it.

Rev. A. C. Manwell will occupy the pulpit in the Home chapel at morning service, Sunday, the 11th inst. Dr. Manwell is well known to the veterans, having frequently in the past filled the pulpit, when religious exercises were held in old Assembly Hall. Special music will be rendered Sunday morning, and song service in the evening.

John G. Hower, late Co. D, Fourth Minnesota Infantry, a native of Ohio, admitted from Los Angeles, August 9, 1901, died same date; aged 62 years.

LORDSBURG.

M. R. DE GROFF DEAD.

LORDSBURG, Aug. 10.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] Moses Robinette de Groff, well known here and in Los Angeles, is dead in Springfield, Mo. His sister, Mrs. J. J. Baynham of La Verne, received a telegram to this effect today.

The Shark Club has secured aluminum vessels. 311 S. Spring.

## CHRISTIAN HIGH TIDE IN AT LONG BEACH.

GATHERING GROWS LARGER EACH SUCCEEDING YEAR.

Many Preachers Present and Great Interest Shown by General Public—Preparing for New York Picnic—The The McCulloch Pays Her Respects.

LONG BEACH, Aug. 10.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] The sessions of the annual convention of Churches of Christ in Southern California are having a larger attendance than in past years, and the interest shown in the proceedings is running high. The general plan of the convention is to have morning and evening metings and leave the afternoons free for recreation. Rev. Grant K. Lewis of Pomona presided over the session Friday morning. Devotional exercises were conducted by Harry Willhite of Riverside, and T. D. Gravin of East Los Angeles. Rev. Mr. Lewis spoke on church extension. In the evening a praise service was conducted by Rev. C. P. Pann, and Rev. F. D. Power of Washington, D. C., spoke on "My Twenty-five Years' Pastorate at the National Capital." Rev. J. R. Shy led the prayer service this morning and W. T. Kendrick spoke on "Inspiration."

"The Claims of the Ministry on the Young Men of the Church" was the subject of an address by Rev. J. C. Hall of San Bernardino. A discussion of the topic, "Our Coast Paper," was led by Rev. George Greenwell and was participated in by Rev. Mr. White of San Francisco, Rev. W. E. Crabtree of San Diego, Rev. A. C. Smither of Los Angeles and Rev. Grant K. Lewis of Pomona. A sermon was delivered by Rev. W. F. Reagor of Colusa. Rev. F. D. Power speaks this evening on "Blockheads."

A feature of this morning's exercises was a recognition service led by Rev. A. C. Smither of Los Angeles, at which the following-named men were enthusiastically received: Rev. J. C. Hall of San Bernardino, Rev. J. R. Shy of Los Angeles, Rev. J. R. Speck of Santa Monica, Rev. C. P. Pann of Santa Paula, Rev. William White of San Francisco, Rev. W. F. Reagor of Colusa, Rev. Mr. Studley of Bisbee, Ariz., Rev. J. C. Hay of Los Angeles, Col. Sobieski of Long Beach.

LONG BEACH BREVITIES.

Forest Miles and wife of Miles, Iowa, J. B. Gram and family of Lyons, Iowa, E. L. Brooks and daughter and W. H. Holabird of Los Angeles, Miss Horton of Warren, Iowa, Miss Ruth Gardener of Pasadena, Miss L. E. Carpenter of Montclair, N. J., the Misses Claypole of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Jordan, Wayne E. Jordan, Robert Gay and Miss Peri Ramsey of Los Angeles, R. F. Garner and wife and R. F. Garner, Jr., of San Bernardino, W. W. Lighthead, J. W. Jeffrey and Hugh B. Rice of Los Angeles, J. P. Johnson of Redlands, Rev. and Mrs. F. D. Power of Washington, D. C., R. M. Green of Pasadena and S. P. Sheldon of Los Angeles are at the Riviera.

Thomas Stent of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Coloney and William McMullen of Pomona, A. Robertson of Los Angeles, R. G. Gleason of Pasadena, R. S. Chandler of Santa Ana, Charles E. Salisbury of Osage, Iowa, Frank A. Snyder of Los Angeles, H. McKee of Friendship, N. Y., B. E. Corlett of Riverside, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Gowen of Santa Ana and A. C. Gitty of Tustin are staying at the Iowa Villa.

A meeting of former New Yorkers living in Long Beach was held at the City Hall Friday evening to make arrangements for the New York picnic which is to be held in Long Beach on the 24th inst. W. P. L. Stafford presided and Rev. E. M. Knox acted as secretary. A number of committees were appointed and plans for extending a royal welcome to the former residents of the Empire State were formed.

The revenue cutter McCulloch was anchored off the Long Beach pier during the day Friday and several of the officers were ashore. In the evening the searchlights were playing on the shore for a considerable period. The McCulloch sailed from here early this morning.

A tallyho party to Redondo was given by the Riviera Hotel management today. Among the guests were C. N. Cotton and family, Mrs. A. B. Johnson, Judge James Reilly and wife, Miss Martin, Miss Dotter, J. H. Martin, Mrs. W. B. Wallace and family.

Mrs. Morton and daughter of McKinney, Tex., and Mr. and Mrs. Beasell of Pittsburgh, Pa., who are staying at the Ocean View, have gone to San Diego for a week.

Mrs. William F. Brugman and daughters, Misses Emily and Vera Brugman of Pasadena arrived here Friday and will remain for a month.

Capt. J. H. Culver, late of the Thirty-second U. S. V., is in Long Beach for a week and will speak at the Nebraska picnic here next Thursday.

A 6-months' old child of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Fifield, Jr., of Ontario died Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Fifield are staying at the beach.

Rev. Alfred Inwood and family of Pasadena are spending an outing at Third street and American avenue.

Mrs. J. A. Locke, wife of the foreman of the Phoenix (Ariz.) Republican, is staying in the Ten City.

S. P. Twomey and family of Pomona are spending an outing at the beach.

COVINA.

WAY TO BEAUTIFY.

COVINA, Aug. 10.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] Last evening the property owners on Cottage drive met at the home of Prof. J. J. Morgan and organized a street improvement society. A large percentage of the property was represented. The name adopted is the Cottage Drive Improvement Society, and its aim is the beautifying of the grounds and systematic improvement of the street. The "terculea" has been selected for the shade tree to be planted between the curb and the sidewalk on each side, twenty feet apart. A committee was appointed to purchase the trees. Committees were also appointed to secure estimates on graveling the street, and to interview the manager of the water company relative to putting in fire plugs.

COVINA BREVITIES.

The newly-elected City Trustees met for the first time Friday evening to talk over in an informal way preliminary steps in organization. They placed the bonds of the Clerk at $2000; Marshal, $2000; Treasurer, $10,000. They also decided to take immediate steps to having the streets sprinkled.

Supervisors Longdon and Alexander and County Engineer Smith were out this week to inspect the large arched culvert being placed under the San Bernardino raidroad, near the reservoir of the Covina Irrigating Company, to carry off the surplus storm water. Last year over $10,000 worth of damage accrued from this source, the water having no outlet. This culvert is made of cement, 110 feet long, eight feet wide at the bottom and 4 feet 5 inches in the clear.

Isaac Overholtzer has purchased from Daniel House a twenty-acre ranch on Badillo street for $16,000.

MONROVIA.

FUNERAL OF MRS. DAVIS.

MONROVIA, Aug. 10.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] The funeral of Mrs. Mary Rankin Davis was conducted Thursday morning at 10 o'clock at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. C. P. Moore. Rev. R. W. Cleland officiated, assisted by Rev. J. C. Healy. The three daughters of the deceased were with her when she passed away—Mrs. C. P. Moore of this place, Mrs. M. R. Moore of Arizona and Mrs. C. P. Carpenter of Las Vegas, N. M. Mrs. Davis had been a resident of Monrovia most of the time for the past fourteen years. She was a lady of high literary attainments and had published books both in poetry and prose.

MONROVIA BREVITIES.

Mrs. Wiswall and daughter have returned to their home in Berkeley.

P. M. Monroe has gone to Anaheim, where he has a contract on the Santa Fe Railway.

Rev. Van Meter has arrived from the East and will occupy the pulpit in the Presbyterian Church next Sunday.

Maj. Halpin (now captain in the Thirty-fifth Regiment,) who left here three years ago for the Philippine Islands, was visiting friends today. He will shortly return to the Philippines.

## COMING BALL BATTLE AT SANTA CATALINA.

SANTA ANA AND AVALON TEAMS TO FIGHT IT OUT.

Former "Did Things" Last Year and Would Do Some More—Gen. Barrett Takes Another Big Black Sea Bass—Personal Notes.

AVALON, Aug. 10.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] The local baseball club has received and accepted a challenge from the Santa Ana team next Thursday, when the annual excursion will come from Santa Ana and Newport. The Orange county nine "did things" to the local club last year, and now they say they want to repeat the dose. The Avalon boys say it shall not be.

ISLAND BREVITIES.

The Ramona took a large party around the island this morning, composed of Mrs. E. H. Eberhart, Mrs. E. S. Gunby, Miss Rose Eberhart, C. N. Eberhart, Mrs. Frank Cheatham, John Q. Tufts, T. A. Samson and wife, Percy Lyon, Miss Lucy Samson, Miss Pat Trent, Roy Tufts, Los Angeles; E. W. Peters, Bakersfield; Mrs. Shibley, Winnuka, Ill.; A. H. Brown and wife, Fullerton; R. B. Lyon, Hollywood; Mrs. T. Gray, Avalon; Miss Margaret Parrington, Anaconda, Mont.; Miss Martha Reyes, Santa Monica; Thomas Bevan, Newcastle, Pa.; Mrs. A. B. Huff, Misses Lozella and Lucile Huff, Colorado City; Miss Nellie Morris, Lawrence, Kan.; Miss Mamie Inge, Independence, Kan.; C. L. Baines, Colorado Springs.

The Meteor took the following party to the Isthmus this morning for the day: Miss Bolman, Miss Swisher, Miss Fish, Miss Burke, Miss Louise Tavarner, Mrs. W. H. Workman, Miss Gertrude Workman, Master Tom Workman, Miss Jean Humphreys, Miss Isabel Bethune, A. L. Nelson and son, Los Angeles; Miss Rhodenbaugh, Kansas City; Miss Orabel Chilios, Santa Ana; Mrs. Alfred Shepard, Port Valley, Ga.

Gen. A. W. Barrett went out this morning with Jim Gardner and shortly after noon came in with another of those monstrous big black sea bass which are caught so numerously this season. It weighed 359 pounds, and he landed it in 22 minutes. Notwithstanding it is a huge fish, the general will have to try again, for his wife is far head of him with a 416-pound fish.

The Sunbeam carried a party of gem seekers up to Moonstone Beach this morning, consisting of Miss Grace Wilson, Frank Bourne, Miss Irma Wilson, George Stoney, H. Parsons, Ralph Herndeen, Los Angeles; J. C. Lucas, Mrs. M. A. Brening Miss Nellie Doran, Riverside; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Ackerman, Richfield, Utah.

The Mascot took a party to hunt moonstones at Moonstone Beach, composed of the following: Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart, Mr. and Mrs. W. Thompson, Miss Jeanette Thompson, Mrs. Eskey, Miss June Eskey, Waldo and Owen Christy, Mrs. Cardeville, R. S. Tory, A. L. Hubbard, J. Wesley and wife.

There are now 118 San Bernardino people domiciled at Avalon, according to the count of W. H. Eadie. Among those arriving yesterday were J. A. Vinard, Peter Thompson, Joe Tyler, Mrs. W. M. Bramhall, whose family were already here; Miss Mary Thompson and Miss Alice Bullock.

Among the Los Angeles people who registered at Camp Swanfeidt yesterday are Mrs. H. H. Sims, Miss Minerva Miles, Miss Agnes Fleming, H. D. Thaxter, J. R. Russell and wife, Mrs. A. B. Bowen, Miss H. Bowen, Miss E. Bowen, Miss G. Howe, A. S. Rose and wife, and L. H. Schweebe.

The Los Angeles people registering at the Island Villa yesterday were W. M. Loftus, wife and sister, Rose T. Hickox and wife, W. E. Jeffries, H. B. Ingram, R. M. Ingram and wife, C. A. Norton and wife, C. R. Desmond and N. Hopkins.

E. T. Earl of the Earl Fruit Company, J. J. Bergin of the Los Angeles Soap Company, Prof. Charles F. Holder of Pasadena, and John H. Coyne, a prominent attorney of Yonkers, N. Y., arrived at Hotel Metropole last evening.

R. R. Carew and wife, Misses Ida May and Mita Spencer of Cincinnati, Herbert Hazeltine, Wesley, Maud and Lucy Howell and Delia French of Los Angeles are at the Miramar.

Mrs. W. Parris, S. B. Parris, Edward G. Kuster, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur P. Tucker, and C. E. Hughes, all of Los Angeles, are at the Grand View.

A. H. Brown and wife of Fullerton were out fishing yesterday with the Violet G., and captured four yellowtail, four barracuda and two bass.

Mrs. H. P. Ingram of Clearwater, who has been spending a week here with her sister, Mrs. F. R. Frost, returned home this morning.

Mrs. Frank Carey of Crescent avenue entertained Wednesday afternoon with a children's party in honor of her son, Kenneth's eighth birthday.

Mrs. J. H. Dodson of Camp Dixie has for her guests for a fortnight Mrs. Bantzer, Miss Cecil Bantzer and Ed Bantzer of Chamoise, Mo.

L. C. Kiger and wife, late of Danville, Ill., but now located in Los Angeles, are here visiting Mrs. Kiger's brother, C. B. Parker.

H. L. T. Skinner of St. Louis, A. E. Kaeser of San Francisco, and R. D. Bronson of Los Angeles registered yesterday at the Metropole.

Frank Cox, a leading attorney of Phoenix, Ariz., and L. H. Chalmers, also of Phoenix, are among the guests at the Metropole.

Miss Sadie Gamble returned yesterday from a short visit to San Francisco, Miss Linda Astredo of San Francisco is her guest.

Mrs. C. P. Kilk and Miss Alice Kilk, Miss Hildebrant and A. J. Schmidt of Los Angeles registered at the Glenmore yesterday.

O. H. La Grande, governor of the Soldiers' Home at Santa Monica, accompanied by his wife, is at the Metropole.

R. W. Martin, president of the West Side Water Company of Los Angeles, with Mrs. Martin, is visiting Avalon.

O. H. Christy and family and Rev. C. V. Cowan and wife of Phoenix, Ariz, are domiciled at the Miramar.

W. F. George and wife of Sacramento, frequent visitors to Avalon, are now at Hotel Metropole.

Thomas H. O'Reilly of Redondo and Edward Pallette, M.D., of Los Angeles are at Hotel Metropole.

Mrs. H. J. Newell, Mrs. H. C. Veazie and Miss Maud Newell are guests at the Metropole.

A. P. Blackler brought in a black sea bass weighing 224 pounds this morning.

George W. Steck, a Colton merchant, is at the Glenmore for a few days.

Samuel M. Shortridge joined the throng at Avalon yesterday.

William H. Hoegee, the tent man, came over yesterday.

Three carloads of tents shipped by Swanfeldt arrived at Coronado Tent City.

TROPICO.

"AS YOU LIKE IT."

TROPICO, Aug. 10.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] The "As You Like It" Club, a social organization, was launched Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Thompson. Miss Carrie Shipman is president, Miss Flora Chandler treasurer and Moses Chandler secretary. There are eighteen members, including the above-named, as follows: Mmes. W. A. Thompson, George Dutton, J. Arthur Logan, J. Stoner and W. H. Bullis; Miss Sara Shipman; Messrs. W. A. Thompson, O. P. Snyder, J. Arthur Logan, George Dutton, F. E. Stoner, W. H. Bullis, C. C. West, Jesse Dutton and Will Borthick. The next meeting will be held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Logan.

TROPICO BREVITIES.

Miss Fern West has resigned as teacher in the intermediate department of the Tropico schools, and Miss Isabelle Travers of Los Angeles, has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

John Porter, who recently purchased Uriah Thomas's ranch, died at Duarte Monday, and was interred at Grand View Cemetery, Wednesday. The funeral service was held at the Tropico Methodist Church.

The Tropico Improvement Society met at Richardson's Hall on Friday night.

## THE OIL FIELDS

## OIL MARKET PROBLEMS REACHED CRITICAL STAGE.

FIGHT FOR CONTROL OF KERN RIVER HANGS IN BALANCE.

The Local Combine Has No Power to Dictate Prices—Stockton Refinery is Now Assured—Exchange Closes Dull Week.

The air isn't so full of rumors of $100,000,000 oil combines as it was a while ago; it is cooling off, and those who are really battling with the problems that confront the oil producers of the State have no time for dreams.

The question of disposing of the output of the Kern River field still holds the center of the boards, and must be settled soon. The consolidation movement is gaining ground slowly; very slowly, indeed, in spite of several conferences held in San Francisco last week. Many of Kern's large interests were present, and local representation is known to have taken a hand.

"Should the Kern producers fail in their effort to combine; and as a result be powerless to fix or maintain the price of the product in that field," remarked a prominent oil man yesterday, "the Standard will not fail to take advantage of their weakness. Kern producers realize this, and are making a hard battle for control, and it is a fight that holds the fate of the local market in the balance, as well.

"It cannot be denied that the effort to consolidate the local well owners was a failure, and that so far as being able to fix the market price of oil in the home field, it is powerless. If the price is advanced here it will be because the Standard Oil Company allows it."

There will be a meeting of the local association the first of this week, and at that time it will be announced how many of the local wells have been signed up. While the local association may procure enough signatures to justify the storage company in handling the output, it is not anticipated that the association will be able to fix or maintain prices, unless better progress is made.

STOCKTON REFINERY A GO.

Stockton's prospective oil refinery now seems assured, but the battle of labor vs. capital in the East will, it is expected, delay the erection of the same. Gen. W. H. H. Hart of San Francisco, accompanied by eastern capitalists, who are backing the oil refinery and coke-plant scheme, was in Stockton last week looking over the ground. A portion of their time was spent at Tesla, where the resources of the Alameda and San Joaquin Railroad were inspected.

Gen. Hart is reported to have said the oil refinery would surely be erected, and that work would begin as soon as the strike conditions in the East would permit certain machinery necessary to be manufactured.

"As to whether the steel plant will be erected in Stockton, it is not fully decided," he said, "and the coke plant is also a matter for future consideration."

HERE AND THERE.

The Occidental water-pipe line to the Superior Camp on section 2, 11, 24, has been completed, and operators in that end of the field are now being supplied with good water to carry on developments.

Seventy cars of oil were shipped from the Kern River field Wednesday, and the shipment is growing.

ON 'CHANGE.

WESTLAKE CLOSES DULL WEEK.

Yesterday's call closed one of the dullest weeks in the history of the stock exchange.

Only one sale was made, it being Westlake at 5¼ cents.

In detail, transactions were:

| | Shares. | Price. |
|---|---|---|
| Westlake | 1,000 | $ .05¼ |
| Total | 1,000 | $52.50 |

Closing figures were: Astec, $1.50 asked; Brea Cañon, $2.75 bid; Central, 95 cents asked; Columbia, 17½ cents bid; Fullerton Oil, 6 cents bid; Fullerton Consolidated, 25 cents bid; Globe, 17½ cents bid, 21 asked; Oceanic, 23 cents bid; Pacific Slope, 4 cents asked; Reed Crude, 22 cents bid, 25½ asked; Senator, 91 bid, $1.15 asked; Uncle Sam, 2 cents bid; United Petroleum, $1.10 bid, $1.21 asked; Whittier Consolidated, 3 cents asked.

For other securities the offers were: Broadway Bank, $125 bid; Citizens', $131 bid; Farmers' and Merchants', $5000 bid, $5800 asked; First National, $210 bid; Los Angeles National, $155 bid, $170 asked; Merchants' National, $163.50 bid; National Bank of California, $150 bid, $160 asked; Central, $130 bid; Columbia Savings, $55 bid; German American, $150 bid; State Bank and Trust, $97 bid, $99 asked; Union Savings, $120 bid; Title Insurance and Trust, preferred, $105 asked; Title Guarantee and Trust, preferred, $110 bid; Edison Electric, $65 bid, $70 asked; Los Angeles Brewery, $106 asked.

Mining stocks called were: South Bisbee Copper, 18 cents bid; Black Hills Copper, 12 cents asked; Mingus Mountain, 17½ cents asked; Butte Lode, $30 asked; Bisbee West, 9 cents bid, 14 asked; Queen of Arizona, 50 cents bid; Arizona Giant, 15½ cents bid.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—At the morning session of the oil exchange the quotations were:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lion | $ .05 | Oil City | $ .35 |
| Cal. Standard | .72 | Junction | .15 |
| Wolverine | .20 | Junction | .27 |
| Independence | .15 | Sovereign | .25 |

## PROSPECTOR'S DEATH ON THE HIGHWAY.

OLD MAN FOUND IN SAN DIEGO COUNTY IDENTIFIED.

Half Enough Money Reported Raised for Survey and Right of Way of That Long-talked-of Railroad to Yuma—Woodmen's Day.

SAN DIEGO, Aug. 10.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] The body of the old man found in the highway near Julian Thursday night has been positively identified as that of John Roberts, a miner and prospector, who resided in San Diego. He left home with a rig last Tuesday. Thursday he was seen in the vicinity of Julian, and in the evening he was found by Gilbert Renny in the road, in a dying condition. He expired within a few minutes. Watch was kept over the body until the arrival of the deputy coroner, who brought it here last night. An autopsy showed the cause of death to have been congestion of the liver and lungs, the heart also being affected. The body was turned over to the sons of the deceased, after the inquest this afternoon.

THEY'VE GOT HALF.

The Finance Committee of the San Diego and Eastern Railway Association met this afternoon and announced that $28,000 of the $50,000 needed for surveys and purchase of rights of way for the proposed line from this city to Yuma, had been pledged. Chairman George M. Marston stated that very little difficulty is encountered in obtaining subscriptions, and that the full amount will probably be in hand within a few days. When $40,000 has been subscribed, the surveying parties will be sent out.

SAN DIEGO BREVITIES.

The eleventh anniversary of the founding of the Woodmen of the World was celebrated in this section tonight with a big gathering in the woods of the Howard tract, and the initiation of nearly one hundred candidates into the several camps of the order in this city and county. Bon fires were kindled, a salute fired, and the fun was fast and furious until far into the night. A big banquet was one of the features of the celebration.

At the local office of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company it is expected that the steamer Santa Rosa will arrive and depart on Tuesday. Freight is booked for that day's sailing; also passengers. It is probable that the Santa Rosa will do all of the business of the line between these ports until the strike has been settled.

This morning Judge Conklin granted E. E. Nulton of Escondido a divorce from Emma Nulton for desertion. The hearing developed that the only excuse Mrs. Nulton had ever given for the separation was that it was lonesome living alone on the ranch. She is now in Los Angeles doing housework as before her marriage.

Along the water front this morning it was held that the Ranger had not been ordered to sail under sealed orders, but rather that she had been ordered to be made ready for sailing. With this in view the boat commenced at once taking on coal, which was in progress all day.

Anthony Manha, captain of the schooner May at South San Deigo, died today. He leaves two sons, Joseph and Frank Manha, the latter residing at San Pedro.

The new fatigue uniforms for Chevalier Company, Uniform Rank, K. of P., have arrived, and will be worn by the company in the Coronado encampment.

CORONADO BEACH.

TENT CITY'S BIG DAY.

HOTEL DEL CORONADO, Aug. 10.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] The biggest day of the season at Tent City was yesterday, guests arriving from early in the afternoon until evening, when the grounds were crowded. The visitors were all comfortably settled, however, and the streets have taken on an unmistakable air of activity.

A stag party composed of the following anglers went out to Coronado Islands yesterday on a fishing excursion. John Flagg, William Brown, F. W. Park and J. L. Mack of San Bernardino, O. G. Cater and James Mac Graugh of Los Angeles, Judge Kennedy of Riverside and Mayor J. J. Hanford of San Bernardino. To the latter gentleman goes the credit of landing four of the largest yellowtail yet caught in these waters. The fish were on exhibition last evening in the hotel lobby after having been weighed and photographed. There were four of them ranging in weight from twenty-nine to thirty-one pounds. Mr. Hanford is an enthusiastic sportsman and was highly pleased at his good fortune.

Miss K. C. Phelps, Mrs. E. R. Horton, Mrs. S. A. Floyd and H. B. Wilson, a quartette of travelers from Boston, who visit the hotel every season, are domiciled here for a few weeks' visit. Mrs. Horton has a noted collection of dolls, for which she has become famous, counting in her collection many of the little toys from crowned heads of Europe. A few years ago a tour was made of the United States exhibiting the aggregation. Mrs. Horton is justly proud of her possessions.

Mrs. Healy delightfully entertained Miss Hardenburg of Los Angeles last evening at Tent City. After visiting all the points of interest a dainty repast was spread at Mrs. Healy's home, thus closing a delightful visit.

A party of guests rode over in a tallyho yesterday to Point Loma, visiting over for the afternoon's lecture at the Theosophical Home. Those who composed the party were H. Dawson, J. W. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Fox, C. Fox, Mrs. Hook, Miss G. Fish, Miss M. S. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Kazinsky, Mrs. Charles Martin, Mrs. Kate Gerne, Mrs. A. V. Leonhard, Mrs. Low Leonhard, Mrs. T. Devine, Miss K. Devine, Miss O. Devine, Mrs. McCarthy, Miss G. McCarthy, B. F. Edwards, Miss Allen, Mrs. Morse, Miss Isbell.

Mrs. C. J. Ball of Los Angeles is registered at the hotel for a few weeks' visit.

Charles Munro and Miss Helen Spier of Los Angeles are visiting at the hotel.

J. C. Koop, Mrs. J. N. Beecher, Mrs. C. T. Boltz, J. F. Hodges and wife, J. Lee and wife, Charles Martz, W. H. Martz, F. W. Hadley, T. H. Charles, Mrs. C. A. Gates, Louise A. Weyrich, C. C. Wright, Alfred Wright and C. M. Smith and wife of Los Angeles are among the recent arrivals at Tent City.


SENT FREE TO MEN.

A Most Remarkable Remedy That Quickly Restores Lost Vigor to Men.

A Free Trial Package Sent by Mail to All Who Write.

Free trial packages of a most remarkable remedy are being mailed to all who will write the State Medical Institute.

# THE CITY IN BRIEF.

### AT THE THEATERS.

BURBANK—La Tosca.
ORPHEUM—Vaudeville.

### THE TIMES AT THE BEACHES.

Patrons of The Times desiring the paper delivered to them at any of the beaches may leave the necessary order at The Times office, or with any of the following-named agents:

A. E. Jackson, Santa Monica, 328 Third street.

Mrs. Thacker, Ocean Park, corner Hill and Second streets.

F. J. Schinnerer, Long Beach, Bank Building.

F. W. Clark, Catalina.

S. R. Commander, foot of wharf, Redondo.

Mrs. D. Samples, postoffice, Terminal Island.

Bauts & Krohn, Sixth and Beacon streets, San Pedro.

Arrangements have been made for especial summer delivery of The Times at all resorts, and patrons will confer a favor by reporting any irregular or unsatisfactory service.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

### NEWS AND BUSINESS.

**Off His Bike.**

J. J. Milligan, No. 323 Center street, was treated at the Receiving Hospital yesterday morning for severe bruises caused by a fall from a bicycle at Second and Main streets.

**Imagination Affected.**

A. R. Hall, arrested Friday because he was believed to be insane, was released yesterday. His mania was a fear that he was about to be the victim of a highwayman. Too much strong drink was the cause.

**Two Missing Boys.**

The police have been asked to find two small boys who have been missing from their homes since yesterday morning. They are Charles May, aged 8, No. 919 West Fourth street, and Henry Edminson, aged 8, No. 329 West Fifth street.

**Sixty-day Limit.**

The Pan-American tickets to Buffalo and return to be put on sale August 21 and 22, and September 5 and 6, will differ from those heretofore sold in one respect. The time limit from day of sale here to return will be sixty days. Heretofore it has been thirty days east of Chicago.

**Postal Service.**

The President has changed the age limit for the postoffice service, making it uniform for clerk and carrier. The new limit will be between the ages of 18 and 45 for both branches. The former limit was from 21 to 45, with no maximum limit on the clerks.

**Kindergarten Lawn Fete.**

The annual lawn fete of the Los Angeles Kindergarten Association will be held this year at the new private school at No. 209 North Union avenue, the grounds and building been generously tendered by Prof. Adams. The date has not yet been fixed.

**The Happy Hearth.**

The ladies of the El Hogar Relis took the children of the school on a picnic to Santa Monica Friday. Friends of the institution donated refreshments, the Los Angeles-Pacific Electric Railway furnished a special car free for the occasion. It goes without saying that the little ones enjoyed themselves immensely.

**Sick Christians.**

Yesterday was the second day of the Bible conference in the First Congregational Church. Addresses were made by Rev. A. B. Pritchard, Rev. D. E. Stearns and others. The latter talked upon "A Full Christian Life." He had some hot shot for "sick" Christians, and wondered how many would be left in the church if there were hospitals for such.

**Booze Knocks.**

Frank Coleman, who is serving a sentence in the City Jail and is a member of the chain gang, became unconscious yesterday from alcoholism, or rather from the effects of the sudden stopping of his supply of "booze." For a time it was thought he was dying, but he soon revived at the Receiving Hospital. J. D. Hale was taken to the Hospital yesterday, unconscious from alcoholic poisoning.

**Gasoline's Caper.**

The alarm of fire from box 238 at 4:40 o'clock yesterday afternoon was caused by the explosion of a small gasoline stove in the residence of W. A. Burns, No. 2827 East Third street. The burning stove was thrown into the yard before serious damage resulted. Mischievous boys turned in alarms from several boxes after the firemen arrived.

**Sick in a Church.**

An old man, who gave his name as Eugene Molier, was found in the Plaza Mission Church before daylight yesterday morning very seriously ill. He was almost unconscious when one of the priests notified the police. He was conveyed to the Receiving Hospital, and later to the County Hospital. The physicians who saw him stated that he has but a few days to live.

**Two at a Time.**

Crossed electric wires caused a small fire in the residence of Mrs. T. J. Weed, No. 700 West Twenty-eighth street yesterday morning. A telephone alarm was sent in, and while the firemen were working on that fire they were notified of another in the same block from the same cause. It was at the residence of W. J. Tomblin, No. 720 west Twenty-eighth street. Neither fire caused any serious damage.

**Curley's Condition.**

Peter Curley, who was knocked off the Salt Lake track by a locomotive Friday evening, was taken to the County Hospital yesterday morning. His injuries are more serious than was at first supposed, and yesterday he suffered a severe hemorrhage. Unless some unforeseen complications arise, the probability of which is increased by his advanced age, it is thought that he will recover.

**Stolen Hose Claimed.**

The section of garden hose found in the possession of Harvey Moulton, colored, who was arrested Friday by Secretary Cottle of the police department, was stolen from a house on Central avenue near Twelfth street, the property of Ed Hubble. The owner claimed it yesterday. It has been learned that Moulton has served time for larceny, and an effort will be made to again send him to the penitentiary.

**Returning Angelens.**

W. L. Jones, a former newspaper man of this city, and for many years a publisher in Oregon and Washington, has returned to Los Angeles with his family, and intends residing here permanently. He has leased the McArthur Heim residence on Carroll avenue, and has just received a carload of his household furniture from Portland, Or. Mr. Jones's wife is a daughter of the late John Wilson of Portland, who upon his death enriched that city with a library worth at least $100,000, bequeathed several thousand dollars to the St. Vincent and Good Samaritan hospitals and the Portland Library, and left a large estate equally among his three surviving children, of whom Mrs. Jones is the eldest.

**Where is Mrs. Hughes?**

In spite of every effort of her husband to find her, the whereabouts of Mrs. C. E. Hughes, No. 1124 Baldwin street, remains a mystery. She left her home on or about the 2d inst., for no known reason, taking her twelve-months-old child with her, and neither has since been heard from. Her husband has made a diligent effort to find her, but without success. He offers a liberal reward for information concerning her. She is 25 years of age, heavy set, and has dark hair and eyes.

**Residence Burned.**

The residence of Rafael Talamantes, No. 1731 St. John street, was almost destroyed by fire last night. The family was absent, and the origin of the fire is not known. It was discovered by Patrolman Banks, who turned in an alarm from box 29, and this was followed by an alarm from box 321. The interior was ruined, and but little of the contents was saved. The loss on the building is about $350, and on the contents about $200, with small insurance.

**Thirty Years After.**

Joseph Michaelitschke, of Michaelitschke Bros., San Francisco, a prominent cigar and tobacco house, is in Los Angeles for a few days. Mr. M. was in the general merchandise business in El Monte, in partnership with his brother, thirty years ago. He says he never thought in those days that he would see Los Angeles the magnificent city it is today, and all the mesas and plains between the city and El Monte such a rich agricultural section studded with beautiful homes.

**Farewell Meeting.**

Lieut.-Maj. W. P. Smith and wife of the Volunteers of America will take their parting from this post of duty on Monday evening, on account of the ill health of Mrs. Smith. They will spend a couple of months in the mountains near Santa Cruz, and then probably take up their work again in Washington. The meeting next Monday evening will be held in the hall at No. 128 East First street, and a number of clergymen and the W.C.T.U. are expected to be there.

### BREVITIES.

Light of heart, but heavy in wealth is he who buys our Turkish rugs, because we are giving Persian and Turkish rugs away at your own prices. Cheaper than ordinary carpets. Look at our assortment before you spend money for carpets not half so good. Mr. Balda has the reputation of handling the highest grade of rugs coming to the Coast, and as he wishes to leave the city, will give prices on rugs that will make you carry them away. Call 122 W. Fourth street.

Send donations of cast-off clothing, furniture or food supplies to the Good Samaritan department of the Bethlehem Institutional Church, Vignes and Ducommun street, or telephone John 26, and wagon will call. Office hours during summer months 11 to 12 daily.

For time or arrival and departure of Santa Fé trains see "Time Card" in today's Times.

Stylish gowns for well-dressed ladies to your own order, silk lined throughout, for $27.50; golf suits, $15; you furnish your own material, suits made in any style, $10.50. Philadelphia Ladies' Tailor, 830 S. Broadway. Tel. Peter 6471.

Ladies, my special sale of one-half price on tailor gowns will continue for another week only. Leave your measure early for a fine tailor garment. Don't forget M. Berry the ladies' tailor, 430 S. Broadway. Tel. brown 1573.

Removal notice. I beg to announce that I have removed my offices to rooms 218 and 220 Douglas building, corner Third and Spring streets. Thomas S. Wadsworth.

The Natick House will serve roast turkey with dressing today from 4:35 to 7:30 p.m.; meals, 25 cents; 21 for $4.50. Music by Arend's Orchestra.

Women and children bathe with perfect safety in Port Ballona Lake. Hotel now open. Rooms and board reasonable prices.

Accordion plaiting, 308½ S. Spring. Fancy art, sideknife plaiting sunplaited skirts a specialty. Main 207.

Furs remodeled into the latest styles at D. Bonoff, furrier, 247 S. Broadway, opp. City Hall. Tel. James 3496.

Corsets made to order and corsets repaired. 247 South Broadway.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Western Union telegraph office for O. N. Steele, H. L. Cameroon (3,) Miss Ora Montgomery, William J. Robertson, M. H. Elinore and William E. Irvin.

## HIP FRACTURED.

### G. B. Burnett of St. Louis Run Down by a Los Angeles Wheelman Yesterday Afternoon.

Yesterday G. B. Burnett, an attorney of St. Louis, who has been visiting his brother, Frank W. Burnett, in this city, was struck by a bicyclist while walking near the Salt Lake station, and had his right hip fractured. He was found lying on the street by E. Percival Baker, the Chinese interpreter, and by him was sent to the California Hospital. Inquiry at that institution elicits the information that Mr. Burnett will be confined to his bed for some time.

Frank W. Burnett and family are spending the summer at Terminal Island, and the brother has been there with them. He was on his way to take a train back to the beach when the accident happened, but nobody seems to know who the blundering cyclist was or what became of him.

## MARRIAGE LICENSES.

The following marriage licenses were issued yesterday from the office of the County Clerk:

Elmer Ray Wright, aged 28, a native of Illinois and a resident of Santa Barbara, and Lora F. Arnold, aged 21, a native of California and a resident of Los Angeles.

David Pessagno, aged 25, a native of Italy, and Maria Rossi, aged 25, a native of Italy; both residents of Los Angeles.

James W. Hutchcroft, aged 44, a native of Wisconsin, and a resident of El Monte, and Ida B. Nash, aged 34, a native of Minnesota and a resident of Covina.

James Gilbreth, aged 22, a native of Alabama, and Edna Smith, aged 17, a native of California; both residents of Los Angeles.

Lawrence W. Gruwell, aged 21, a native of California, and Claudie May Freeman, aged 21, a native of California; both residents of Pomona.

William L. Carter, over 21, a native of Arkansas and a resident of The Needles, and Myrtle Graham, over 18, a native of Michigan, and a resident of Los Angeles.

Albert L. Rowe, aged 24, a native of California, and Dora Horton, aged 19, a native of California; both residents of Whittier.

William M. Tolle, aged 29, a native of Oklahoma and a resident of Indio, and Nevada Myrtle Teel, aged 23, a native of Ohio, and a resident of Long Beach.

**Aluminum Kitchen Utensils,**
Easy to cook in, easy to clean. 312 S. Spring.

**Clocks Cleaned, 35 to 75 Cents.**
Globe Watch Co., 220 N. Spring.

**Globe Watch Co., 220 N. Spring Street,**
Jewelry repaired; special prices this week.

**Watches Cleaned 75¢**
You Need the "Geneva" when your watch is in trouble. Work guaranteed.
New Main Spring 50c
New Case Spring 50c
New Roller Jewel 50c
New Hands put on 15c
New Crystal put in 10c
Geneva Watch & Optical Co.
305 S. Broadway.

**L. Magnin & Co.**
251 South Broadway
**What the Baby Needs**
LOTS of things necessary for baby's comfort mother could be always sewing. But we work for tired mothers—as cheap to buy of us as to do it yourself—cheaper than to have a seamstress come to the house—and better.
Complete Outfits $10.50 up.

*New Goods in the New Store.*
**Removal Prices On Present Stock.**
And they're wonderful prices, too. Mail orders from everywhere—people from everywhere. Seems as though everything in stock would be gone.
*Cameras at Big Reductions*
*Field Glasses marked down*
*Opera Glasses below cost*
*Hearing Instruments at half.*
We're taking no end of pains with the new store. It will surpass our expectations.
**MARSHUTZ,**
THE OPTICIAN, Estab'd 1890.
258 S. SPRING STREET.
Will remove to 128 South Spring Street.

## BIRTH RECORD.

HODSON—To Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Hodson, No. 134 South Thomas street, East Los Angeles, August 12, a son.

REESE—A daughter to Mrs. Fred C Reese, July 29.

## DEATH RECORD.

JONES—At No. 446 South Daly street, August 10, 1901, Mrs. Mary C. Jones, wife of Daniel Jones, a native of Pennsylvania, aged 70 years.

Funeral from East Los Angeles Congregational Church, Sunday afternoon, 3 o'clock, August 11. Friends invited to attend. Interment Evergreen Cemetery.

WELLS—In this city, August 9, J. W. Wells, a native of Louisiana, aged 44 years.

Funeral Monday morning, August 12, at 10 o'clock from the parlors of Booth & Boylston, 500 South Broadway. Colorado Springs and San Francisco please copy.

The funeral of Mrs. Anna Anderson took place on Friday, August 9, from the parlors of Booth & Boylston, attended by the friends of the deceased, the services of the Episcopal Church were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Dyer of St. Paul's Church, and the remains interred in Rosedale Cemetery, the expense being borne by Mr. John Wilson.

**Los Angeles Transfer Co.**
Will check baggage at your residence to any point. Office, 422 S. Spring. Tel. M. 48, or 349.

**Robt. L. Garrett & Co.,**
Undertakers, 340 N. Main st. Tel. main 78.

**Los Angeles Flower Store,**
For a carnation bouquet, call 427 S. Spring.

**Lillie Webb's**
Soaps soften water at beaches and mountains. Put a box in your grip.

**G. U. Whitney's Trunk Factory.**
Strongest and cheapest. 228 S. Main st.

### The Veil Penetrated.

Inspiration, song, music, truth, spirit power, a message from the spirit world; A grand day, with grand speakers, is what you will find at the Southern California Spiritualist Association's camp meeting, at Sycamore Grove, today!

The array of talent engaged for this occasion, coming from all parts of the country, Oakland, San Francisco, Omaha, Boston, with the best home talent, many of whom, as guests of the association, are already upon the grounds, is brilliant and unexceptional in every respect.

No expense or pains has been spared to secure this result.

Many friends of the cause are coming upon the ground from every train, by every car. Already thirteen families from San Diego have arrived and located, forming a most interesting and inspiring group of campers. Among the gifted speakers and mediums from abroad already in camp are Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Howe of Boston, Mrs. Ina Dixon-Kayner of Omaha, Neb.; Mr. J. L. Dryden and the Misses Potter of Riverside, Prof. G. P. Sullivan, Dr. Cook and much of our best home talent are also now located on the grounds.

The Sunday morning services begin with a flag-raising at 10 o'clock, followed by a greeting by Mrs. Julia Knox, vice-president of the Truthseekers' Society.

Mrs. George H. Ashby, president of the Camp Association, then delivers an address of welcome, followed by an inspirational poem by Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe-Watson. Remarks by Mrs. Maude L. Von Freitag and Mrs. Edith H. Nickless and others then follow. Children's lyceum at 1:30, in which the young people give excellent entertainment. At 2:30 p.m., Mrs. Lowe-Watson delivers an address, to be followed by tests by Mrs. Wilson-Kayner. Lecture and tests in the evening by unexceptional talent.

The Rev. Mr. Copeland of San Francisco will fill the vacancy left by Mrs. Kratz, on Monday, August 12, his subject being, "Seven Master Strokes of Freedom."

Great pains has been taken to secure excellent music to intersperse the daily programmes, provided with a view to perfectly harmonize with the exalted inspiration of the hour and cause.

Come and enjoy this "feast of reason and flow of soul." You will never regret it. Special cars will be provided; 5c fare from Fourth street; 10 cents admission.

### Going East, Going East.

It isn't nice, when one goes East, to arrive there looking like a back number—an echo of last season's fashion plate. One likes one's eastern friends to meet one looking up to date, and in the fashion; not like a dowdy "country cousin." And this is where dealing with Mosgrove comes in; he's always up to date. No. 119 S. Spring st.

**"Out, Damned Spot! Out, I Say!"**
The Pacific Dye Works takes it out to stay. Each garment cleaned separately and thoroughly. 518 S. Hill st. Tel. James 4726.

PAPER and border, 12-ft. rolls, 5½; opaque shades, 7-ft., 35c; best paint, $1.65; U.S. lead, 7c. Walter, 427 S. Spring. Tel. Main 1065.

**Special Attractions**

*Are on the tapis this week for all who come to the Unique. Last call on fancy wash waists. Clean-up of fine white waists. Unusual silk waist offer. Linen and golf skirts reduced. New jackets and early fall suits.*

**$3.50 Wash Waists at $1.00**

This gives you the pick of the house. Your choice of any fancy colored wash waist tomorrow for a silver dollar. Not one held back. Waists that were $1.50 and up to $3.50—all the best styles—linen, madras, lawns, grass cloth, mercerized chambrays. Sizes 34 to 40.

**$3.50 White Waists at $1.85**
A new lot of lovely white lawn waists—sailor collar effect—embroidered designs—a fine $3.50 quality—likely to go in a jiffy at $1.85 each.

**$8.75 Silk Waists at $4.65**
A sample line of fine taffeta silk waists in the very latest styles—beautiful designs—one of a kind—all sizes in the lot—worth $6.50 to $8.75—at $4.65.

**Skirts at 75c**
Assorted styles in fancy pique, linen crash and white duck—broken lines of skirts actually worth $2.50 and $3.50 each—only a few of each line is the reason they go tomorrow at 75c.

**Skirts at $5.75**
New line of golf skirts, of strictly all-wool selected materials, new flare effect; tans, browns, oxfords and blues—special value at $5.75—they're really worth $7.50.

**Jackets at $8.75**
Extra special value. A sample line of new Eton silk and cloth jackets—no two alike—the very latest designs—positively worth from $12.50 to $17.50—on sale Monday morning at $8.75 for choice.

*Advance styles in early Autumn Walking Suits have arrived—and they're beauties. Prices range from $15 to $25.*

**THE UNIQUE**
**245 So. Broadway**
**Cloaks and Suits**

WHAT YOUR
**Blood Needs**
Is a little CANADIAN MALT EXTRACT every day. The best tonic on the market, will do you the most good. 15c a bottle, $1.75 a dozen.
Weyth's Malt, 25c; $2.75 doz
Malt Nutrine, 20c; $2.25 doz
Pabst Malt, 25c a Bottle
Trommer's Malt, 35c Bottle
Maltine, all kinds, 35c Bottle
**Boswell & Noyes Drug Co.**
Reliable Prescription Druggists,
THIRD AND BROADWAY.

**RATTAN TRUNK.**
The lightest weight and strongest trunk in the market. Manufactured and for sale by J. G. CUNNINGHAM, only. No. 228 S. Main st. Tel. Main 613. Repairing a specialty.

## GROCERS CLOSE EARLY.

### Employees of Wholesale Houses Stop Work at One O'Clock and Los Angeles Streets Look Deserted.

A few weeks ago the wholesale hardware, implement and other houses in the city agreed to close on Saturdays at 1 o'clock p.m. Last week, the wholesale grocers took the matter up and agreed to do so, too. Yesterday at that hour Los Angeles street took on Sunday airs, all its sidewalks being clear of goods, the big drays all off the street and the iron doors all closed. The clerks and porters were making quick time to their domiciles to get into their "best suit of clothes," and then off for the beaches or other points of enjoyment. All were in high glee.

### "Bright and Original."

[Placer County Leader:] The Los Angeles Times has quietly taken its place at the head of California newspapers. The Times is bright and original in all its departments, and is refreshing to read. If some of the San Francisco papers would discard their saffron-colored ideas and follow in the wake of The Times, they would be better journals.

SHOW CASES are now being manufactured on a large scale here in this city, and for quality and price we are sure to please you. Have also made large addition to our mirror plant. H. Raphael & Co., 349 South Main street, exhibition, 706 North Main street.

*Maker to Wearer Direct.*
**W. L. Douglas Shoes**
Ask for the Price **$3.50**
SOLE-Z shoes for men and women are best in material, workmanship and style. Made in our own factory, there's only one small profit to pay—ours.
Shoes sold by ordinary methods involve the payment of several separate and distinct profits.
See the point?
*Only expert workmen do our repair work. Who does yours?*
Fourth and Broadway.

**INDIAN BASKETS, BLANKETS, MEXICAN DRAWNWORK**
20 PER CENT DISCOUNT.
**CAMPBELL'S CURIO STORE,**
325 South Spring Street.

**Princess Lillian**
CORK TIPS
Turkish Cigarettes of Exceptional Quality AT YOUR CLUB AND ALL DEALERS
10 for 25¢

NOT A "STENCIL."
ALL STANDARD PIANOS
....AT....
**SALYER'S** 325 SOUTH BROADWAY.

**A Suit to Ord**

Made up in elegant style from imported woolens at a saving of $5 to $15. We make this special to keep our cutter and tailors busy during the usual dull period. Choose a suit from any of our spring and summer weight woolens that we sell regular at $25, $30 and $35.
**$20**
These fabrics are all of the new stripes, checks and mixtures, and of weight to wear all year around. Made and finish them in elegant style at ridiculously low figure this week.
*Jacoby Bros.*
331-333-335 South Broadway

WHEN it comes to Wines do not lose sight that we were the ONLY Retail Wine House in Southern California to receive a bonafide gold medal for our goods from the Official Jury of Awards at Buffalo. Position. We are always pleased to give you

Port, per gallon, from.....
Sherry, Angelica or Muscat, per gallon, from.....

*... No Sweet Wines Sold Under Five Years Old.*

Sonoma Zinfandel or Riesling, gal.....50c
Good Whisky, medicinally pure, per quart bottle.....50c and upwards

**EDWARD GERMAIN WINE CO.**
397-399 Los Angeles St. . . . . Corner Fourth.
No Bar. Open Evenings. Tel. Main 912.

Just a few left of the hardwood
**Refriger**
to close out—$7.50 and
See our complete line of *Furniture and Carpets.* Special payments offered this week to purchasers. Everything guaranteed as represented.
**I. T. MARTIN**
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
531-3-5 South Spring

EDITORIAL SHEET. Society News.

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

IN FOUR PARTS. Part III—8 Pages.

XXth YEAR. SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 11, 1901. PRICE 5 CENTS

THEATERS— With Dates of Events.

ORPHEUM—MATINEE TODAY! ANY SEAT 25c!
Kings and Queens of Vaudeville!
Hugh Stanton and Florence Modena
Eminent Stage Artists, in a Brilliant Comedy—"A BARGAIN FIEND."
AMETA---The Fire Dancer.
Corinne Arden and Bruce Chesleigh
Great Players in an Entertaining Sketch—"A BITTER DOSE."
Katherine Germaine — In Repertoire of New Songs.
Will Murphy and Blanche Nicholls — "The Bifurcated Girl."
The Musical Brooklyns — THE BIOGRAPH.
The Cragg Family — Sensation of the City. New Feats This Week.
PRICES—Evening, best seats 25c and 50c, gallery 10c, box seats 75c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday, any seat 25c. Children 10c. Phone Main 1447

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER—OLIVER MOROSCO Lessee and Manager
TONIGHT—ALL WEEK—MATINEE SATURDAY.
MELBOURNE MACDOWELL,
Supported by FLORENCE STONE AND COMPANY, in a grand production of [illegible] most pronounced success, made famous by the late Fanny Davenport.
"CLEOPATRA,"
The grandest, biggest and most expensive production ever given in this city at popular prices . . . . .
IMPORTANT NOTICE—Orders for seats by telephone, mail or telegraph will not be filled later than 12 o'clock the day for which they are ordered. To secure good seats, order them early.
One Prices never change, no matter how great the attraction—15c, 25c, 35c and 50c.

## WHEN IT IS HOT IN LONDON.

### *John Bull Won't Leave Off His Waistcoat for Any Thermometer, and Doesn't Care Much if Ice is a Cent a Pound.*

BY CURTIS BROWN.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.]

LONDON, July 24.—Honest John Bull doesn't know what to do about it, when the mercury in his staid, respectable thermometer frisks up into the strange regions above 80 in the shade. At a temperature of 85 he is more miserable than his cousin Jonathan at 95.

When the more enterprising of the London newspapers printed a column a day of special correspondence detailing the horrors of the recent heat spell in the United States, John, represented by a swarm of reporters, besieged the office of the Weather Bureau to know whether that wave was likely to follow American tourists and American goods across the Atlantic.

The weather clerk was sniffy. There was no such thing as a hot wave, he said, and, anyway, England had no use for American products of that sort. A few weeks later, however, it did warm up a bit in London, and then the United States was blamed for it.

The trouble is that John Bull hasn't the trick of adapting himself to circumstances. Although he has had a few hot days each summer ever since England has had any weather at all, the heat has always taken him by surprise, and it has been only in the last year or two that he has begun to wonder if there wasn't something in the Americans' axiom: If the weather doesn't accommodate itself to you, then accommodate yourself to the weather.

TOP HAT FOREVER!

But even now the British attempts to meet a hot wave half way without loss of dignity are pathetic to American eyes. On the sunny side of the most crowded part of Piccadilly on the hottest day of the season so far, I walked for three blocks before seeing a man without a tightly-buttoned waistcoat. And the shining example came from Chicago, as I happened to know. Perhaps a third of the number passed wore silk hats, and one man in four had even his frock coat primly buttoned. One mortal with white spats over his ankles, and a monocle in his right eye, wore a felt Alpine hat and a covert coat.

Of all the districts in London the "city" sticks most closely to rigid decorum in dress, even when the King of Day is doing his worst. That isn't because city men like heat especially, but here amid the most dignified marts of trade, the dress for both employer and employé is identical and unchanging—silk hat and back coat—usually, I grieve to say, a sack. Even the smallest office boy often is surmounted with a more or less disreputable "plug." How far back the absurd custom dates no man can tell, but the solid old British business man believes in the top hat, and expects his "clarks," as he calls them, to wear it. In the stricter commercial houses and the banks a clerk would be rebuked for appearing in any other dress almost as severely as if he had affronted a customer, or done any other impolite thing, and even in offices where this rule isn't insisted upon, most of the clerks wear this dress in obedience to the city's unwritten law.

Interviewed upon the subject, a city banker said that his men might go and come to business dressed as they pleased, but during hours he insisted that they should wear the city dress, adding that he didn't think it was a great hardship for the "walk clerks" to wear silk hats, as their rounds were only two or three miles. He said, also, that he knew of some houses that insisted on their clerks being clean shaven and wearing white ties.

The silk hat is, of course, the official Parliamentary headgear, despite the fancy of Irish members for felts and a tendency on the part of Labor's representatives to sport the "bowler." But Parliament managed to yield a bit lately. Herbert Gladstone made for comfort in a straw hat, and several other legislators have followed his example.

A BICYCLIST'S EXPERIMENT.

Your Briton is happiest when tunefully insisting that he and his "never shall be slaves," but tradition claims him for her vassal even when he dresses himself for pleasure or leisure. Your mere American never would venture to follow him through the mazes of his rules for negligée outing dress. There is evidently a psychological moment when duck trousers should be scornfully cast aside and those of flannel substituted, but no foreigner can discover when this moment comes. Some equal shadowy rule presumably exists about canvas shoes. The Briton carefully removes his jacket when he gets into a skiff and rows in his shirt sleeves, but he never thinks of leaving his coat off when riding a bicycle.

One broiling hot day this summer two American friends of the writer set off on a wheeling trip just out of London, arrayed in "knickers" and negligée shirts. They were either gazed at curiously or openly ridiculed throughout their ride, for what reason they were unable to imagine, until it was borne in upon them that doubtless no Englishman ever had ridden a bicycle without a coat, which fact would to any other Englishman be the most excellent of reasons why none ever should.

Except on the river, no shirt-waist man has ever been seen in London, and if he appeared he would be hooted at, and would no more be permitted to enter any of the larger or more fashionable shops than if he were arrayed in pajamas.

ICE FROM THE FISHMONGER.

The American who lands in London in midsummer knows, of course, that he can't ordinarily get ice water to drink, but he is bound to be surprised to see how little ice is considered as in any way incidental to comfort. The American housekeeper here who still insists on having things cold has to get her ice from the "fishmonger," who, oddly enough, is the official ice-man, and who will reluctantly sell for the equivalent of 6 cents a little chunk as many inches square. Even when she gets the ice she has to wrap it tenderly in newspapers, ice-boxes being almost unknown in England. More of them have been imported from America in the last two years than in all previous years put together, and the sale for them would be larger yet if it were not for the difficulty of getting ice to put in them. My "fishmonger" was much disgusted when he was asked to send a little extra ice on the hottest day of this week. "Wot do you come asking for ice for on a hot day like this?" he demanded, indignantly. "Do you think I'm a-goin' to let my fish and chickens spoil?" He was finally induced to part with a little on the plea of humanity, at the rate of a cent a pound. And that is what London often has to pay for this luxury on days when it is most needed.

Most of the ice—250,000 tons of it last year—comes over in sailing vessels from Norway and is taken out and stored by hand with the help of a windlass, in a cumbrous fashion that ought to have suggested to American capitalists the vast possibilities of a company that should undertake to supply the world's metropolis with ice by modern and economical methods at rates higher than any American ice trust ever dared to charge and yet lower than London ever ventured to hope for. And profits could be increased by renting out ice chests, just as gas companies rent gas stoves.

There are a few places in London where you can get what goes by the name of American ice cream soda, but mostly it is a delusion and a snare, thin and watery and lifeless. Ices can be had at most of the restaurants now, but good homely ice cream almost never.

STYLES IN HORSE MILLINERY.

The most picturesque feature of London's dog days is the horse millinery. The style came into vogue last year and having reappeared this season, may be expected to stay. The effect of a fat dignified cab horse with his ears projecting through holes in the sides of an ordinary, wide-brimmed, gaily-be-ribboned straw hat is as startling at first as it could be to see a portly old bishop with a red and yellow blazer over his vestments.

Those straw hats have appeared upon the brows of a large proportion of London's humbler horses and even in Hyde Park now and then a slashing turnout may be observed with Milord, Jeames and Dobbin all straw-hatted. Don't picture the coachman's straw hat as being the ordinary type, however, for fashion will concede no more than that it shall be built upon the good old stove-pipe model and that the straw shall be either dark brown or black.

So far the prevailing style in horse-hats has been somewhat simple, barring a tendency to giddiness in the matter of bands, and a preference for a red pompon surmounting the confection, but now and then one sees equine head-gear trimmed with lace and decorated with flowers.

FASHIONABLE BATHING FOR GAMINS.

London has one other hot-weather suggestion to offer in addition to the horse hat, for between 8 and sunset men and boys are permitted to bathe in the Hyde Park Lake—the Serpentine—with a policeman as master of ceremonies, and without having to bother with a bathing suit. And there the London gamin is better off than the New York newsboy, who can cool his heated frame only by surreptitious dips in the City Hall fountain when the "cop" isn't looking, unless he chooses to wander away from business and try the deeps at the river side.

You can get some idea of John Bull's tenacity of tradition when you realize that the omnibuses which he prefers to street cars are built with stationary windows, and that if you want to get ventilation in them you have to break the glass, which is expensive, but sometimes well worth the money; that he burns soft coal in his chief underground railways and will continue to do so until Mr. Yerkes gets a chance to put in electricity; that electrical fans are almost a novelty; that he has no roof gardens; that he tolerates in front of his restaurants and cafés none of those little round tables that make the Paris Boulevards such a joy on summer nights, and that he knows neither the rickey or the julep. What wonder therefore that when he encounters a sample of American summer he makes every possible sacrifice to get out of London into the country, where he permits himself to wear cool clothes. If, however, he is obliged to stay in his capital he buttons his waistcoat tightly about him, sets his silk hat firmly down upon his head, dons his gloves and sets forth to be miserable like a man and a Briton.

## NOTORIOUS COMSTOCK BEHIND THE BARS.

### ROSCOE TRAIN ROBBER LANDED IN THE CITY JAIL.

**Said to Have Threatened to Kill the Colored Man Whose Hounds Tracked Him to His Haunts—Two Sons in Adjoining Cell.**

John Comstock, one of the men implicated in the famous Roscoe train robbery six years ago, is a prisoner in the City Jail, charged with making threats to kill. His arrest and the charge are sequels to the train robbery for which the notorious "Kid" Thompson and one or two others are now serving long sentences in the penitentiary. The complainant is John Belt, a colored man who resides in East Los Angeles, and who was very active in running down the gang of train robbbers.

The train was held up near Roscoe and was wrecked by obstructions placed upon the track, killing a fireman and two tramps. When the officers started after the robbers they took with them a pack of fine hounds owned by Belt, and these animals trailed Comstock to his hiding place, where he was captured. At that time it is said that Comstock declared he would kill Belt at the first opportunity. It is known that Thompson made the same threat. Comstock turned State's evidence and through his testimony the other members of the gang were convicted and he secured his release.

Since his release Comstock has spent much of his time between this city and Bakersfield. He always travels in a wagon, and has made long trips. Soon after the train-robbery case was disposed of his wife secured a divorce and was given the custody of their daughter. Comstock has tried repeatedly to obtain possession of this girl, but has failed. His former wife married a man named Cunningham, and they have been living in East Los Angeles near the Arroyo Seco.

Friday night Comstock is said to have gone to the Cunningham residence to try to secure his daughter. He met the girl and so frightened her that she ran to the house of John Belt for protection. Comstock following. When Belt was told who he was and what he wanted, he told Comstock to leave, declaring that he would set his dogs on him unless he did so. Belt owns a pack of hounds which at his command would tear a man to pieces, and knowing this Comstock discreetly departed. While leaving he is said to have renewed his threats to kill Belt, and it is alleged, reminded him that once before the dogs had caused him trouble. He is also charged with threatening to kill all of Belt's hounds. The colored man did not parley with Comstock, but fearing that a man who had nerve enough to engage in train robbery would carry his threats into execution, he went to the District Attorney yesterday and had a warrant issued for Comstock's arrest.

Friday night two of Comstock's sons were arrested on warrants from Bakersfield charging them with petty larceny, consisting of the alleged theft of a quantity of harness, blankets, etc. The young men declared that the warrants had been issued at the instance of their father, who wanted them to return to Bakersfield with him. When they refused, they say, he had a man swear to a complaint against them so that they would be taken back there without cost either to him or themselves. The father and two sons occupy adjoining cells in the City Jail.

A Los Angeles young man whose front initial is Arthur, received a shock while calling upon a girl who had evidently been waiting some time to tell him "this is so sudden." While enjoying a tete-a-tete on the sofa a couple of evenings ago he talked "authors" to the girl, and finally asked her what her favorite quotation was. She smiled and wrote on a piece of paper: "Art is long and time is fleeting." Cards will be out the middle of next month.

## MEN WITH HORNS ARE NOT MYTHICAL.

### *Reports Received at Uncle Sam's Medical Museum Show That Such Monstrosities Have Existed.*

BY JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE TO THE TIMES.]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—Reports descriptive of some remarkable species of horned men, scattered throughout the world, have been received at the Medical Museum. In sensational features they rival the accounts of tailed human beings recently made public.

Surgeon J. J. Lamprey of the medical staff of the British army, some time ago met with and studied three horned men in Africa. Each had two horns, one on either side of his nose.

"While serving on the Gold Coast," says he, "I had opportunities of making drawings of these individuals. The first horned man I had an opportunity of observing was a Fantee named Cofea, aged about 32 years, from the little village of Amaquanta, in Wassan territory. The second horned man was a long-faced youth, aged about 18, named Quassie Jabin, from the Gamin territory, and not a kinsman of the first one. From a statement made by him through a Fantee interpreter, I gathered that this horn-like growth had been in existence as long as he could remember. The third case was that of Cudjo Danso, aged about 20. He stated through an interpreter that as far as he was aware, this horn-like knob had grown of itself; it certainly had grown larger as he had grown older. It gave him no inconvenience. He could see and smell perfectly. It grew of itself and had not been artificially produced."

Hundreds of cases, more remarkable, have recently been collected in an interesting report by Drs. George Gould and Walter Pyle, both well-known pathologists.

"Human horns," say they, "are far more frequent than ordinarily supposed. Nearly all the older writers cite examples. Many mention horns on the head. In the ancient times horns were symbolic of wisdom and power. Michael Angelo, in his famous sculpture of Moses, has given the patriarch a pair of horns.

HUMAN HORNS OF MODERN TIMES.

"Probably the most remarkable case was that of Paul Rodriguez, a Mexican porter, who from the upper and lateral part of his head had a horn fourteen inches in circumference, divided into three shafts, which he concealed by constantly wearing a peculiarly-shaped cap. There is in Paris a wax model of a horn, eight or nine inches in length, removed from an old woman by the celebrated Dr. Souberbielle. Dr. Warren mentions a case under the care of Dr. Dubois, of a woman from whose forehead grew a horn six inches in diameter and six inches in height. In 1686 there was an old woman in France who constantly shed long horns from her forehead, one of which was presented to the King. Dr. Voigte cites the case of an old woman who had a horn branching into three portions, coming from her forehead. Sands speaks of a woman who had a horn six and three-quarter inches long, growing from her head. There is an account of the extirpation of a horn nearly ten inches in length from the forehead of a woman of 82. Dr. Bejau describes a woman of 40 from whom he excised an excrescence resembling a ram's horn. It began to grow at the age of 11 and constantly increased. Dr. Vidal presented before the Academie de Medicine, France, in 1886, a twisted horn, from the head of a woman. This was ten inches long, and at the time of its presentation reproduction of it was taking place in the woman."

There is a greater frequency of horns among women than among men, according to these authorities. Several cases have been seen in people over 70, and in one of 97.

BOTH HORNS AND TAIL.

The combination of horns and tail on a human being would naturally give rise to extravagant superatition. Such a monster would be an unwelcome object of vision on a dark night. There is a description of such a case in a medical report. The creature, said to have been dubbed the "hoodoo of Plato," was born eight years ago in McLeod county, Me., according to the report. It was a boy five weeks old when described. "He had hair two inches long all over the body; his features were fiendish and his eyes shone like beads beneath his shaggy brows. He had a tail eighteen inches long, horns from the skull, a full set of teeth and claw-like hands. He snapped like a dog and crawled on all fours and refused the natural sustenance of a normal child. The country people considered this devil child a punishment for a rebuff that the mother gave to a Jewish peddler selling crucifixion pictures. Vexed by his persistence, she said she would sooner have the devil in her house than one of these prints." But inasmuch as no scientific report setting forth this case in detail appears to have ever been made, the public must be advised to accept the story "cum grano salis."

HORNED HUMAN RUMINANT.

Fabricus, the famous Italian anatomist of the fourteenth century, records that he saw a man with horns on his head who ruminated, i.e., chewed the cud. Rhodius, another famous medical authority of those early times, says that he observed a Benedictine monk who had a pair of horns and who was addicted to rumination. To the laity these cases would appear to be reversions to a possible bovine ancestry. But, upon the whole, they are not so unreasonable, from a medical point of view, as the case of the "Hoodoo of Plato."

Human rumination, or cud chewing, has been recognized as a fact by medical men for years, according to Drs. Gould and Pyle. A Swede of thirty-five living in Germany and apparently healthy was observed, they say, by a Dr. Winthier, to retire after meals to some remote place, where he might enjoy this bovine habit. According to the late Dr. Hammond of this city, former surgeon-general of the army, the distinguished physiologist Brown-Sequard acquired the habit as a result of experiments made upon himself. Dr. Hammond studied the case of a young man, similarly addicted, who was cured of the habit by the trephining of his skull. In a recent discussion of human rumination before the American Neurological Association a physician reported two cases, both in fellow-physicians. The president of the association remarked that the habit seemed to be one common among men of his profession. He had a student friend affected in the same way, but who finally overcame the abnormality by exercise of his will power. At the same meeting was discussed a man, his father and his grandfather, all of whom ruminated.

A Frenchman named Trouillon, with a large horn on his forehead, resembling that of a ram, is reported to have exhibited himself in Paris in 1699, while a country boy, just forty years later, presented himself at the hospital of Bologna, to have sawed from his head a horn about the size of the index finger.

RHINOCEROS WOMEN.

Dr. Chatard of Baltimore some years ago reported that he had seen in that city an old woman with a horn on her nose. It was "more than an inch long, and nearly shaped like that of the rhinoceros."

Hildanus, one of the great physicians of the fifteenth century, saw a man with horns on his forehead and another with such protuberances distributed over his body. Lusitanus, one of his contemporaries, observed one growing from a man's heel. In a London museum is exhibited a human horn 11 inches long and 2½ inches in circumference.

The frequency of such deformity may best be appreciated from the fact that one physician has collected reports of 71 cases—37 in women, 21 in men and 4 in infants. Of these, 15 were on the head, 6 on the face, 18 on the lower extremities, and 11 on the body. Another physician collected reports of 80 cases—44 females, 30 males, the sex of the remainder not being mentioned. Of these, 48 were on the head. Dr. Lebert of Breslau announces that he has collected 100 such cases.

A woman of York, Eng., 76 years old, some years ago broke from her face a horn like that of a goat. It commenced growing out again. Another, seven and one-half inches long, was removed from the temple of an Edinborough woman. Dr. Sazton of New York reports that he has cut several horns from the ears of patients. There are further reports of such protuberances found on the eyelid, the nape of the neck, the lower lip and the chin. Dr. Wagstaffe of London found a horn growing six inches below the knee of a woman 50 years old. It was a flattened spiral of more than two turns, and during forty years' growth had reached over fourteen inches in length. It ended in a blunt point a half inch thick. A Mexican Indian was similarly afflicted on the left side of his back. The protuberance had been sawed off twice by his son and a doctor, who took a third back at it and found that it had again attained a length of a foot.

Dr. D. S. Lamb, pathologist of the Medical Museum, lately announced to the scientific world his theory that the conceptions of the ancients as to their mythologic monsters were based, for the most part, upon actual observation of human monsters brought into the world. The Cyclops, the two-faced Janus, the three-headed Cerberus and many others are but little exaggerated by tradition, beyond the facts of some sorry freaks of nature. Such monsters, and to relate, are born in this world even today.

Horns frequently adorn the heroes of Greek and Roman mythology. Diana, when intruded upon while unapparelled, by Actaeon, caused branching stag's horns to grow from his head. Pan, the Fauns and other deities, were adorned with horns. The hypothesis that these horned gods and heroes were suggested, in the fertile imaginations of the ancients, by actual cases of human horns is consistent with Dr. Lamb's interesting theory.

Queen Margherita Has Aged.

[Chicago Tribune:] Queen Marghuerita, the widow of the late King Humbert of Italy, has aged so rapidly since his assassination that those seeing her now for the first time since the tragedy would experience the utmost difficulty in recognizing her. Indeed, she has grown old rapidly and suddenly, and it is only when she smiles that traces of her former loveliness are apparent. Fifteen months ago she was still a young woman in appearance and looked more like her son's sister than his mother, having the face and the figure of a woman fifteen years younger than her real age. Today she appears not only her real age, but even older, and, sad to relate, she does not make an attractive old woman, but an exceedingly plain one. She is at the present at her castle of Rupinigi, near Turin, and she rarely leaves the magnificent grounds of the place, her daily favorite visitor being that widowed Duchess of Aosta, Princess Laetitia Bonaparte, who is not only her niece, but likewise her sister-in-law.

A Visalia man tried to ride a mule across a stream of water. All went merry as a marriage bell until the middle of the stream was reached, when the animal "sot." The rear portion of the man's anatomy was suddenly struck with dampness, and he waded ashore, while the mule gave him the horse laugh and went on.

Uncle Haystraw: Wal, I once had a dorg thet cud allus stinguish a tramp from a 'spectable cit'zen.
Miss Citygirl: Where is he now?
Uncle H.: I had ter shoot him.
Miss C.: Did he bite you?

Mosquito: Tag, you're it!

## LETTERS TO THE TIMES.

[Every letter published the views of correspondent, not necessarily indorsement by The Times. Letters must be brief, write plainly; the name of the writer is required as a guarantee of good faith.]

Point of Insurance Brokers.

LOS ANGELES (Cal.) July 30, 1901.—[To the Editor of The Times:] Having noted that a project is before the City Council to impose a license tax upon insurance brokers, I call your attention to the following objections to the proposed ordinance would be effected by the passage of this ordinance:

First—Because the tax upon the business would be allowed by the companies in the monthly accounts, and in the companies expect to recover this agency tax, and in every case would be charged by them that I ever heard of, but is a printed item. Why should I pay the only one, so to speak, singled from, to disappoint this universal expectation? And because the proposed plan is impolitic; it robs the poor resident Peters to favor the non-resident Paul. It taxes the energy of many citizens to earn a livelihood in order to add to the hundreds of thousands of dollars taken annually to increase the wealth of rich men in the Eastern United States and all parts of Europe.

Second—The plan is unprecedented; there is no case in the same relation to the assured as that of the solicitor for insurance and other merchants. To my knowledge no other pay instead of taxing the buyer would be to introduce this unprecedented system of taxation.

Third—No consideration is worthy of consideration. A certain comparatively small number of brokers are delinquent, but if they did not pay their taxes they would be prosecuted promptly, while the much larger business severally and in aggregate is large, would pay the tax with immediately or a moment to be lost, and the agents will issue a certificate from the city's insignificant.

Fourth—There is to be added to the cost of this proposed ordinance a much larger sum of money to be paid to large real-estate owners, manufacturers and others in the way of commissions, rebates, etc., given to all the brokers alike. In some cases it goes direct to the assured, in others to clerk hire, but always it is paid as a consideration for giving the business.

Fifth—As a tax is to be imposed I suggest the following amendments: that every agent who accepts business from a person not duly licensed, and every person who shall accept from any agent or broker a commission or rebate as a consideration for giving his insurance business, shall be subject to the same penalties imposed on a broker who shall not have a license.

M.

A False Issue.

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 6, 1901.—[To the Editor of The Times:] In his order to the general strike, President Mitchell says: "We must fight or give up our personal liberties." Surely no sensible man can fail to see that the personal liberties of the laborers of this country are not involved in the present controversy between the Amalgamated Association of Steel Workers and the United States steel trust.

As a matter of fact the only surrender of personal liberty that is called for is made by the Amalgamated Association when it asks for the laboring men of the country to stop work and give up for a time, at least, their right to control their own labor.

Any man who is deprived of the right to use his labor whenever and wherever he pleases for the benefit of himself and family is thereby robbed of an inalienable right. In the present issue it is not the steel trust that is interfering with this right, for the trust wants all the labor that is available, and is willing to pay for it. The order to "stop work" comes from the Amalgamated Association officers, who assume dictatorial power. Obeying this dictation, 100,000 laborers are supposed to throw down their tools on Saturday and go into voluntary idleness. Supposing this labor to be worth upon an average of $3 per day per man, this means $300,000 a day labor lost! This is not all it means. It means the interruption of the business of the country, trade and commerce. The 100,000 workers who go into voluntary idleness force at least another 100,000 out of employment. This means distress, hunger, poverty and suffering to a vast army of free men who will be fighting not for "personal liberty"—that has not been attacked—but for the right to live by honest toil.

And who compose the classes of people who have thus surrendered their liberty to labor organizations? Over fifty years' experience and intimate relations with them enables me to say that the great majority of them do not own their own homes and have comparatively small deposits in savings banks. A laborer who owns his own home, or who has a thousand dollars or more on deposit with which he hopes some day to build a home, is not of the class to surrender his right to protect his accumulations to men who have no more foresight than to enter into strikes and dissipate whatever accumulations they might otherwise have. The thrifty laborer in America has always been in a majority and he probably always will be in a ratio of possibly 10 to 1. He knows how he has made a start and how to add to his accumulations and he cannot be influenced by labor agitators to surrender one iota of his rights. He loves his family and the flag of his country and can be depended upon to defend both on all proper occasions.

President Shaffer threatens that "This is to be a contest to the bitter end." This means that the labor organizations which he represents will if he can continue to control them to their injury, remain in idleness until all their resources are exhausted. How long their endurance will last can be told with reasonable certainty. It can be measured by months. Probably half a year will be the limit that a misguided people will suffer loss and hunger and affliction that will even then only open to them the way to commence over again the contest that leads through industry to liberty and independence.

LABORER.

The Reading Cure.

[New York Sun:] "There is one accomplishment that self-supporting women would do well to acquire," remarked a tired doctor, "and that is reading aloud. For people who are convalescing, or suffering from a slow, tedious ailment, I know of no attention more beneficial than occasional entertainment of this kind. I recommend it for all my patients, but I often have trouble in filling my own prescription for the simple reason that it is hard to find a person whose voice is soothing to hypersensitive nerves or an invalid.

"While very few native-born Americans are illiterate, there are still fewer who are fitted to dispel the tedium of a sick room by turning themselves into professional readers. Not infrequently I find voices whose tones are agreeable, but when I put the owners to the test of reading I find that they pronounce badly, inflect still worse, and, in short, fail to get any meaning out of the article given them. They probably get at the gist of it for themselves, but they totally fail to convey it to another.

"It behooves women to set about effecting a combination of the graces of a pleasant, expressive voice, correct pronunciation, and quick perception of the meaning of a phrase. If they will accomplish this task, they will find agreeable work to do."

Lightning as a Chimney Sweep.

[Philadelphia Record:] Employés of the Vineland Flint Glass plant are marveling at a weird phenomenon. The furnace was out of blast and workmen had been set to work to clean the soot from the high smokestack. They were sitting about complaining of the job on account of the hot weather, when a storm broke upon them, an electric bolt entered the furnace door, went down into the bowels of the furnace and then up the high stack and out.

When the men entered the furnace to see how much damage had been done they discovered, much to their amazement and delight, that the lightning, which did no damage whatever, had completely cleaned the inside of the stack and left the soot in a pile at the bottom.

# The Social World. ✕ Men and Women in Society. ✕ Personal Intelligence.

## EVENTS IN SOCIETY.

**Beach Party.**

MR. AND MRS. A. W. FISHER of Los Angeles gave a delightful party Friday evening at their beautiful new seaside cottage, No. 299 Ocean Front, at Ocean Park. The affair was in the nature of a housewarming, and the guests were entertained with merry games befitting the informality of life by the ocean. The rooms were artistically decorated with a profusion of roses and greenery. Delicious refreshments were served. The guests included: Dr. and Mrs. Robert Haynes, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Gibbon, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Judah, Miss Howard, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Dromgold, Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Walsh, Mrs. E. B. Gage and Mrs. Kinsley of Prescott, Ariz.; Mrs. Helen Lukens-Jones of Pasadena, Dr. and Mrs. Nutting and Dr. Helen Woodroffe.

**Wedding Anniversary.**

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Haines celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary Monday evening, at their pretty little home on Eighteenth street. The double parlors were handsomely decorated, the color effect being carried out in pink and green, red and green were used in the hall and punch room. The guests were pleasantly entertained with music, and a quotation hunt. Miss Augusta Zuber and Orville Howland received first prizes. Miss Ethel Howland and Mr. Thorpe received the consolation prizes. Miss Catherine Frost and Mrs. George Howland gave several piano selections. Miss Ella Haines delighted all with several pieces on the guitar. After refreshments flash-light pictures were taken. Many gifts in tin and aluminum were received. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe, Mr. and Mrs. Darlington Jones, Mr. and Mrs. George Howland, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith, Judge Finlayson, N. Knickerbocker, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Charles Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ashman, Mr. and Mrs. Will Howland, Mrs. Michaels, Miss Florence Michaels, Miss Myra Michaels, Fred G. Howland, Orville Howland, Miss Catherine Frost, Miss Ethel Howland, Miss Augusta Zuber, Miss Eline Ashman, Miss Carrie Ashman and Miss Ella Haines.

**Surprised.**

Mr. Stromee of No. 1547 Council street, was pleasantly surprised by a number of his friends Friday evening, in honor of his birthday anniversary. During the evening vocal selections were rendered by Mrs. Howe, Misses Alice Werner and Grant Stevens; piano selections by Miss Julia Werner and V. Walberg. A pleasant social evening was spent, and refreshments were served.

**Surprise Party.**

A social event of midsummer enjoyment was a surprise party given by some fifty young ladies and gentlemen of this city on the evening of the 8th to their bachelor friend, Elmer T. Riley of Flower street. Mr. Riley is a young business man, a graduate of one of the leading business colleges, who resides with his parents. He is a nephew of William Riley, Sr., a prominent capitalist of this city, who is now visiting his old home in Virginia and the East.

**Luncheon.**

Mrs. Sidney H. Ellis gave a charming luncheon Thursday afternoon at her home on South Alvarado street, complimentary to her guest, Mrs. M. T. Lepscomb of Denver, Colo., and Mrs. Yates, who is visiting her daughter, Mrs. D. C. Barber of this city. The dining-room was artistically decorated with a combination of pink and green, carnations and foliage being used. Beside those mentioned, there were present Mmes. J. K. Wilson, Thomas Inch, C. T. Pepper, E. W. Davis, Charles W. Baker, W. A. Dow, Charles Moffett, W. R. Hubbard, Fred Salisbury, J. M. Haux, D. C. Barber, W. S. Scott, H. C. Limbrock.

**Birthday Surprise.**

Edgar Creber was surprised Friday evening at his home, No. 252 East Fifth street, the occasion being in honor of his fourteenth birthday. After pleasantly spending the evening with games, refreshments were served. Those present were Misses Polly Gad, Amanda Gad, May Gad, Mabel Gordon, Patti Jones, Nellie Lonergan, Lillian Bradford, Nell Hudson, Mabel Paulsen, Margaret Burckhardt, Masters Fred Mosley, Bertie Griswold, Clarence Jay, Bernie Walbridge, Clarence Bradford, George Bradford, George Frieze, Theodore Friese, Parker Holton and Edgar Creber.

**Pleasant Evening.**

Miss Cora Hathaway of East Twenty-fifth street entertained Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Georgia Overman of Anderson, Ind. About forty guests were present. Music, recitations and games furnished entertainment. Refreshments were served. In the "hidden-city" contest Wayne Yarick received first prize, an Indian-head bust, and Miss Lufkin the consolation, a Chinese doll.

## NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Maj. and Mrs. H. M. Russell and George Keating left yesterday for New York for an extended stay.

Misses Cora and Edna Foy came down from Sturtevant's campt last week for a few days' visit with their mother, Mrs. Lucinda Foy, who left Wednesday for a northern trip. They returned to camp yesterday for a three weeks' stay.

Miss Olive Kelsey, who has been the guest of T. E. Yerxa and family of Melrose avenue three weeks, has returned to her home in Ventura.

Mrs. Kate Kelly of West Adams street has returned from an eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Williamson have moved from No. 114 West Ninth street into their new home, No. 815 Green avenue. Mrs. Williamson will be at home on Fridays.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lee Woolwine and Mrs. Teneen Woolwine went to Alpine Tavern yesterday for a brief stay.

Mrs. Mark W. Connor and little daughter, May, have returned to the Melrose after a month's visit with friends in San Francisco, Oakland and Bellvidere.

Charles D. Morgan and family are at home again at No. 732 Burlington avenue, after a month at Ocean Park.

Col. John Q. Tufts of the Tufts-Lyon Arms Co., Mrs. Fred M. Lyon and son, Percy, and R. B. Lyon, Los Angeles; Thomas A. Sanson, Jr., United States Commissioner for the northern district of the Indian Territory at Muscogee; Mrs. Sanson and sons, Tom and John, Miss Lucy Sanson, Mrs. A. Z. English and Miss Trent of Muscogee, Indian Territory are spending the month of August in Swanfeldt Camp, Avalon, and have named their camp "Mus-ko-gee."

Miss Ida Starr of Los Angeles is the guest of her sister, Mrs. O. O. Orr, at Catalina for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Isgrigg have gone to Catalina to remain until September.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Parcels have removed from No. 823 South Hill street to No. 909 West Ninth street. Mrs. Parcels will be at home the first and third Wednesdays.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Howard and Miss Myra W. Rife have gone on a trip to Lower California and Mexico.

Miss Ida Mull of Muscatine, Iowa, who has been the guest of Miss Jessie Washburn for the past two weeks, left for her home yesterday.

Mrs. L. A. Clampitt and family and Mrs. J. A. Clampitt of Los Angeles are taking their outing at No. 63 Beach Row, Redondo.

Miss Nina Martin left yesterday for a three weeks' stay in San Francisco and Berkeley.

Mrs. Henry Lange and Miss Fannie Lange of No. 151 West Seventeenth street will leave Monday morning for Avalon for a two weeks' outing. Miss Mildred Rorick of Fresno will accompany them.

Mrs. George D. Whitcomb and daughters have taken a cottage on Brooks avenue, Ocean Park, for the rest of the summer. Mr. Whitcomb will go to the mountains the first of September.

Mrs. A. W. Barron of Alameda is visiting her parents and sister, Mrs. Clarence H. Hall during August.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Roswell of Park Grove avenue have returned from Coronado and Avalon.

Miss Jessie Moore has gone to San Francisco to accept a position as science teacher in the Van Ness Seminary.

Mrs. J. M. Kelsey and her daughters, Miss Anna and Maude Kelsey and Miss Chamberlain have gone to Long Beach for two weeks.

Maj. and Mrs. W. H. Bonsall and their daughter, Mrs. Jennie Jauch, left yesterday morning for a week's stay at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach.

Mrs. Edward Leake and daughter, Miss Miriam Leake, left Wednesday on the Santa Rosa for a few weeks' visit in San Francisco and vicinity.

Mrs. Max Roth and daughter, Marian and Miss Herskovits, are at Catalina.

Friends of Miss Lily Adams will be pleased to hear that she has returned from a five-months' vacation in San Francisco and Seattle with relatives.

The Misses Cecilia and Carolyne Bruns have returned from their trip to the Buffalo Exposition, Niagara Falls, and Kansas City. They will be at home to friends on Thursday.

Mrs. E. P. Deville and family of No. 1402 West Eighth street, have taken a cottage at No. 238 South Ocean avenue, Santa Monica, for August and September.

Mrs. Henry Klein, son, nurse and Miss Esther Norton are stopping at Hotel Metropole, Catalina Island.

I. F. Norton left yesterday for Catalina on his vacation.

Mrs. Dalton Bond has gone to Camp Sturtevant. Her daughters are with her.

## CHURCH MUSIC.

**Programmes to Be Presented by Los Angeles Choirs at Services This Morning and Evening.**

(Programmes of church music, intended for publication in this department, should be plainly written, in proper form, and should reach the Times office not later than 10 a.m.)

WESTLAKE CHURCH, Morning: Voluntary, piano; anthem, "Festival Te Deum" (Buck;) response, "Thy Will Be Done;" offertory, "My Soul Doth Magnify" (Blumenschein.)

Evening: Voluntary, piano; anthem, "This Is the Day" (Blumenschein;) response, "Thy Will Be Done;" offertory, "This Is a Land Mine Eye Hath Seen" (Croninshield.) Mrs. Le Sage, director.

THE IMMANUEL PRESBYTERIAN, Tenth and Figueroa streets. Morning: Organ, "Offertoire" (Grison;) "We Praise Thee, O God" (Buck;) "Gloria Patri" (O'Donoughue;) response, "Bow Down Thine Ear" (Bullard;) offertory, "I Will Extol Thee, O Lord (Costa,) Miss Jennie Winston; organ, "Postlude" (Whiting.)

Evening: Organ, "The Lost Chord" (Sullivan-Barrett;) "The Lord Is King" (Buck;) offertory, "Dawn of Redemption" (Gray,) E. S. Shank; "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" (Lachner-Bassford;) organ, "Postlude" (Calkins.) Mary L. O'Donoughue, organist and director.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, corner Adams and Figueroa streets, 11 a.m.: Organ, variations on "Jerusalem the Golden" (Sparks;) processional, "Jerusalem the Golden" (Ewing;) "Venite" (Boyce,) "Te Deum" (Van Boskerck,) "Benedictus" (Barnby;) hymn, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory" (Conkey;) anthem, "Seek Ye the Lord" (Roberts;) recessional, "The Church's One Foundation" (Wesley;) organ, "Allegro Maestoso" (Mendelssohn.)

Choral evensong at 5 p.m.: Organ, (a) "Evening Rest" (Merkel,) (b) "Song Without Words" (Salomé;) processional, "Hark, Hark, My Soul" (Smart;) Choral Service (Tallis,) Psalter (Anglican,) "Magnificat" (Henley,) "Nunc Dimittis" (Barnby;) hymn, "Three In One and One In Three" (Stainer;) anthem, "The Radiant Morn" (Woodward;) recessional, "The Sun is Sinking Fast" (Irons;) organ, "Postlude" (Rink.) A. W. Sessions, organist.

## PARK BAND CONCERT.

Following is the programme of the concert by the Los Angeles Military Band at Westlake Park at 2:30 p.m. today:

March, "Hurrah, Boys" (Lacalle;) "Poem of Love," romance (Baptiste;) "La Charina," mazurka (Gann;) waltz, "Phyllis" (S. White;) (a) "My Moonbeam Babe," song; (b) "Tell Me," song (Keirer;) march, "Up Broadway" (Toler;) overture, "Stradella" (Flotow;) Spanish fandango, "The Pearl of Madrid" (Bachmann;) grand selection, "Tannhauser" (Wagner;) "Rhode Island Clam Bake" (Jolly.)

**Old Women Who Row.**

[New York Tribune:] The English papers report a rowing match for women at the Saltash regatta on the River Tamar. "Although the weather was very boisterous, one boat was rowed by Mrs. Martin, aged 69, and Mrs. Prout, aged 70, who finished second, the winners being two young women. Mrs. Prout pulled bow in the crew of Saltash boat women who half a century ago created a sensation by crossing to France and rowing at Cherbourg and elsewhere. In every instance they beat the crews of Frenchmen, and on one occasion they defeated a picked crew of British bluejackets at Davenport."

**Inconsistency.**

[Chicago Post:] "That was a terrible storm," commented the man with the raper. "The beer shed at the race track was struck by lightning."

"A special dispensation of Providence," asserted the feminine reformer with emphasis.

"And a building in which a temperance revival meeting was being held was blown down," went on the man.

Then there was a brief silence.

"The ways of Providence are mysterious, indeed," said the reformer at last.

**A Record Breaker.**

A National automobile has been used by E. H. Crippen, their agent, Nos. 429-441 South Main street, for five months, averaging 300 miles a month, without a single breakdown, and at a cost for electricity and maintaining the machine less than $2.50 per month. He is prepared to show proofs to any one interested. Catalogue on application.—[Adv.

## OUT-OF-TOWN SOCIETY.

**Pasadena.**

A PASADENA society girl was the victim of unique circumstances a few days ago. The story has just oozed out, but owing to the young woman's prominence in social circles, and having a tender regard for her shattered feelings, her identity must be shoved behind the conventional screen.

She longed for a mountain jaunt, so accompanied by a maid, she took the stage, and after a succession of terrible jerks and wild lungings over a sea of hot boulders, the stage deposited the dust-begrimed travelers at the foot of the trail. The burros, eating their lunch of old shoes and tin cans under the branches of an oak tree, regarded the new comers with stolid indifference. Two of the animals were saddled, while on another was strapped the maiden's plump satchel, the maid's bag and a bundle of supplies for the aerial resort.

"All aboard ladies," shouted the patriarchal guide. When all were ready the guide led the procession, followed closely by the maid. The pack animal came next, while tripping gracefully, the pretty young woman brought up the rear.

Up and up they went, the trail becoming steeper and narrower, with a high rock wall rushing up on one side, while 300 feet below foamed a mountain stream. The society butterfly was in her element, for she was reveling in the beauties of wild nature.

Suddenly, with a swish and a whirl the mountain side seemed to burst into life. There were swirling clouds of dust, and myriads of flying boulders, in the midst of which was the pack animal, rolling over and over like a rubber ball, first head up, then tail up. It was probably the fastest trip he ever took. Down, down he went, till with a victorious splash the stream swallowed him up.

"Oh my satchel," cried the alarmed young woman, and down she scrambled over the perilous slope, the guide following as closely as his aged limbs would permit. They were down in a jiffy, for excitement gave speed. While they were making the descent the burro had scrambled to his legs, and stood in mid stream peacefully meditating and cooling off.

"Git out o' there; gee, haw, whoop gee, gee up, ye durned critter," furiously yelled the exasperated guide. while the young woman added her entreaties, saying sweetly, "Come, pretty burro, come, come," but not a step moved he.

"I'll be durned if I'm goin' to git in that water; it'll set the rheumatis a-goin' agin," said the old man.

"Well, I'll see wht I can do," said the girl. So sitting on a boulder at the edge of the stream, she removed her shoes and stockings, exposing to the old guide the prettiest pair of Tribys he had seen for many a day.

She picked up a stick and waded in. As she was about to give the burro a whack, he started for shore, where he stooped to catch up one of the girl's shoes. He went up the cliff at a lively gait, munching the leather delicacy while en route. The maid screamed wildly, but to no avail. With a final scramble he reached the trail, and proceeded toward camp in a happy frame of mind.

When the girl reached camp she was a sorry-looking spectacle with her drenched clothing and hair. Her satchel had been submerged with all its contents, and there was nothing for the pretty dear to do but go to bed. A line was stretched between two pine trees, and thereon were strung a startling assortment of feminine garments, that made the squirrels chatter with amazement. The outfit was not improved by the ducking, and when the young woman donned her shrunken garments the next day she felt quite as agreeable as her father would have felt in a ten-year-old boy's suit, and she edged off in the bushes to get out of sight. She returned down the trail at dusk, and rode into Pasadena after nightfall, a sad, but wiser girl.

Miss Grace Nash of South Los Robles avenue entertained a party of friends Saturday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Muriel Anderson of El Monte. The spacious veranda was transformed into a charming drawing-room with couches, pillows and easy chairs, and quantities of La France roses, ferns and gay Japanese lanterns added a happy semi-tropical air of festivity. It was here, with nature as guide and instructor, that the young ladies participated in a floral contest, the aim being to fashion realistic flowers from paper in a given space of time. Miss Ella Green captured first prize; the consolation was awarded Miss Adaline Peaslee. The guests were Misses Anderson, Anna Machin, Carrie Machin, Elston Glenn, Ethel Whiton, Nina Clarke, Ruth Osborne Bertha and Adaline Peaslee Ethel Burt, Ella Green and Mabelle Schofield.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Cravens of South Orange Grove avenue gave an elegant little dinner Tuesday evening. The table was artistically decorated with ferns. Covers were laid for the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Russell, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Lee, Mrs. Howard Russell, Miss Edwards, Mr. Kay and Mr. Holterhoff.

Miss Bertha Ellis of East Walnut street was the recipient of a delightful surprise Monday evening, when about eighteen of her friends assembled to make joyous her birthday anniversary. The guests were entertained with games and with readings by Miss Klara Penel and Miss Patton.

Mrs. J. A. Buchanan of North Raymond avenue gave a juvenile party Monday afternoon in honor of her granddaughter's tenth birthday. The guest of honor, Miss Anna Belle Buchanan, was a charming little hostess, and the afternoon was a merry one. In the dining-room, where the supper was served, the table was dainty with masses of pansies and ferns.

Mrs. J. S. Hodge and Miss Cora Eldred of North Raymond avenue are registered at the Hotel Redondo.

Miss Bessie Gibbings will leave soon for France, where she will join Bishop and Mrs. Courtney for an extended tour of Europe.

Mrs. Julia Woodville and son, Robert, left last week for the East, where they will probably remain until December 1.

The Misses Casterline have returned from a two-weeks' stay at Sturtevant's Camp.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Billheimer of West Walnut street have moved to Lordsburg, where Mr. Billheimer is engaged in the lumber business.

J. C. Brainard left Wednesday for Catalina.

T. D. Allen and family left Wednesday for Long Beach, where they will remain for a month or more.

Mr. and Mrs. George Witherell and Miss Blanche Witherell are enjoying life at Catalina.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hugus expect to leave soon for the north.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hahn have been spending the week at Santa Barbara.

Rev. William MacCormack and family left Monday for Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Furlong have returned from a short stay at Catalina.

Stephen Cutter Clarke and son, Stephen Cutter Clarke, Jr., are at Coronado.

Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Lizzie Weingarth and Thomas H. Holmes, which will take place at 12 o'clock Wednesday, August 21, at All Saints' Episcopal Church.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hines and Mrs. J. E. Glasscock are spending a few days at Catalina.

Robert B. Kellogg, who formerly lived in Pasadena, was married in Seattle July 30, to Miss Lillian Elizabeth Ramquist. The young couple will reside in Seattle.

Miss Grace Hortense Tower is enjoying a short outing at Catalina.

Miss Marie Shibley and Miss Clara Heydenreich, chaperoned by Mrs. W. D. Turner and Miss Elizabeth Shibley of Chicago, left Thursday for Catalina, where they will remain for a week or two.

Among those who have gone recently to Sturtevant's Camp are Harry Polley, Al Gaylord, Jud Blick and wife, Miss Kate Blick and Miss Ruth Barrett.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Wallace are at Sturtevant's Camp.

Erle M. Weight returned Friday to Berkeley.

H. H. Klamroth and family left Saturday for Long Beach, where they will spend two weeks.

Benjamin Jarvis and wife have gone to Long Beach.

John B. Miller and wife left Friday for Coronado, where they will remain several weeks.

**Pomona.**

DR. E. HENDERSON and family have returned from an outing in Lytle Creek Cañon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Thomas Scott went to Catalina Saturday for a ten days' stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Tinsley were in Los Angeles several days last week.

Mmes. F. Garcelon, M. B. Robinson, Miss Eleanor Garcelon and Messrs. Harry Garcelon and F. R. Lewis arrived home Friday from a three weeks' vacation at Catalina.

Miss Alice E. Bost went to Long Beach Friday, and will spend a week there.

Edmund C. Robinson, who injured his head in a bicycle collision here, has gone to Avalon to recuperate.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Lewis are at Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wasson entertained Mrs. M. A. Metcalf of Washington, D. C., at tea Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clark are back from a short vacation at Catalina.

Miss A. Ida Whipp returned from Los Angeles Friday.

E. C. Bichowsky went to Santa Monica Saturday to spend Sunday with his family.

Charles Clark went to Avalon Saturday to join his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Bell and Miss Fanny H. Mitchell are at Catalina.

H. N. Smith and K. L. Bernard of Azusa attended a meeting of Southern California Commandery, Knights Templars, held here Thursday night.

Mrs. L. H. Frary is at Long Beach for a week.

Mrs. J. T. Greenwood has gone to Los Angeles to visit her son, W. R. Greenwood, and will later be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Patterson at Long Beach.

Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Jones, Mrs. F. E. Adams and Mrs. A. M. Farrington have gone to Guerneville, Sonoma county, called there by the serious illness of Rev. W. L. Jones.

Mrs. M. J. Ough and Miss Ough are at Catalina for a week.

A. C. Regle has arrived from Bakersfield, to visit his uncle, A. H. Witman.

Nathan Cohn and family are at Long Beach.

Raymond M. Davis is at Catalina.

Mrs. Daniel H. McEwen and family left for Oakland Wednesday. They may reside there permanently.

William H. Spalding of this city and Miss Sara McFadden of Whittier were married at the home of the bride Tuesday. Mr. Spalding is connected with the Pomona steam laundry, and he and his wife are now occupying a new house, which he has recently had built, corner of Fourth and Eleanor streets.

R. K. Pitzer, F. M. Allen and L. Fred Dreher left for the University of California Wednesday, going north by steamer.

Scott Martin, Charles Bennett and Ira Woy are at Catalina.

Miss Stella M. Ford is recuperating from a severe illness.

Mrs. A. W. Wright and her friend, Miss Heitzell, of St. Louis, left for Catalina Tuesday.

A. C. Abbott and family have returned from Avalon.

**San Pedro.**

MR. AND MRS. FRED PERRY left Wednesday for Santa Monica, where they will reside.

J. W. Barrett and C. M. Markle, State Bank Commissioners, were in the city Thursday and examined the State Bank and the Bank of San Pedro. They left on the afternoon boat for a trip to Catalina.

Mrs. J. M. Stearns of Long Beach was in town Friday. She will leave shortly for the northern part of the State.

Miss Mabel Marsh of Los Angeles is the guest of her sister, Mrs. L. Mathews of this city.

Mrs. O. Timms has sailed from Galveston, Tex., for Bremen, Germany, on a visit to her old home. She was accompanied by her children.

Mrs. John N. Mallgren is spending a fortnight in the Strawberry Valley for her health.

Mrs. N. C. Bautzer and Miss Cecil Bautzer of St. Louis, relatives of our popular young business men, Edward and Paul Bautzer, are stopping at the Colonial and will probably make San Pedro their future home.

Joseph Smith of Los Angeles was the guest of Deputy Collector George Cline Wednesday.

**Whittier.**

THE marriage of Miss Sara McFadden, daughter of Mrs. Sarah McFadden, to William Henry Spaulding of Pomona, occurred Tuesday afternoon at the home of the bride's mother on East Philadelphia street, the ceremony being performed by Rev. William Stevenson, pastor of the Methodist Church. The bridesmaid was Miss Anna Titcomb of Santa Paula, and the best man was J. B. Lorbeer of Pomona. During the procession of the bridal party into the parlor, which was prettily decorated with a wall screen of evergreen with interwoven pink carnations, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was rendered by S. A. Wilson, violin; Ray Frick, trombone, and Miss Nint Hockett at the organ. The bridesmaid was gowned in pink dimity and carried pink carnations. The bride wore white mousseline de soie and carried a large bouquet of white carnations. The little flower girl, Hazel Fawcett, wore white. Following the ceremony refreshments were served. Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding will reside at Pomona and will be at home to their friends at No. 706 East Fourth street, after August 15.

Miss Ruth Fletcher has been entertaining a sextette of young lady art student friends from Los Angeles at her home in East Whittier during the past week, and Friday evening gave an informal reception to a few intimate friends. During the evening the guests were serenaded by the Whittier Moonlight Quartette.

Lyra Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, held a regular meeting Friday evening, when the degree was conferred upon two candidates. Worthy Grand Matron Mrs. Maude E. Bows of Santa Ana and Worthy Grand Conductress Mrs. Louise Burke of Orange were present and highly complimented the work of the lodge. Following the work a banquet was served to the gentlemen members of the order, and invited guests.

A camping party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. George Hunnicutt, Jesse Hunnicutt, Mr. and Mrs. Lon Cox and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Hadley, Mrs. Hannah Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Pemberton, Geraldine Hadley, Mae Williams, Nellie Hiatt and Irvin Hixson are taking a trip in a tent wagon to Strawberry Valley, with the intention of being absent two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Little, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hazard and Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Weeks have gone to Coronado.

Mrs. Isaac Collins and daughter, Jane, returned Wednesday from Santa Monica.

Miss Zoe Barnett of Los Angeles is the guest of Miss Pearl St. Johns at Hotel Whittier.

Miss Emelita Abbott has been engaged to take the place made vacant by the resignation of Miss Elsie Tyler in the Los Nietos school.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Clayton returned Thursday from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Winsor and Miss Luella Veale, who have been residing here during the past six months, left Friday for Bradford, Pa.

City Engineer C. C. Brown returned Thursday from Redlands, and will at once join Mrs. Brown at Long Beach. Mrs. Brown is there entertaining her sister, Mrs. Henrietta Schrake, supervising principal of the public schools at Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Elbert A. Ricketts arrived the first of the week from Santa Ana, where they were married Saturday last by Rev. William Dedell, pastor of the Christian Church. The affair had been planned in secret, but knowledge of the ceremony reached this city and upon their arrival the couple were given an informal reception.

Mrs. Thomas McE. Brady and daughter, Mrs. William E. Brewer, will leave tomorrow for a month's stay at Coronado.

Mrs. S. H. Baker and daughter, May, of Red Wing, Minn., are the guests of Mrs. N. A. Mendenhall.

Dr. George C. Pitzer, former dean of the St. Louis Medical College, and Mrs. Pitzer, are guests at the home of Rev. S. G. Arnett.

Mrs. J. W. Golden has returned from a three months' visit with her mother at Sutter Creek.

Johnathan Raiffe left Saturday for a month's visit at his former home, Wilmington, O.

Misses Maude Hurst and Margarite Bradley and Allen Hurst are at Catalina.

Superintendent Alva Starbuck of the Home Oil Company and Mrs. Starbuck will leave this week for their home in Indiana. Mr. Starbuck has not been in the best of health for some time, and it is hoped that the change of climate will be beneficial.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Jordan have gone to Little Bear Valley, where they will remain three months for the benefit of Mrs. Jordan's health.

Prof. E. E. Taylor, who left Monday with the intention of taking a position in the Lompoc schools, has since changed his plans, and will locate at Merced in a similar capacity.

Mrs. Alva Starbuck entertained her Sunday-school class Tuesday evening at her home on Washington avenue.

**San Gabriel Canyon.**

V. M. GREEVER and Cornelius Smith joined the Edwards hunting party on Pine Flat Sunday evening. After several days' hunting, Mr. Edwards brought down the first deer of the season, a fine buck.

Mrs. P. C. Daniels and daughters and Mrs. C. A. Cover returned to Azusa Thursday.

Recent arrivals at the Squirrel Inn include Misses Lilian and Ludema Sayre, W. J. Hatton and Miss Josie Hatton, Mrs. N. B. Carter and Bruce Carter, E. R. Schrader and family, Miss Slocum, Herr Josef Rubo and wife of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McIntyre of Indio, J. Franklin Field of Hamilton, Ontario, and W. J. Orr of Fortuna, Ariz.

Mrs. Engelbracht and daughter returned to their Los Angeles home Thursday.

Prof. A. C. Connor, with a number of his Los Angeles music pupils and members of his orchestra, are in camp at Sycamore Flat and are adding to the pleasures of the camp by music.

Dr. Houghawout and family will break camp Saturday.

Among the guests of the week at the Follows Camp were George F. Safford, Henry W. O'Melveny and Masters Donald and Stuart O'Melveny and Dr. White and family of Los Angeles, Miss Hazard and Miss Carrie Hazard and Mrs. Dr. Van Slyke of Pasadena.

**Azusa.**

MRS. JOHN E. DALY and son, Jim, left Tuesday for their old home at Sterling, Ill.

O. C. Foster of Hemet is visiting his uncle, W. S. Bridges.

Charles D. Griffiths and family are at Long Beach, where they will spend a week, going thence to Santa Paula for a short visit before they return home.

Mrs. W. S. Bridges and daughters have returned from an extended stay at the Follows Resort in the Cañon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Bernard will leave on the 12th for an eastern trip. They will visit at Emporia, Kan., en route, will be at Louisville during the Knight Templars' Encampment and spend some time at Buffalo and other points.

Mrs. F. E. Turner is visiting friends at Newhall.

Mrs. Latham, who with her son has spent some time at the home of her sister, Mrs. H. T. Gordon, returned to her Tennessee home Thursday, accompanied by Miss Marie Gordon, who will spend a year with her.

**Fredalba.**

ONE of the most pleasant evenings of the season was given last Tuesday by Mr. and Mrs. Cogshall at their pleasant mountain home in Fredalba. A musicale was arranged for the entertainment of the guests, in which Mr. Pattie and sister of Los Angeles favored the company with classical solos and vocal duets, interspersed with several rag-time selection given by Miss Cranston, who is sojourning here from the East. Following was a beautiful rendition of the "Holy City" by Mr. Dunscomb of Chicago. Komel was served throughout the evening.

**Santa Paula.**

MR. AND MRS. W. F. CALLOWAY are visiting friends and relatives in Los Angeles. They will remain a couple of weeks.

W. P. Weber is in Los Angeles.

Miss Cambustor and Miss Soberanes have left for the northern part of the State. They are visiting friends and relatives, and will leave shortly for France.

Mr. and Mrs. Harle Walker and family are camping at the Sulphur Mountain Springs.

Miss Ione Haugh has returned from Los Angeles.

Mrs. Edwin Verden and family are camping at the Sulphur Mountain Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Theophilus are attending the convention at Long Beach.

Mrs. J. B. Beardsley and family are camping at the Springs.

C. H. McKevett made a business trip to Los Angeles Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Sherriff left here Tuesday for Los Angeles and the coast resorts, where they will remain for a couple of weeks.

Miss Della Hereford has gone to Los Angeles, where she will visit with friends and relatives for a week.

H. R. Crowell has leased the residence of Mrs. C. E. Webb, and with his family, who are now in Los Angeles, will reside there for some months.

Roy Hoge has returned from Seone.

F. E. Burnham was in town Wednesday.

Mrs. C. E. Webb is visiting friends in Seapo. She will leave soon for the East with her recently-married daughters, Mrs. Plaugher and Mrs. Dewar. The party will visit the Pan-American Exposition.

Mrs. William D. Casner and Miss Allie Casner went to Ventura Thursday.

Alex Gray has returned from a visit with relatives in Colorado and Kansas.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Pann left here Wednesday to attend the convention of Christian Churches being held there.

Mr. and Mrs. Touchton went to Ventura Monday.

W. E. Lacey and wife of Piru are spending a week at Catalina.

Miss Hunt of Los Angeles is visiting Miss Whittaker of Piru.

Miss Viola Soberanes, who has been visiting relatives in San Francisco, returned Monday.

Rev. J. Wilson and wife of Ohio have been visiting friends in Briggs recently.

Mrs. De Nure of Los Angeles is visiting friends and relatives here.

Mrs. Robert Dunn of Piru is spending a few weeks at Catalina.

Miss Hamlin has gone to Los Angeles to reside.

Miss Libby has gone to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Skinner, who have been visiting friends and relatives here for the past two months, have returned to their home in Los Angeles.

**Riverside.**

MRS. J. VANDEGRIFT and family are at Coronado Tent City.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Howe and daughter have returned from an extended eastern trip.

J. H. Cresmer and family are at Long Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Mather, Miss Mather and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mather are at Coronado.

Dr. C. W. Craven is in San Francisco.

George A. Wilbur and family are at Newport Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Brown are at Catalina for a week's stay.

Miss Mead, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Bordwell, left Wednesday for Honolulu.

S. P. Tressler is at Long Beach.

Mrs. M. R. Connelly of Indianapolis, Ind., is visiting Mrs. George Frost, Jr.

Mrs. Harriet Stone, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Theodore D. Hurd, left Tuesday for her home in Galesburg, Ill.

Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Bonner and Miss Bonner are at Long Beach.

Miss Edith Hornbeck of Los Angeles is visiting Mrs. Silas Masters.

J. A. M. Josephson and family are at Newport Beach.

Ed T. Grundstrom has gone East on a business trip.

Mrs. George Robertson is enjoying an outing at coast resorts.

Miss Harriet Gage of Long Beach is visiting Miss Marjorie Rohrer.

Mrs. A. L. Maynard is in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Somerville and Miss Somerville are at Catalina.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Moulton are in San Francisco.

Miss Vera Andrews and Miss Louise Gerard are at Long Beach.

Miss Doris Heap is at Catalina.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Urquart are at Redondo.

George Mott is at Catalina.

Miss Hessie Hurtt is at Santa Monica.

Miss Myrtle Johnston and Miss Grace Murray are back from Strawberry Valley.

**San Bernardino.**

T. J. DOFFLEMEYER has returned from Catalina.

Miss Nora Murphy is at San Diego.

Mrs. F. H. Baillie is at San Diego.

J. M. West, Sr., is at Redondo.

Mrs. Frank Rathbun is at San Diego.

Mrs. C. F. Lape is visiting friends in Los Angeles.

Mrs. W. M. Braunhall is at Catalina for a month's stay.

Mrs. Sydney Mee is visiting friends in Santa Ana.

Mrs. Arthur Morse is at Santa Monica.

Mrs. S. A. Snelling and Miss Clara Wall are at San Diego.

The Misses Belle and Annie Lefler are at San Diego.

Mrs. C. A. Hunter and son, Harold, are at Catalina.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, Jr., and Miss Nellie Brown are enjoying an outing at San Diego.

Rev. and Mrs. Isaac Jewell are at Newport Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. More are at Redondo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Smith are at Santa Monica for a week's stay.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Galeron and Miss Laura Teutschman are camping in Bear Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Curtis and son are enjoying an outing in Lytle Creek Cañon.

Mrs. S. D. Boehm and son are visiting friends in Los Angeles and vicinity.

Miss Frances Ham is at Catalina.

Mrs. Dan Dedack is at Catalina.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Fuller are at Fredalba Park for the summer.

Mrs. H. Jacobwitz and Miss Jennie Jacobwitz are at Glenn ranch.

H. H. Hall and family are at Long Beach.

Sayre Beckley is at Santa Monica.

Miss Ella Killion is at Santa Monica.

Miss Emma Morgan is at Catalina.

C. E. Walker and family are at Newport Beach.

W. H. Eadie and family are at Catalina for a month's stay.

Rev. J. C. Hall and family are at Long Beach.

Miss May Sams of Los Angeles is visiting Miss Grace Gill.

The Midsummer Outing Club gave the second of a series of dances at the Springs Monday evening. There were over a hundred guests present.

The Misses Byrne entertained a small party of friends Wednesday evening at their home on Fifth street.

Mrs. S. F. Kelley and children left Thursday for Little Bear Valley.

Walter Shay and family are at Camp Lincoln.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Logsdon and Ray Logsdon are at Oceanside.

Mrs. R. E. Norton left Thursday for San Francisco.

**Monrovia.**

THE home of Dr. and Mrs. R. D. Adams was the scene of a merry gathering last Tuesday afternoon, when their daughter, Miss Adams, entertained a number of her lady fri

# ligence.

pencil to make the author
their books correspond
eymoure carried off the
the prize. At 5 o'clock
ments were served. Those
e Mrs. Joseph Fowler, Mrs.
ers, Mrs. E. A Bowes and
Monroe, Jaycox, Carter,
Seymoure, Combs,
d Frankie Adams.
F. P. Marshall spent part of
iting relatives at Redlands.
s A. Bowes and Walter
Angeles have gone up the
the San Gabriel Cañon to
eks.
M. E. McClure and daughter
eta, of Oklahoma, visited
Hault last week.
C. W. Shook of Long Beach
he week with her sister,
Barnes.
y party of young people left
st, San Gabriel Cañon. The
ompanied by Mrs. C. E. Cha
orris and Mrs. A. C. Chase.
The party consisted of Miss
hurch, Violet Savage and
esely, and Clarence Crane
and Andrew Walker. They
two weeks.
George O. Monroe is passing
with her husband in his
Dimas.
Trips and Lewis Anderson
a hunting trip through
tern counties.
E. Neely, Arthur Neely
s at San Diego for a
Adams and daughters, Mrs.
d Frankie, leave tomorrow
each to spend a fortnight
V. E. Porter of Duarte will
Tropico.
Birdie Monroe of Los Angeles
few days at home here.
dary Franlob has gone to
a month.
ay evening Mrs. A. T. Ross
ned members of the Lo
okah lodges at her home
as given as a surprise
on her way home from
rtie Bailey was in a ra
Mexico, caused by a run
car. She received as
her arms. Several other
were injured more or less
Margaret Reese has issued
s to a party for the 11th.
Black is spending a week
Diego.
Y. W. C. U. of the Baptist Church
cial at the home of Dr. Dunn
Wednesday evening.
d Mrs. Palmer T. Reed left
go into camp Monday at
mes Kathleen Bartlett and
will accompany them.
dy Glasgow spent last
M. Thomas has gone to
visit her daughter, Mrs.
M. Baker, wife and daughter
Miss Cook are spending a
the foothills near Norco.
Pearl Teague of Pomona
Miss Hilda Jellison.
E. Rose and daughter,
Rose are spending a few
Angeles.
Will Price and wife are at
alloway of Tucson, Ariz.,
ds here last week.
J. D. REED and son Will
and Tom, Mrs. M. A.
Ethel Enyeart and Mrs.
composed a camping
Mrs. E. J. Longtin
rty consisting of Mr. and
ddarar, Mrs. S. M. Fo
th, Smith and Mrs. Dr.
at Long Beach.
and Charles Harris and
Mrs. Belle Harris, are at
month.
Walter Stanton, accom
children, arrived home
Thursday. Her husband
r in a few weeks.
dington of Ontario was
Thursday of Mrs. Austin's
Mrs. Jacob Murray
lis, Ind., were guests Sun
day of Mr. and Mrs.
Mrs. M. Davis are tak
vacation in Bear Valley.
present about ten days.
Mrs. William R. Pollard
at dinner on August 2 in
of their second wedding
The guests were Mrs.
ss Laura Gray, J. D.
rford Cochran of Downey
ter of Los Angeles.
d Mrs. Joe Smeltzer
are at Long Beach.
Armes and family are
life at Catalina.
Wheeler is the guest of
law, John Farmer, at
L. Matthews and daughter
e home from Long Beach
ughtieth were the guests
Mrs. S. P. Creasinger of
an Houser and family
. Evans are at Santa Mo
Sycamore and F. W.
l-known fruit men, have
n a stay at Hotel Mo
N. Wilson is visiting
an Diego.
ames Lawson are at
Long Beach.
olm and family are at
summer cottage at
rrie Mulendore has re
asant stay at Catalina.
Mrs. Lillie and Miss
Lodi, who have been
the guests of Mr. and
nger, returned home
ndall and wife left Tue
City, Kan.
ames Stumpf left Wed
o stay at Long Beach.
Mrs. Austin Warner of
sters, Mrs. Worley and
ave returned from a
to Anderson, who has
been staying at Long
t two months, returned
J. Pollard and daughter
companied by her son
on Wednesday to attend
Church convention at
Mrs. W. W. Stewart
M. Ball and wife, Mrs. Fo
and son Harold, Mrs. Ba
all of Bushnell, Ill., were
t week of their son and
and Mrs. W. K. Stewart.
P. Fesler and her friend
staying at Long Beach.
REDDIE SMITH of Tus
assistant stenographer
ecretary of State of Kan
he guest of Mr. and
bster during the week.
ots and J. B. Hickman
he Sierra Nevadas on a
r hunt.
arn Weed of University
r sist, Mrs. O. P. Sha
ts of Long Beach, are
Mrs. Amanda Clausen
d by Mrs. Daniel Wel
re Chandler visited Mr

## LENNOX CREAM!

Is the most popular, the most efficacious and the most soothing complexion cream made. Every bottle is guaranteed by the manufacturers. It removes

*FRECKLES, TAN, SUNBURN, MOTH PATCHES and DISCOLORATIONS,*

and prevents wrinkles, leaving the skin soft as velvet. Lennox Cream sells for

*50c a Bottle*

Is easily applied and very cooling to the skin. For removing discolorations and eruptions, a light application of the Cream each night, before retiring, is best—twice a week being quite sufficient to prevent wrinkles.

*For Sale in Los Angeles by*

*The* **Owl Drug Co.**

*320 S. Spring Street.*

## Tailor Gowns . . .

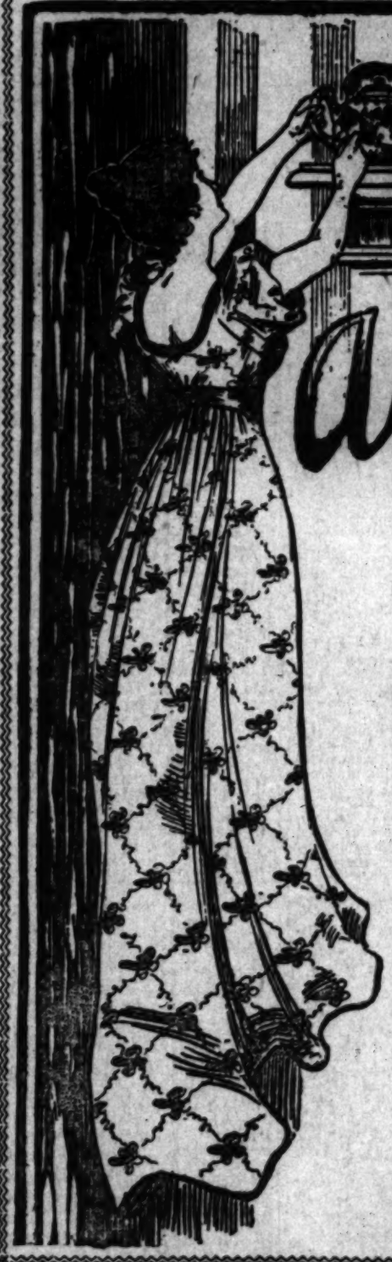
To Order—Correct Style—Special Price This Week—$20 Suits, $25; $28. Suits, $22.50.

The best dressed ladies in this city have given me duplicate orders within a short time. I furnished the fashion plates for New York's 400 for 15 yrs. Why not get the benefit of my skill and artistic tailoring? The Suit is mine and the Money is yours if you are not satisfied. Call in and see the many new designs in style for fall wear.

LADIES' PARISIAN TAILOR,

332 S. Broadway. Tel. Brown 1258.





# August China Sale

*The charm of china and low prices are to drive double at "Parmelees" the balance of the month. Special patterns, small lots, broken lines, etc., will make a sale of beautiful goods which will command the attention of every lover of the home beautiful. It's easily the greatest sale of China ever held here.*

**100 Piece Decorated Haviland Dinner Sets $30 instead of $40**
**100 Piece Decorated Haviland Dinner Sets $25 instead of $35**

Beautiful floral and gold decorations, handsome shapes and such China as only the Havilands can make.

*Big Cut on English China.*

See these if you're thinking of buying a dinner set this fall. You'll never be lucky enough to find their equals for the money.

*100-piece Sets at $10.00, Were $15.00.*

Beautiful English semi-porcelain with effective underglaze, color and gold decoration. A beauty.

*100-piece Set, 12 Persons, Only $6.75.*

Meekin's well-known white English ware in handsome raised patterns, a fine all-around china for every-day use. 52-piece sets of same goods, only $3.70.

*$10.00 English Toilet Sets, Only $7.50.*

Fine English ware with tasty under-glaze color decoration. Slop jar and all other pieces extra full, one of our best August bargains.

*Beautiful Glass Vases, Only 10c.*

A special price and a special lot, new patterns, a pretty size; clear crystal or dark green, both with gold decorations.

*Big Cut on Silverware.*

The finest plated goods of either of those famous silversmiths, Rogers or Wallace—Discontinued patterns, if you know what that means—It means loss to us.

Rogers or Wallace Teaspoons, set of 6, 95c; were $1.30.
Rogers or Wallace Dessert Spoons, set of 6, $1.70; were $2.50.
Rogers or Wallace Table Spoons, set of 6, $1.90; were $2.75.
Rogers or Wallace Table Forks, set of 6, $1.70; were $2.50.
Rogers or Wallace Table Knives, set of 6, $1.80; were $1.75.

*Fine China, Art Wares and Bric-a-Brac at One-fifth Less Than Regular.*

Everything in our magnificent art and china rooms goes at this reduction the balance of the month—Of course the pick and cream of the collection will be snapped up by quick witted buyers at once. All sorts of fancy imported china pieces, gold and mantel clocks, brass novelties, busts, terra cotta pieces, louisa and majolica pieces, together with hundreds of others; one-fifth less than regular prices. Now's the time to make selections.

Watch for next Announcement Concerning Sale.

**Parmelee-Dohrmann Co.**

232-234 South Spring Street.

Sale begins promptly at Nine o'clock Monday morning.


time with Miss Vaughn Smith at Wetherford, Tex., who was here recently as her guest. At the wedding of Miss Smith, Miss Ballou is to be maid of honor, after which the party will leave for New York, the home of the groom, William Hardt.

Messrs. Roscoe and Roy Howard, T. E. Rowan, J. W. Sefton, Jr., and others have returned from a fishing and hunting expedition to Ensenada, making the trip in the launch Albacore. At Ensenada they were the guests of J. H. Packard. The total catch of fish was 3970 pounds. In hunting they were equally successful, although the total game in pounds would not figure as high as the fish.

Misses Sefton and Barrett will leave this week for an extended visit in San Francisco.

Messrs. Williams and White entertained a party of friends on board the Ranger Tuesday evening, including Miss Alice Porter and Miss Ada Ballou.

Miss Alice Porter will leave Monday for Los Angeles, en route to her home in Cincinnati, O. She has been the guest of relatives and friends here for two months. At Los Angeles she will be joined by her mother, who will accompany her to San Francisco.

Wednesday afternoon the Misses Lena, Agnes and Caroline Polhamus gave a card party. The decorations were pink and green. Forty ladies were in attendance. The first prize was won by Miss Gertrude Gilbut and the "lone hand" by Mrs. Niles, two other prizes by Mrs. Davis and Mrs. J. M. Dodge, and the consolation by Mrs. Fred Nason.

Friday, Mrs. Fred Nason gave an afternoon tea in honor of the Misses Polhamus. A small gathering of friends were present.

Mrs. Augusta Sherman of Sherman Heights gave one of the most enjoyable parties of the week Tuesday afternoon.

Deputy County Clerk Walter M. Edwards and Mrs. Edwards are passing a vacation in Los Angeles.

Rev. William MacCormick and family of Pasadena are here for the balance of the season.

Miss Carrie Polhamus, who came home to sing in the Elks' annual opera, left Sunday for Bloomfield, N. J., where she is a soloist in one of the leading church choirs.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Frye were entertained at Hotel del Coronado Thursday evening, by W. W. Elliott, J. J. Clark and J. J. Fitzgerald of Los Angeles.

Miss Louise Gottesburen and Alvin M. Brainard were married at St. Joseph's Church, Thursday morning, Rev. Father Ubach officiating. They will be at home at the Royal after the 15th inst.

### A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

**Los Angeles Firm Secures Contract for Chandliers in New Raymond Hotel.**

A very gratifying evidence of the advance and progress of Los Angeles as a manufacturing center was demonstrated a few days ago. The Raymond Hotel Company asked for bids on chandeliers for lighting their immense hotel now nearing completion. Mr. Raymond and Gen. Wentworth being now in the East had the selection from designs of large manufacturers in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. The designs offered by the Los Angeles Gas and Electric fixture Manufacturing Company (Meyberg Bros.) secured the contract. It indeed reflects credit on this firm to obtain this contract against such competition, and is a credit to Los Angeles.

The contract provides for some 100 chandeliers, etc., and runs into thousands of dollars. It is a noteworthy fact that this firm furnished fixtures to the old Raymond Hotel, which was destroyed by fire some years ago.


**Raglan Coats, Raglan Coats.**

Have you seen them? Seen what? Why, the Raglan coats. No; where? Why, at Mosgrove's, where else? In Irish linen, gray or black brilliantine or cloth, fine goods. Exclusive at Mosgrove's, 119 S. Spring st.

**Sea-bathing, See?**

"Sea bathing suits me," she said. Then her eye caught the words, "Sea bathing suits, Mosgrove's." So she went to 119 S. Spring st. Look sass.


## TIP FROM NOAH, JR.: GET YOUR UMBRELLA.

**PROPHECY THAT THE PERIDINIUM WILL BRING FLOODS.**

**Great Rains of Ten Years Ago to Be Repeated According to This Plausible Theory — Japan Current Evidently With Us.**

"Noah, Jr.," writes The Times regarding the recent phosphorescence of the ocean along these shores, and makes an interesting explanation and prediction. His article follows:

The little peridinia that have attracted so much attention at the beaches lately, should really be very welcome visitors in this semi-arid region, provided, of course, that they could be persuaded to use a different brand of perfumery. An article in The Times a few mornings ago stated that the peridinia made the water in which they were found several degrees warmer. This statement is a curious inversion of the facts; the proper way of stating the case being to say that the peridinia are found in warm water.

A friend of mine, who has spent many years in the tropics, tells me that the phenomenon is quite common there. Another friend, who made the trip to Honolulu last year, states that he passed through a body of phosphorescent water away down in the Pacific about 1000 miles this side the islands. At that time the Japan current, which is a warm current, had moved out away from us, toward the middle of the Pacific, and in this current doubtless was the warm water that furnished a congenial home for the perdinia, hence the phosphorescence out there.

The presence now of bodies of warm water near our shore, inhabited by peridinia, indicates that the Japan current has moved back this way, and these bodies of warm water are arms of the current, reaching, in cases, clear in to the coast.

If, as the scientists say, the absence of the Japan current has been the cause of our successive dry years, of course its return means an abundance of rain. The fact is that ever since the appearance of the little phosphorescent bugs about a month ago the air has been muggy with moisture and the sky considerably clouded, and the only reason we haven't had rain is because of a lack of cold air or cold mountains, to condense the moisture. This lack will be supplied when winter comes, and all we need to worry about is how to keep the current in our neighborhood, and how to take care of the storm water when it tries to flood us out.

I well remember one night at Catalina, in the summer of 1889. In company with some friends I had been becalmed in a small sailing boat several miles out from Avalon. The water that night was gorgeously phosphorescent. If any of the boat's ropes got wet they would shine and glow when handled. The oars, with which for a time we endeavored to row the boat, splashed a cold, silvery fire. There were no breakers to flash the opalescent green light, so beautiful lately at the beaches, but the whole surface of the smooth ocean glowed with spots of different lights, changing their hue and shape as the billows rose and fell, the spots expanding, contracting, contorting, till the eyes grew weary watching them.

The peridinia there that night indicated the presence of the Japan current, and it is a matter of record that the rainy season the ensuing winter was a veritable deluge. By so much as the phosphorescent display of this summer exceeds that of the summer of 1889, by so much may we expect the floods of this winter to exceed those of 1889-90. If you haven't any rubber boots and umbrella, now is the time to get them, before the price goes up.

I am aware that we weather prophets have been held in disrepute ever since my great grandfather's time, but this prophecy of a flood this winter is a straight tip, and don't you forget it.

## OUTLOOK IMPROVING FOR SUNSET BOULEVARD.

**ACTUAL WORK WILL BE UNDER WAY TOMORROW.**

**Small Number of Property Owners Yet to Subscribe to Guarantee Success of the Great Improvement in the Cahuenga Valley.**

Success is dawning for the energetic champions of better highways in Cahuenga Valley. The long-cherished Sunset boulevard project will soon be a reality if the small minority of property-holders, not now on the subscription roll, promptly fall in line.

Actual work will be begun tomorrow morning, the roadmaster having been instructed to secure all the laborers and teams he can use advantageously. Funds are already available for a good portion of the work and the leaders in the movement are confident that those not now pledged will soon see the advantages of the boulevard and join in supporting the movement.

Prominent in the enterprise have been H. J. Whitley, Col. G. J. Griffith, E. S. Field, Dr. Alan Gardner, Goodwin & Bynon and others, besides the officials of the Los Angeles and Pacific Railway, who have aided in every way. These gentlemen now feel greatly encouraged, though anxious that every owner of property along the route should be brought to lend support.

The proposed boulevard will extend from the city limits out Sunset avenue clear to the entrance to Laurel Cañon. It will parallel for five miles and join the fine Prospect boulevard, which has served so greatly to beautify and build up Hollywood. The work on the Prospect route is not entirely completed and will be resumed tomorrow, while operations on the Sunset route will be inaugurated at Vermont avenue.

The promoters state that if the few remaining signatures could be promptly secured the highway could be graded and graveled from the mountains to Vermont avenue in ninety days. If these owners persist in refusing to sign, their frontage will have to be left without improvement. The bare possibility is that the great work would be balked by such action.

E. S. Field, president of the Board of Supervisors, has been active in the cause and Col. G. J. Griffith has donated granite from his quarries. The county furnishes a road overseer, a laborer and team, and most of the necessary tools. Thus the cost is greatly reduced.

The subscribers to the movement are owners of acreage, some of them paying the pro rata for as much as a half-mile of the improvements. The Hollywood boulevard, however, has proved that such work more than pays for itself in the increase in the value of property.

The signers along the Sunset route up to date are as follows: A. E. Winstanley, Alan Gardner, George H. Dunlop, T. W. Cove, Thomas Hudson, O. S. Adams, Mrs. A. E. Lauder, C. A. Smith, Thomas Davidson, H. J. Whitley, Charles Allen, H. D. Wilkerson, A. Z. Taft, Lee A. McConnell, C. J. Wade, Daniel Penman, C. C. Rosche, C. W. Walker, William Squires, C. H. Soules, William C. Pore, William M. Floyd, J. Uheller, G. T. Gower, G. T. Gower, Reyes Bros., L. Bagnoll, William Bessenger, Mrs. L. A. McCray, Gordon Bennett, L. W. Doorysport, M. Clausen, William Wylie, René Bionneau and wife, Martin Labary, Freida Wilcox Beveridge, William Campbell.

The signers on Prospect avenue are: Freida Wilcox Beveridge, C. V. Baxter, R. J. Northam, A. G. Bartlett, Charles P. Wagner, W. B. Glidden, Alan Gardner, Henry Clausen, Jacob Miller, A. Z. Taft, John B. Brokaw, William Rapp, O. C. Hunter, Henry Goodwin, G. A. Young, Jeptha Turner, W. V. Jackson, T. E. Gibbon, Robert T. Lee, James Kays, G. W. Bottoms, H. C. Bradley, Mrs. K. Wingfield, E. Lake, Mrs. C. M. Wood, Mrs. J. F. Grass.


# Allen's Closing Out Sale

## The Talk of the Town. Only a Short Time to Run.

Store Leased, Be Quick.

**SPECIAL**

Exquisite Flemish Dining-room Set, consisting of one Side Board, one Buffet with glass shelves, one Round Extension Table, cluster legs, six Leather Upholstered Chairs, two Leather Upholstered Arm Chairs. This set is one of the finest that ever came to Los Angeles. Closing out price

**$175**

Example of carpet values: 5-frame Lowell Body Brussels Carpet sold at $1.60, now $1.25 a yard, Sewed, lined and laid.

**W. S. ALLEN, 345-347 S. Spring St.**

HULBURT ADV. CO.

Medicated Complexion Powder

Is the purest in the world; no lime, chalk, lead or zinc; keeps the skin soft as a baby's. Sample free.

J. A. Pozzoni, St. Louis, Mo

**A Suit Case For $7.50**

That is easily worth $10.00.

Genuine cowhide, in three colors, olive, russett or chocolate; linen lined with shirt fold and collar and cuff pocket. Steel frame. Send for our new illustrated catalogue No. 1.

**D. D. Whitney & Sons**

343-345 S. Spring Street.



**CONSUMPTION CURED** SANATORIUM at PASADENA. The only Sanatorium on the Coast Devoted exclusively to the treatment of tuberculosis. Write for literature.

DR. W. HARRISON HALLARD, 423½ S. Spring St.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

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MARIAN OTIS-CHANDLER....Secretary. ALBERT McFARLAND....Treasurer.

PUBLISHERS OF

The Los Angeles Times

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SWORN CIRCULATION:—Daily, 1st average for 1899, 13,091; for 1900, 19,886; for 1901, 24,181; for 1899, 25,781; for 1900, 34,756.

TELEPHONES.—Counting Room and Subscription Department, first floor, Press 1; City Editor and local reporters' room, Press 2.

AGENTS:—Eastern Agents, Williams & Lawrence, Nos. 21-42 Tribune Building, New York; 87 Washington street, Chicago. Washington Bureau, 40 Post Building.

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## ADVERTISERS DEMAND CIRCULATION,

### AND CIRCULATION BRINGS ADVERTISING.

For the month of July, 1901, the total amount of paid advertising in THE SUNDAY TIMES exceeded any other corresponding month in the paper's history, taking four Sundays to the month as a basis of calculation.

The following figures prove the discriminating judgment of careful advertisers who make use of the columns of THE TIMES to bring their business before the public:

### THREE YEARS' COMPARATIVE EXHIBIT.

| July, 1899, 4 Sundays. | COLS. | IN. | July, 1900, 4 Sundays. | COLS. | IN. | July, 1901, 4 Sundays. | COLS. | IN. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| July 9th | 143 | 11 | July 8th | 139 | 4 | July 7th | 144 | |
| July 16th | 163 | 3 | July 15th | 136 | | July 14th | 151 | 19 |
| July 23rd | 120 | 7 | July 22nd | 142 | | July 21st | 145 | 17 |
| July 30th | 117 | 19 | July 29th | 123 | 4 | July 28th | 141 | 13 |
| | 544 | 19 | | 560 | 8 | | 583 | 7 |

These figures show a steady increase, and a clear gain of 38 columns—over 5 pages—for the month of July, 1901, over July, 1900.

## KEEP THE ISSUE CLEAR.

In order to arouse sympathy for themselves and their cause, the labor agitators assiduously attempt to impress people with the asserted fact that this strike is based upon an effort on part of the employers of labor to crush out the unions—to prevent working men from exercising their right, as free citizens, to become members of a lawful organization.

This plea is false, and will not bear investigation, and the agitators well know it. No sensible man will dispute the right of workingmen to form and join any kind of a social, religious or trade organization, formed for lawful purposes. The fight is not to decide whether men have a right to join such organizations, but for "recognition of the union." What does recognition of the union mean? It means that the employers are expected to submit to the dictation, not merely of their own individual employé, not even merely of the local union, but of some foreign association, located, perhaps, at a point a thousand miles or more away from the scene of operations, which at any time may see fit to call out these workingmen on a "sympathetic strike," or something of that sort, although they may be perfectly satisfied with their positions, and desirous of remaining at work.

That is the question at issue, not, as is falsely stated, the right of men to join unions, which right is undisputed, and cannot be successfully disputed. At the same time, let it not be forgotten that while the men have an indubitable right to belong to as many unions as they please, the employers also have the right to refuse to employ members of the Baptist church, the Independent Order of Good Fellows, or the Amalgamated Society of Street Workers—or, on the other hand, to employ only members of one or more of these organizations, just as they may see fit.

Until recently, employers of labor, as a rule, did not entertain any particular objection to members of a union, as such, all they asked was for liberty to be allowed to choose their men, whatever their union or non-union affiliations might be. Of late, however, since the labor unions have become so exceedingly arrogant and unreasonable in their demands, it is true that many employers of labor have decided to dispense with union labor altogether, and it is not at all surprising that this is so. Even when the union men are themselves fair, and reasonable, and trustworthy, they are liable, at any moment, to be called away from their employment by some irresponsible outside organization, and this, frequently, as we have seen, although they may have entered into formal contracts with their employers. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that employers of labor should be inclined to give the preference to men upon whom they can depend—who are not at the beck and call of agitators at a distance, who neither know nor care anything about the enterprise in which they and their employer are interested. We recently referred to the significant fact that in Chicago an employers' association, in the metal trade, has decided to employ non-union men at rates of wages ranging from $4.50 to $4.75 per day, when they had refused to pay $3 per day to union men. Undoubtedly, as we have said, this condition of affairs will spread until everywhere and in all lines of employment the reliable non-union man will be sought after, and will be paid higher wages in preference to the unreliable union man. In this way the entire union system will fall to pieces of itself, for the union man will then be the much-despised outsider, while the non-union worker will be on the inside—and in the majority.

For this condition of affairs the workingmen of the country have only to thank the unreasonable demagogues who have been leading them to destruction—or rather themselves, for being so foolish as to be led around by the nose by these parasites, who are destructive alike to capital and to labor.

A Minnesota actor, who had for years played a leading part in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has gone insane. He imagines that "Simon Legree" is pursuing him with bloodhounds. If the malady spreads to all the other troupes who are murdering Mrs. Stowe's masterpiece, the chances are that a national asylum for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" victims will have to be opened.

## GOMPERS'S MANIFESTO.

Mr. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, underestimates the intelligence of the American people if he supposes that they will not detect the disingenuousness of his "manifesto" pledging the "moral and financial support of the organization over which he presides to the Amalgamated Association." Public opinion is quick to detect sophistry, in whatever guise it may be presented. In the pending fight between the steel trust and the labor trust, public opinion is not to be won to either side by specious and sophistical statements of alleged facts, nor by appeals to prejudice or passion, nor by the taking in vain of the sacred name of liberty.

Public opinion, not altogether without reason, is more or less inimical to trusts or monopolies of all kinds. Its sympathies would be clearly on the side of labor in the existing contest, if it were a simple case of "labor against capital"—to use a canting phrase of the propagandists—and if it could be shown that the demands of the strikers are founded in right and justice. But this cannot be shown; and all the manifestoes that Gompers and Shaffer may issue will not serve to transform wrong into right, nor injustice into justice.

The fact should not be lost sight of for a moment that this contest is that of a trust against a trust. The object of the United States Steel Corporation is virtually to monopolize or control the various branches of industry in which it operates; to shut out competition, and to secure for its shareholders the largest amount of profits possible. The object of the Amalgamated labor trust is almost identical—on a different plane. It aims at the monopoly or control of the commodity in which it deals—which commodity is labor. The very essence of its purpose in the present controversy is to shut out the legitimate, lawful and wholesome competition of independent laborers, who do not see fit to become members of its organization—to place their inalienable rights as citizens in the keeping of labor agitators and dictators—but who prefer to exercise their legal and moral rights by dealing directly with their employers, instead of through the intermediary of the walking delegate and the noisy agitator. The aim of the labor trust is thus to stifle competition and to secure for its members the lion's share—which in this case means all—of the current market for its particular kind of commodity. The monopoly which the labor trust is striving to secure would be, if its purposes could be accomplished, a more complete and baleful monopoly than that accomplished, or sought to be accomplished, by the steel trust.

The Federation of Labor Trust has an undoubted right to go to the rescue of the Amalgamated Labor Trust, in the present emergency, just as the Standard Oil Trust, for example, would have a right to join forces with the United States Steel Corporation, or trust, were its managers so minded. If this were done in an open and business-like way, there would perhaps be no great cause for complaint, except as there is always cause for deploring and complaint when business prosperity is wantonly and needlessly menaced. But Mr. Gompers, in his pronunciamento, incorrectly declares in effect that the labor trust is fighting for the freedom of labor—to protect labor against oppression. This is a clear case of false pretense. The Amalgamated Association, instead, is waging a war for the enslavement of free and independent labor, and is striving to fix upon free and independent laborers the shackles of a despotism far more intolerant and intolerable than capital could ever impose upon them. And not only this, but it is demanded that the employers shall join in this effort to take away from free and independent citizens their inherent and inalienable rights.

Let these facts be understood just as they exist—which is not as Samuel Gompers presents them. The American people are quick to see the right, and are generous in their support of it. But the man who attempts to deceive the American people with sophistry, to make wrong appear as right, and falsehood as truth, undervalues the intelligence of those whom he seeks to deceive, and will necessarily fall of his purpose.

That is what will happen to Gompers.

## DISAPPEARANCE OF THE DESERT.

What has become of the "Great American Desert?" Only a few years ago you might see on the maps that vague and somewhat mysterious designation spread over a large portion of the southwestern section of the United States. The farmers of Kansas, who will this year make a profit of about $50,000,000 on their wheat crop live in what was once known as a portion of this same "Great American Desert." Gradually the boundaries of the mysterious land were pushed farther and farther west, until it began to look as if the Great American Desert was something like the place where the sun goes down. Finally, within the past decade, the real American desert sections of the West have about simmered down to those areas of arid country named after the Colorado and the Mojave rivers. Here, at least, it was believed, until quite recently, that we had extensive areas of land which must always remain desert and worthless, except for such mineral wealth as they might contain. Especially was this held to be true of the Colorado Desert, a glimpse of which travelers on the Sunset line of the Southern Pacific Company are afforded between Banning and Yuma. Here was one of the most remarkable and at the same time one of the most arid and desolate sections on the face of the earth, a real counterpart of the deserts that we have been accustomed to read about in our story books, with pictures of camels hiding their noses to escape the deadly blasts of hot air and sand. A portion of this Colorado Desert country, near Indio, is noteworthy as being more than 200 feet below sea level—the lowest portion of the North American continent. In years long ago it has evidently been a branch of the Gulf of California. The ancient shore lines are still plainly visible, and the surface of the ground is covered with shells that have probably come from the waters of the Colorado River when it spread over this country, as it did again, to a certain extent, a few years ago, when Salton Lake was formed.

At Indio there is a station and an eating-house of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and passengers who stop over there for a meal have frequently pitied the few persons whose duties compelled them to stay all the year round in this arid spot, where in the summer time people go into a temperature of 100 deg. to cool off. An artesian well had permitted the planting of a few fruit and shade trees, which grew with remarkable luxuriance, and might well have served as a finger post to point out the possibilities that lurked underground. Then it was discovered that the hot, dry climate of Indio was exceedingly favorable in cases of lung diseases. Several cottages were built, and a number of consumptives have passed weeks or months in that lonesome spot, some of them receiving marked benefit from their trip. About this time Palm Valley, in the foothills west of Indio, began to be talked about as a place where fruits and vegetables ripened at a remarkably early date. Quite a settlement sprang up there, and a considerable quantity of grapes and melons and other early produce was shipped away.

It was not, however, until about a year ago that an enterprising individual took up a piece of desert land a few miles from Indio and sunk a well, where, at a depth of a few hundred feet, he succeeded in obtaining an abundant flow of fine artesian water. Then a number of other land seekers went in, until now there are about sixty active wells in a section about nine by sixteen miles in extent. These wells have been sunk at an average cost of less than $400. Some of the best wells were bored and equipped in seven hours, and three or four days is the limit of time required to reach artesian water level. One of these wells has a capacity to irrigate a quarter section of land, allowing the quantity to be one inch to eight acres.

In The Times of Friday was published an interesting and striking description, by our agricultural editor, of what has already been accomplished in this valley, within the short space of a year. Under the warm sun of this valley, in a soil that is of unknown depth and fertile as that of the valley of the Nile, horticultural products of all kinds grow with astonishing rapidity and yield enormous crops. Among other products that have already been raised are cantaloupes, watermelons, corn, peanuts, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, vegetables of all kinds and sugar beets. The farmers already have a melon association, which has shipped during the past season 4000 crates of melons from sixty-four acres of vines, netting the members a little less than $10,000, or a net profit of over $130 per acre. In another case a man cleared a net profit of $2240 from less than sixty acres of land planted to miscellaneous crops.

All this, it should be remembered, has been accomplished on land most of which was taken up within the past year under the desert land act, which gives any citizen 640 acres of land at $1.25 per acre, of which only 25 cents an acre is paid down, the balance on long time, with the provision that water shall be brought upon the land within a certain period. Of course, there is not much government land still "lying around loose" in the heart of this remarkable region, but who shall say that the limit of the artesian belt has been reached? There are, doubtless, sections on the Colorado and Mojava deserts where the Indio experience will be duplicated. A few weeks ago it was announced that drillers who were boring for oil near Victor, on the Mojave Desert, had encountered a big flow of artesian water. Then, at the other end of the Colorado Desert, there is the big enterprise of the Imperial Land Company, which is irrigating a vast section of arid lands by means of a canal big enough to float a steamboat. Working from Indio on the west to Yuma on the east and from Victor on the north, there is room for the development of a territory ten times as extensive as Riverside, Santa Ana, Pomona and Ontario combined. Undoubtedly, within ten years, we shall see springing up here many duplicates of those flourishing Southern California settlements. Then the last vestige of the "Great American Desert" will have disappeared, and in its place there will be seen orchards and vineyards and gardens that "blossom as the rose"—also as the watermelon, and the tomato, and the sugar beet, and the Jerusalem artichoke, and every other vegetable product that fills a man's stomach and enlarges his bank account.

Readers who wish the very interesting details of this new desert venture in agriculture and fruit growing will find them in last Friday's issue of The Times, covering several columns.

Not content with characterizing church hymns as doggerel, Prof. Oscar L. Triggs of Chicago University now says that the poetry of Longfellow and Oliver Wendell Holmes is "trivial" and unworthy of consideration. Undoubtedly this know-it-all college man has tried emulating them in that direction and received his "poetry" back from the able editor. Sour grapes, professor!

The Long Beach horror of yesterday, wherein three young girls lost their lives by being caught in the undertow and carried out to sea, should serve as a warning to parents not to allow their children to venture into the ocean, unless they can swim—or at least not without proper escorts.

Several soldiers belonging to the Fourth New Jersey Regiment tossed a girl in a blanket at the Sea Girt encampment. Instead of getting angry when released, the girl gave a twitch at her back hair and calmly asked: "Is my hat on straight?"

A Shamokin, Pa., boy carried a chunk of ice home, pressing it so close to his body that it partly froze him. It is hardly polite for Shamokin to flaunt such an enviable report in the faces of less fortunate people—at this season of the year.

"Can a man go without drinking three days and live?" asks an eastern exchange. In California a man who can go without a drink three hours and live is looked upon as a sort of martyr.

The "Winter of the Selby Smelter Company's discontent" has confessed to the robbery. Now he will have a chance to play a game of "freeze-out."

The prosecuting attorney of Washington recommends that the police regulations be amended to suppress the talking of all parrots in that city.

How does England intend to banish the Boers from South Africa? King Canute said to the ocean, "Back, thou foaming brine!" but she didn't back.

The Constitution won yesterday in her contest with the Columbia. As they say in the merry little game of checkers, "Columbia, it's new your move."

King Edward is said to be an expert shoemaker, being obliged by his parents to learn some trade. However, he hasn't got his sign out just now.

The oldest photographer in the world has just died in New Hampshire, leaving behind him millions of kodak fiends to continue the work he begun.

England has now found a plum in that protocol pie which she is trying to finger out. Is the next grumbler eyeing the deal askance?

Down in Baltimore they are so strict on the expectorating ordinance that they are arresting all the Spitz dogs found on the street.

The luster of the "Gem of the Ocean" was slightly dimmed yesterday in the race with the Constitution.

The house of Nation is about to be divided. David doesn't propose to "Carrie it" any longer.

Senator Clark still keeps his "face toward Jerusalem" and his surveyors on the jump.

### A SONG OF BETTER TIMES.

There's a better time a-coming,
Don't you hear the music thrumming?
Hear the laughter and the singing on the way?
When the gloomy night of sadness
Shall be rolled away in gladness,
'Mid the flashings and the splendors of the day.

Oh, we'll all forget our sorrow,
In the coming sweet tomorrow,
In the happy time that waits for you and me;
When the languid eye shall brighten,
And the cares of life shall lighten,
And our ship, at last, comes sailing in from sea.

Set the bells of joy to ringing,
Sweetest notes of gladness bringing,
Sound aloud the glad revelle of dawn.
Let the sad and weary hasten
Then to swell the dispason
When the anxious days of waiting all are gone.

Never mind the clouds that darken;
Only to the music harken,
To the melody of coming better days;
Only see the silver lining—
Behind the cloud the sun is shining,
Join lark and linnet in their notes of praise.

Though your work is rush and hurry,
Join the club of "Don't you Worry,"
Deem yourself the happiest mortal in the land.
Shed about you while you labor,
Hope and courage to your neighbor,
Grasp your halting, fainting brother by the hand.

In the strife 'twixt truth and error,
Be not filled with doubt and terror;
Upward, forward, is the victor's battle cry;
For the Right shall live forever,
And the Wrong shall triumph—never,
In the coming sweet and happy bye and bye.

J. C. O.

### IN THE DUSK.

This perfumed air has magic art,
You feel the cool breeze blow;
Straightway the windows of your heart
Are opened wide, old fancies start,
And visions come and go.

The odors borne upon the wind
Bring pain and grief to me;
The vanished past returns to mind
Persons and scenes I left behind,
And never more shall see.

The honeysuckles' fragrant flowers
Recall departed days,
While memory exerts her powers,
Raises the ghosts of happier hours,
And dear familiar ways.

'Tis strange that thoughts which lie so deep
Are secrets nature shares;
Despite the constant watch we keep,
We now are cheered, again we weep,
When stirred by wandering airs.

G. DARLOW.

No. 322 Boston street.

## THE TRUMPET'S TRUE POLICY

### *Sister Ann Inspires Mr. Hardupson.*

### *The President Sits on Mr. Scottison.*

### *Method Adopted for Carrying on the Boycott Against The Times.*

There was a full attendance of the directors of the Los Angeles Trumpet Company at the meeting held the other night at the headquarters of the Cousin Ben Oil Company on Enyoid street; the president, Mr. Wairus El Hardupson, in the chair. Secretary Hadason asked for an appropriation to buy a new book for keeping the records; but President Hardupson, who was in no genial mood, promptly vetoed his request, telling him to use the stock book of the Cousin Ben Oil Company, as it was good for nothing else at present.

President Hardupson looked around with some signs of irritation and inquired why Mr. Handison, the business manager of the Trumpet, was not present. Mr. Hardupson the Younger explained that Mr. Handison was still out in the surrounding towns, trying to get together a pile of unsold copies of The Times big enough to make a picture of. "Mr. Handison was disappointed in the size of the pile he had heaped up at the Arcade Depot, and is hunting for a few more papers," said Mr. Hardupson the Younger.

"I want to say to him," said President Hardupson, "that he must have the unsold copies of the Trumpet carted off in the night, according to the garbage rules of the health office, or we will be exposed again."

The secretary stated that the principal object of the meeting was to devise ways and means for continuing the "boycott movement" against The Times, now that Mr. Gregory had left the Trumpet and the city.

Mr. Herringson suggested that another editorial writer of the Trumpet be assigned to carry on the boycott. "No, no; that won't do," said President Hardupson; "if the merchants see that we are at the bottom of this boycott, it won't work. They will attribute it to business rivalry, instead of the lofty sentiments that actuate us. We must not show our hand."

"Suppose we get the Typographical Union to do the work, and we pay the bills?" suggested Mr. Gotason.

President Hardupson at once fired up. "That is an insult, sir!"

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Gotason, in a mollifying tone. "I did not intend to be personal."

"Then make no reference to paying bills," said President Hardupson. "I don't want anybody to mention that matter. I have had too much said to me on that subject lately. It is a piece of impertinence to say anything about paying bills to a man who has a great newspaper and a gold mine in Peru."

"The fact is," said one of the directors, sotto voce, "I've found out that the best way to do my mean thing is to do it anonymously."

"Yes, Gregory's editorials in the Herald ought to have been written anonymously," said President Hardupson. "That is where we made a mistake."

"I move that we move against The Times anonymously," said Mr. Gotason.

"And that the movement be in the form of an unsigned circular, addressed to all advertisers," added Mr. Hadason.

"I feel kind of sneaking to be in this anonymous business," said Mr. Herringson, "but I suppose The Times would look up our records if we got out in the open."

And so the motion to make "the movement against The Times" anonymous was carried unanimously, and duly entered on the stock book of the Cousin Ben Oil Company.

City Editor Scottison then took the floor to set forth his original and novel theory of newspaper-making, to which he asked to call attention—his "New and Improved Double-Back-Action Method of Downing The Times," as he called it.

"My scheme is to refrain from printing all news about the smallpox, strikes and disagreeable things" he said, "and let The Times print such things. Of course The Times will do it if I let them. The other papers in town do what I let them. If there is any smallpox in town the Trumpet should not mention that, but should howl about microbes in the milk; if there is a strike or Jim Gray calls out a crew of carpenters, the Trumpet should pass it by and make a spread on the sewers. Let The Times print the news and the Trumpet keep it out. Let The Times do the publishing and the Trumpet, the suppressing. Then people will get down on The Times and everybody will take the Trumpet."

President Hardupson scratched his head.

"Don't the people want to read about what is going on?" he asked.

"We must make 'em think there's nothing going on but the milk microbes and the sewers," said Scottison. "That is modern, up-to-date, patent double back-action journalism. The Times hasn't caught on to it. The idea is not to print the news that people are interested in, but to make your readers think they are interested in something they don't really care a hang about; and above all, to make no enemies. Let's go for the milk microbes and the sewers. You can't make enemies of 'em. They are harmless. Prof. Koch says so. He has just discovered it. I discovered it long ago. Prof. Koch sustains me to the letter. We are all right, me and Koch."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed President Hardupson, wonderingly.

Other members of the editorial staff, who had attended the meeting began to grow uneasy. Was this new luminary in the ascendant in the Trumpet sanctum? Had greatness really been thrust upon him?

Just then a man in oily overalls came to the door and announced that there were new developments in Sister Ann No. 2, which had commenced discharging large quantities of oil and water mixed, about half and half.

"Gentlemen!" cried President Hardupson. "Eurekum! An inspiration! A clew to the whole situation."

"What is it?" cried all the directors in a breath.

"Why! this message from Sister Ann. I believe in signs. I once dreamed that I was going to be United States Senator, and the next month I became a great journalist. Sister Ann No. 2 has shown us the policy to pursue. Let the Trumpet gush half oil and half water, when it comes to troublesome questions. We must give encouragement to the strikers in one paragraph and smooth things over for the business men and law-abiding element in another. A little water for the boycotters, to enable them to get up steam, and then some oil for the merchants, to keep them from getting irritated. Mix it half and half, not too much water and not too much oil, and then you will grease everybody. I like Sister Ann's deliverance better than Editor Scottison's. We will adopt Sister Ann's policy. The Trumpet is going to be half oil and half water henceforth, and is going to please both sides on every issue that comes up.

"And, gentlemen, bear in mind that I'm going to do the editing myself. I have heard said that an editor edits; a publisher publishes; a journalist journals. I am going to be one or bust. I hereby discharge Gregory from the staff. Other shake-ups are to follow. [Sensation.] I am going to learn how to play golf, all same Mr. Chappison, here, and how to place advertisements in the New York papers. I'm going to take charge of the advertising and boom the circulation—"

"Wouldn't it be a good idea to offer some prizes?" suggested Mr. Hardupson the Younger.

"'Sh!" ejaculated Mr. Hardupson the Elder. "Don't speak to me of prizes. It doesn't pay to offer prizes when you have to hire people to take the prizes and then hire 'em to give 'em back."

"Has the man you paid to take the $500 check given it back yet?" asked Secretary Hadason.

"No. The fellow won't give the check back. It's a joke on us, but he says he'll keep mum about it if we will."

"I move we don't say a word!" said Mr. Herringson, and the motion was carried.

President Hardupson then went on with his remarks. "In short," he said, "I am going to do things myself and put a stop to having things done to me. I'm going to show you how to down The Times. I've given the rest of you a chance to down the cussed thing, but you haven't done it. Now it's my turn. The oil-stock business is down all right. I've downed that, and I have some leisure to give to The Times now. All I ask is to be backed up."

"I move that we stand by all he does," said Mr. Hardupson the Younger.

"And indorse all he writes," added Mr. Gotason, enthusiastically.

President Hardupson's vehemence evidently was carrying all before it.

"Hold on! hold on!" cried Mr. Herringson. "Indorse all he writes, except promissory notes!"

With this amendment, the motion was carried. Changes may be noted in the management of the Trumpet ere long, as Editor Hardupson is expected to edit things all along the line and up and down the center, when he begins to "journal" as a great journalist should.

## STATE SNAPSHOTS.

Redondo people have lost a burglar.

Santa Barbara is to have a weather observtion tower. Pryers for rain will then be in order.

Redlands' ministers are putting chips on their shoulders and daring each other to knock them off.

Girls who have had their noses nipped off by horses are daily increasing from Redlands and vicinity.

Billy Hoofer is a new addition to the 'Frisco baseball nine. He ought to make a daisy at running the bases.

Santa Ana hankers after a glimpse of the couchee-couchee dancer—at least they are agitating a street fair.

The small boys of Santa Cruz are hoping school will open at once. The shingle mill burned down a couple of days ago.

A Pasadena hack driver was arrested for placing the inner wheels of his vehicle more than two feet from the curb.

Pacific Grove druggists are selling large quantities of "hair brushes" on an official source that the the latter for the first year new tariff will be not less th 000. For the next year it that the revenues will be With the judicious amounts there will soon of this administration to in its power to improve financial conditions of themselves. The methods have been employed with success in portions Porto Rico are already larger towns, and are wonders in the sanitary

Judge: You say the defendant whistled to the dog followed?

Intelligent Witness: [Tit-Bits.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

**More Than Worth It.**

During the last ten years irrigation ditches have been Arizona at a cost of $ Territory would not part tem for ten times the Louis Globe-Democrat.

**New Easter Expense.**

Horses are wearing bonnets ington now. If the equine vain in this particular ment as the fair women, precious few men who wife and a nag.—[Dayton

**More Promising Pupils.**

The New York authorities ing the orang-outangs of be mannerly. That seems invidious discrimination police. Perhaps they on their most prominent [Kansas City Star.

**Condolences in Order.**

Richard Croker will land in September, reaching in time for the fall campaign if we had not similar troubles of our own nearer home we Gotham a message of sympathy.—Chicago Post.

**Same Old Story.**

It is the old eastern story. The world looks the other moment, at the South Africa the American invasion of markets, and, pouf! Russia tured another mouse to swallows an digests it before the other powers can interfere. time it is Niu Chwang, part of Manchuria and one of the ports ered by the Chinese treaty.—Eagle.

**A Timely Suggestion.**

The custom of naming ships in aid of champagne has the merit of long usage, but lacks originality is deficient in fitness. It is time that when a warship is launched a mint-julep be broken her bows, and that when it leaves the ways there shall be on her stem a bowl of whisky. The Wisconsin ought to be named with the fluid that Milwaukee famous.—[Washington Star.

**Fruits of American Rule.**

Havana Harbor has been the accumulated filth of ages its waters made so pure that now be caught from the dock. thing unprecedented for Porto Rico is feeling the stable government administered people, instead of for their rulers, and it joins with in acclaiming the good results of American government. They have tried my best to give it up, and I had all I could do to get ashore."

There were comparatively few deaths in the immediate vicinity of the fire, but when Smith and his men had made the beach and were in an exhausted condition, some of them and ran to Mrs. Jr., of North Ontario, was on the sands not far away. As one of the young men and inquired what was the trouble, "There are three girls in the water," he gasped, faintly.

**ONE BODY RECOVERED.**

The alarm was spread rapidly within a few minutes the vicinity of willing workers. Some time afterward the body of Miss Wallace was seen washing about two hundred feet eastward from the point where the three young women had disappeared in the water. The body was carried up on the beach and many attempts were made before life was put forth. Dr. W. Wood arrived and under the direction efforts at resuscitation were kept up for two hours, without any sign of life.

All about, except on the west, the beach was crowded. For a time stood an awed gathering of pleasure seekers, beach residents and people attracted by the story to tell. It is the story of how gradually they closed in, each one where a half-dozen workers were striving vainly to produce evidence of the lungs or a flutter of the heart. Officers asked the people to move back so that the women might more air and they obeyed.

**STRANGE BEACH SCENE.**

Far up and down the long stretch of sand might be seen the two and those of the summer cottages slowly viewing the breakers, which, with each succeeding wave, would disclose a trace of one of the victims which had found death in the ocean's sandy bed.

When the hope of bringing back to life the young woman whose body had been found had been given up, there was tenderly carried to the home of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wallace. Mrs. Wallace, a pretty brunette, was borne up under the arms by her husband, remained for several minutes with the body of her niece, while members were striving to restore consciousness of her daughters. The body of Miss Cora Wallace was then taken in charge by undertakers.

This afternoon the shore near the location of the drowning was searched for the bodies of the victims. The set of the current was in a southerly direction, and it was thought that the bodies would be found somewhere along the pleasure pier. A number of row boats launches and skiffs will be employed in the search, which will be conducted with grappling tackle.

ALL LOS ANGELES PEOPLE

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wallace, parents of the two sisters, were residents of the Tent City. Their Los Angeles home is on Madison avenue, near the corner of Temple street. Mr. Wallace, who lives at 1 Bonnie Brae street, in Los Angeles with Fred Wilkinson, one of the victims, who was with the unfortunate women when they went down. Even in Los Angeles at No. 47 Bonnie Brae street, Harry Smith, his brother-in-law, lives at No. 410 North Boyle avenue, in this city. Both of these men could swim a little, but Wallace, one of the ill-fated party, made some progress in the water.

**PECULIARITIES OF BEACH.**

Running to eastward and westward from the place where the waves overwhelmed the three young women the beach describes a slight curve. A number of those who have bathed there in that neighborhood say that the undertow or outward current is considerably stronger there than it is further to eastward, but that point is not noted. At that place as well as along the shore for miles either side of the slope of the hard, sandy beach is quite steep. It descends into the depths of the ocean so that bathers may go out to a distance from land before getting beyond their depth. This condition does not offer an advantage in the way of safety, but does present an obstacle hindering aid to those who may be in trouble out beyond their depth. It is an advantage in that there is no sudden transition from shallow water to deep water, as the bottom is concerned, although the deeper water behind a big breaker may be over the head of one who is standing, or shoulder deep in front of the gradual slope produces an obstacle against efforts to aid the drowning, because, in order to get to the victim from shore, the rescuer must traverse a wide space of the above character, which at best is a slow process, owing to the resistance of the water.

**THE TIDE RIPS.**

At most infrequent intervals there are tide rips running. Those who

Piano Prices

We sell the makes of Pia that money buy.

We sell on payments or for cash.

We offer for only such Pian have stood the exacting tests.

Our prices a low that you be sorry if you not investi what we hav offer. No m how much SEEM to offe still have con that we can you a better gain.

Southern Calif Music Co

116-118 WEST THIRD BRADBURY BLOCK.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

**Than Worth It.**

ing the last ten years $46 mi
tion ditches have been
es at a cost of $1,250,00
ory would not part with
ur ten times the
Globe-Democrat.

**Easter Expense.**

men are wearing bonnets in
s now. If the equine
in this particular line of
as the fair women, then it
ss few men who can
and a nag.—[Dayton News.

**Promising Pupils.**

New York authorities are
o crang-outangs of their
mmerly. That seems
om discrimination
Perhaps they began
eir most promising
as City Star.

**Game in Order.**

ard Croker will sail from
n September, reaching
e for the fall campaign.
had not similar trouble
never home we shou
n a message of sympathy
Post.

**Old Story.**

the old eastern story ov
erald looks the other
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American invasion of
s, and, pouf! Russia
another mouse in Ch
es an ukase it before
ur powers can interfe
s to Wu Chwang, prin
okuris and one of the
y the Chinese treaty.—

**Only Suggestion.**

-custom of naming ships
champagne has the
ange, but lacks origin
-tone in fitness. It is
ften a warship Virginia
ed a mint-julep be
ve, and that when a
the ways there shall
steam a bowl of terrapin
Punch ought to have
with the gold that was
famous.—[Washington

**Of American Rule.**

on Harbor has been
mulated filth of cent
ers made so pure that
caught from the wh
impoverished for
ulse to resisting the
rnment administered
instead of for the
ders, and it joins with
losing the good results o
vernment. These are
of American control o
and they give promise
things to come.—[Phila

**College Sports.**

timation of 21,000 college
United States shows that
the spine affects one
of noteworthy students
those who are athletic
ustrates the proportion
ctory. More than 5 per
ts for examination for
college were found affe
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diction to the stooping
tifying. Growth of
disease requires
is not to develop a
rowed and unhealthful
Chicago Chronicle.

**The Pudding.**

the anti-expansionists
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to the middle-west
ural source that the
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the next year it is
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are employed with such
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Inquirer.

You say the defendant
ttled to the dog. Wi
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# SEA SWEEPS OVER THREE.

## Los Angeles Girls in Watery Grave.

## Lost in the Waves at Long Beach.

### Fearful Struggle and Triple Drowning—Two Bodies are Recovered.

LONG BEACH, Aug. 10.—[From The Times Correspondent.] A curling breaker, smothering a pitiful cry for help which might have brought many to the rescue, this morning snuffed out three young lives and threw the whole town into mourning. The dead are Miss Imogene Wallace, aged 17, and Miss Imogene Wallace, aged 15, daughters of Fred Wallace, a painter of Los Angeles, and their cousin, Miss Cora Wallace, aged 16, and a daughter of James Wallace, also of Los Angeles.

The girls were in the waves in front of Ocean Park City and nearly a mile south of the pleasure pier. The three young women, with Fred Wilkinson and Harry Smith of Los Angeles, were bathing in the surf, and from waist high had made their way out to a point where the higher water of an incoming wave swept them off their feet and all three struggling in the strong grasp of the billows.

TORE THEM APART.

As described by Smith, all five of the bathers were together. "When the breaker came," he said, "there was a wall of water which carried me away from the others and out southeastward. The others were carried southward. Wilkinson was holding one girl by a hand and the other girls were locked with hands and feet. As I was swept away I saw Wilkinson struggling to hold the girls and they were making a terrible effort to regain their footing. As the breaker carried me eastward I strove to swim to the westward to go to their assistance. I tried my best, but had to give up, and I had all I could do to save myself."

There were comparatively few persons in the immediate vicinity at the time, but when Smith and Wilkinson had made the beach and were lying in an exhausted condition, some one noticed them and ran to Mrs. J. M. Fisher, Jr., of North Ontario, who was in a cottage not far away. She ran to the edge of the water and urgently asked what was the trouble.

"There are three girls in there," he said faintly.

ONE BODY RECOVERED.

The alarm was spread rapidly and within a few minutes there were scores of willing workers. A short time after the body of Miss Cora Wallace came washing ashore about a hundred feet eastward from where the three young women had disappeared in the sea.

It was carried up on to the beach and many attempts to resuscitate were made for two hours, but with no sign of life.

The tide went out, except on the windward side, and there stood an awed gathering of pleasure seekers, beach residents and others attracted by mere curiosity, for by the time they closed about the scene a half-dozen workers were assiduously at work to produce a natural action of the lungs or a flutter of the heart. Officers asked the people to keep back so that the woman might have fresh air and they obeyed silently.

STRANGE BEACH SCENE.

Up and down the long stretch of sand might be seen the townspeople and those of the summer colony idly viewing the breakers, hoping with each succeeding wave that it would disclose a trace of one of the girls which had found death on the treacherous sandy bed.

With the hope of bringing back to life the young woman whose body had been first found and given up, the lifeless form was tenderly carried to the tent of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wallace, who had come up under the dreadful strain. They remained for several hours with the body of her niece, while others were striving to recover the bodies of her daughters. Later in the day the body of Miss Cora Wallace was taken in charge by an undertaker.

All afternoon the shore eastward from the location of the drowning was searched for the bodies of the two girls. The set of the current was in that direction, and it was thought they might have come ashore somewhere toward the pleasure pier. A number of boats, launches and skiffs went over the ground with grappling tackle.

ALL LOS ANGELES PEOPLE.

Fred and Mrs. Sam Wallace, the parents of the two sisters, were staying at Ocean City. Their Los Angeles home is at No. 470 Madison avenue, near the corner of Temple street. The father of Miss Cora Wallace is James Wallace, who lives at No. 824 Fickett street, in Los Angeles.

Miss Cora was one of the young women with the unfortunate party when they went down. They were guests at No. 470 Central avenue, Mrs. Harry Smith, his companion, at No. 410 North Beaudry avenue, in that city. Both of the girls could swim a little. Miss Cora, one of the ill-fated trio, was making progress in the art of swimming.

CURIOSITIES OF BEACH.

Eastward and westward from where the waves swallowed the young women the beach has a slight curve. A number of people have bathed in the vicinity and the neighborhood say that the current is stronger eastward current is free- there than it is far- but that point is dis- place as well as all the shore for miles either way from the hard, sandy bottom into the depths is very and bathers may go out a long distance from land before getting beyond their depth. This condition is at an advantage in the way of safety to any one in trouble out beyond their depth. It is an advantage because there is no sudden transition from shallow water to deep water, as far as the bather is concerned, although the undertow behind a big breaker may carry over the head of one who is only waist or shoulder deep in front of it. The gradual slope produces an obstacle which deflects to aid the drowning person, in order to get to the deeper water from where the rescuer must swim a wide space of the shallower water, which at best is a slow operation, owing to the resistance of the water.

THE TIDE RIPS.

At regular and subsequent intervals there are tide ripples running. These phenomena appear to be produced by a slight damming up on the beach of waters forced in by the breakers. The dammed-up water in seeking its level does not run seaward in a wide, slow stream, as one would naturally think it would do, but goes out like a narrow rivulet, moving with considerable force. In a few instances bathers unfamiliar with the movements of the rips have been carried out with the stream and into deep water before they realized their danger. A swimmer attempting to make shore should work his way across the rip and into the comparatively quiet water beside it rather than try to swim against the force of the current, for if he does the latter he may be exhausted without making progress.

Whether there was a tide rip running when the accident occurred this morning is a debatable question. An hour later there was in that vicinity what had the appearance of a small rip running nearly straight to sea, but it was then nothing more than a slight one, for the turbulent condition of the water marking it extended only about to the line of the outer breakers.

SAFETY OF BATHERS.

Today's drowning accident is said to have been the first in which any bather had come to death in the Long Beach surf since the drowning of Grafton Abernathy, a consumptive who remained in the surf much longer than his physical condition warranted, and went down one day in the summer of 1896. There have been two or more persons drowned here since that time, but neither was a bather, and neither was attired in garments suitable for swimming. The showing is considered as very favorable to the safety of bathers here when the large number of thousands of them who have taken a dip in the sea is reckoned.

SECOND BODY FOUND.

This evening the remains of Miss Imogene Wallace was brought to the surface with the aid of a dragnet, and brought ashore.

It is expected that the Coroner will hold an inquest Sunday morning, and there is hope that by that time the body of Miss Elsie Wallace may also be recovered.

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## HUNDRED AND THIRTY BIG LEATHER SACKS

### DUMPED INTO LOS ANGELES POST-OFFICE IN A HEAP.

**Many Carloads of Delayed Mail Arrived Here Yesterday—Four Tons of Newspapers at Once for One Little Item.**

There are a great many ways in which the "tourist business" affects a city, and one of the striking peculiarities this trade gives to Los Angeles is found in the postoffice.

It is wonderful how the traveling people of the United States keep in touch with their home base. This desire not to miss any homely news brings an enormous amount of newspaper matter into our local postoffice. When the easterner takes a trip "out West," he leaves orders for his daily paper to follow him over the face of the land. He must keep tab on all the marriages, deaths, market reports and scandals of his home circle. So the trains that come toiling across the continent day by day bring a mail car stacked full of stale eastern news consigned to Los Angeles.

Yesterday four tons of newspapers, that had accumulated in New Mexico on account of the washouts, were dumped into the local mail room. An army of impatient tourists had been clamoring for them for two days and more.

When asked where all the empty sacks were, the superintendent of mails said: "We never allow any to lie on our hands; all that are not needed are shipped immediately to San Francisco, where they are always in demand. But we can usually use as many as come in, for the strangers send back from this end about as many papers and packages as they receive from home. When you see how disappointed people are, if they miss one day's mail from perhaps 3000 miles away, you wonder how the world got along when there weren't any postoffices at all!"

Friday 40,000 letters arrived at Spring and Eighth streets from the East. An even larger army of still more impatient strangers had been besieging the delivery window for these personal messages from far corners. No modern traveler is willing to start out upon a long journey unless he can talk back and forth with the starting point, even though he intends to put half the world behind him. And as every voyager of nowadays lands eventually in Los Angeles, the local postoffice is one of the mail centers of the continent.

When the big caged wagons back up to the curb and deposit their loads of written thoughts, a band of postal clerks seize upon the material and "digest" it in an incredibly short time. Late yesterday forenoon a pile of 120 great leathern bags, bulging with mail, filled the receiving bins in the rear of the postoffice; when noon had passed only a few scattered pouches of the less important matter were left to remind of what had been. The great mass of unsorted mail is constantly being unloaded in the rear, while from the front as constantly pours a stream of people, all intently reading individual bits of news from thousands of miles away.

If you want an idea of the number of strangers Los Angeles entertains, go to the postoffice.

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**Deluded Truth.**

[Philadelphia Press:] Halloran had worked his way up from the ranks. The immigrant without a penny to his name had become at last a local politician of far-reaching pull, had been advanced to the councils, had dabbled successfully in Wall street, had died of apoplexy and had left a generous fortune to various charities. Wherefore his fellow-citizens erected to his memory a fountain, which, being in the classical style, was decorated with many figures dressed for their perpetual bath minus the bathing suits.

"An' very fitting it is, too," was the remark of one of the city fathers, who, like Halloran, had come from the Emerald Island. "Don't yez see that ut riprisints th' toime when brave Tim had nary a shirt to his back."

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LEVI STRAUSS & CO'S
SPRING BOTTOM PANTS

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

*"There is nothing like being ready when opportunity knocks."*

We are ready with Harrington Hats—new Fall blocks—in the latest metropolitan fashions at $4.00. You also have the opportunity tomorrow of being the first to look over the early Fall blocks in Schobel's pearls, the swellest soft hats in town. New styles in Boys' Derby and soft hats are among the recent arrivals.

London Clothing Co
HARRIS & FRANK, Props.
117-123 N. Spring St.

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GARDENING FOR BEGINNERS: by E. T. Cook..... $4.00
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THE INHABITANTS OF THE PHILIPPINES; by Frederick H. Sawyer..... $4.00

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246 S. Broadway, Near Public Library.
Largest, most varied and most complete stock of books west of Chicago.

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To the easy-going person who can see "pretty well," when he puts on a pair of our perfectly fitted glasses. This optical business of ours is perfectly equipped—the latest instruments and the best optician on the Coast. We can help any and all defects of the eyes—we can help yours.

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Gold filled eyeglass frames, warranted ten years..... $1.50
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CORONADO TENT CITY

$4.00 Round Trip Every Day.

It costs less to occupy a tent at Coronado's Tent City than to stay at home. You can rent them furnished or unfurnished. You can keep house if you like. Grocery store on the grounds. Tents with electric lights and Coronado water. Music at the Pavilion and a hop in the evenings. Dancing, bathing, fishing, boating—every day a pleasure. Only $4.00 round trip, good till September 30.

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Give us your order now and save from $5.00 to $7.00.

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Monday morning we begin a wonderful sale of our finest

french challies

and barege in satin stripes, bars and checks will be on sale at 75c the yard.

there is also a good assortment of colorings and patterns in sprig and floral designs.

our regular price on these goods has been $1.25 the yard. hundreds of patterns have been sold at this price, but beginning monday, the 12th, they all go on sale

at 75c the yard.

there is an extraordinary display of embroideries in our south show window. they go on special sale tuesday morning (13th) full particulars will be given in our announcement in the monday evening and tuesday morning papers.

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"La Crescenta" Olive Oil.

It isn't imported—but it's PURE olive oil and very fine. Why, do you know that 50,000 barrels of cotton seed oil is shipped every year from New Orleans to the olive producing points on the Mediterranean Sea. Part of this oil comes back to Los Angeles labeled as first class Italian Olive Oil. Now which would you rather have—the cotton seed oil sent by way of Italy—with a foreign label and a home taste—or the pure, sweet, fine flavored La Crescenta Olive Oil.

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208-210 S. Spring St.—Wilcox Building.

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The Best Summer Stove Made. See our large assortment.

J. W. HELLMAN, 157-161 N. Spring Street.

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Telephone Main 259. DRY GOODS Spring and Third Sts.

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Late Fall modes in Walking and Golf Skirts, made of stylish, substantial, double-faced twilled Scotch cheviots, tweeds, homespuns, etc., a skirt for any or all seasons, heavy enough to hang properly, light enough for comfort. Full flare flounce, taller stitched, variety of lengths, mixed grays, greens and browns, extra values.

*From $12.00 to $18.00 each.*

Black and Blue Kersey Skirts, cut walking length, flare flounce, elaborately stitched, perfectly tailored, correct in every detail.

*At $8.50 each.*

Tailored Jackets Of fine kersey, covert and broadcloth, broken lines at greatly reduced prices. Castors, tans, blues, browns and black.

$35.00 ones marked $25.00; $25.00 ones marked $20.00;
$12.50 ones marked $10.00; $12.00 ones marked $8.00;
and so on.

White Waists In spite of our unusually large season's business in this line we are still showing a most satisfactory assortment of White Lawn and India Linen Waists, ranging in price from

$1.00 each to $2.50.

Also a full and complete line of fine, sheer, Dotted Swiss Waists, the latest cuts, soft collars and cuffs, bishop sleeve, every size,

At $2.50 each.

NOTICE! OUR CLEARANCE SALE WILL CLOSE ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 17th.

With the closing of the days' business. If you have not taken advantage of the reduced prices, you will have cause for regret. They are

Real Bargains

$27.50, $25, $22.50 Suitings reduced to.. $19.50 | $32.50, $30 and $28 Suitings reduced to.. $24.50

ADVANCE FALL STYLES ARE HERE.

BRAUER & KROHN, Tailors. 129-133 S. SPRING STREET. 114½ S. MAIN STREET.

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ALTHOUSE FRUIT CO

A Basket of Fancy Fruit.

We pack them for tourists and people going East. Put in all kinds of fruit—or just the kind you wish. The very thing for your lunch and refreshment across the continent. We can pack them carefully, and in such a way that the fruit will keep until you reach your destination. Wouldn't the eastern friends enjoy a basket of California fruit? Put up to your order.

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ALL SHIRT WAISTS REDUCED — Few of those wonderful bargains in colored, white or black waists left, formerly sold up to $1.25 each, at..... 55c

BATHING SUITS — Excellent children's bathing suits at..... $1.35
Women's bathing suits in alpaca and flannel, up from..... $1.50

HALF HOLIDAYS: During August this store will close every Saturday afternoon at 12:30 p.m.

JAPANESE TEA GARDENS. The purest Japan tea served in true Oriental style at bamboo tables, in a commodious tent, beautifully and artistically decorated. A good resting place. North Side of Bath House, NORTH BEACH.

$25.00 REWARD

For recovery of Horse and Wagon stolen from us night of August 3, and sufficient evidence to arrest and convict guilty parties. Tall bay mare, scar on left shoulder; old harness; new knockabout wagon, black body, yellow running gear. Studebaker make.

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10 pound sack Stockton Flour..... $1.00
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Men's Suits dry cleaned and pressed, $1.00.

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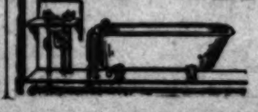

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# Editorial Forum—Political Situation in the East—Gossip of Two Continen

[THE EDITORIAL FORUM.]

## THE PROBLEM WE REFUSE TO CONSIDER.

BY LILLIAN CLAYTON JEWETT.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.]

WITH ten millions of people furnishing us with a problem, a solution of which no person has yet dared to suggest, that part of the Hon. Wayne MacVeagh's Phi Beta Kappa oration at the recent Harvard commencement, dealing with the negro problem, seems to me to be worthy of more consideration than it has yet received. Mr. MacVeagh does not offer a solution, but to one who has been striving to bring a matter of such importance to the attention of our people it is refreshing to have the case stated on such an occasion in such declaratory language and by such a learned gentleman.

"There is a great problem," he says, "which we are refusing to consider, and by which refusal the ethical ideal of law is also being destroyed. It is the problem presented by our negro population, now approaching ten millions of souls. We gave them the suffrage and we have allowed some of them to be killed for possessing it. We appointed some of them to office, and have stood meekly by when they were shot for having our commission in their hands. They are being burned before our eyes without even a pretense of trial.

"We are allowing State after State openly, even contemptuously, to nullify a solemn amendment of the Constitution enacted for their protection, to secure which we poured out our treasure without limit and shed the blood of our sons like water. All of us, whether in public office or private station, now concur in trying to ignore the existence of any such problem at our doors, while laughing, like the Roman augurs, in each other's faces, we indulge in self-congratulations about the blessings we are carrying to another ten millions of dark-skinned races in far-distant lands."

No better illustration could have been selected by Mr. MacVeagh for an oration on "The Value of Ethical Ideals in American Politics." My experience has been that, except when he is being strung up to a tree or burned at the stake, the negro is today almost as much a creature of commerce as he was in the days before the war.

"We ought in the North, as in the South, to face our responsibilities toward the defendants of a people we brought here against their will and solely for our own profit, and we ought to seriously discuss and determine, in Congress and out of it, what is the best possible relation to be established between them and us; and then we ought to have the courage to give that relation the sanction of law and to see that such law is respected and obeyed. Such treatment of this problem would be a far greater security for our future peace than many new regiments and many new ships of war. At present the condition of the whole subject is lawlessness, and such a condition is disgraceful to us all, and is fraught with the serious dangers which lawlessness always brings in its train—as the exact opposite of the ethical idea of law."

So says Mr. MacVeagh in an oration before college men. But how is this matter looked upon by the men at the head of the great political parties of this country? I have had occasion to discuss it with them, and my experience has been a trying one, especially when southern representatives have been concerned. Educate, uplift the negro; help him to understand. "Discuss the matter in Congress." President McKinley has discussed it until now he simply calls attention to what he has said on the subject in former messages. When I discussed the question with him in the White House, he asked, like Mr. MacVeagh, "What can we do?" Even Senator Hanna, notwithstanding the fact that he is perhaps the greatest representative of the idea in politics of a commercial age, is willing to give time and consideration to such a problem, but the Senator from the South at his elbow is very different.

"Why should we bother about the negroes," he exclaims, his anger passing all bounds at the idea of anybody spending time discussing the present or the future of the colored race. "Why should we bother about the negroes; we can buy them when we want them." "We can purchase their votes at a paltry price." Declarations which even the Senator from Ohio refused to sanction.

With this spirit dominant, with these methods prevailing, the solution of the problem is not likely to come quickly; and the lawlessness, the lynchings, all so prominently identified with the race problem in our own country, must cause considerable apprehension among the natives of those countries, into which we are introducing our civilizing influences.

It is not necessary to discuss this subject from the standpoint of the weaker race, in order to show the great danger to which the country is exposed, through the neglect on the part of our people to give the race question proper attention. Whether or not the colored race is a desirable part of our population is something that is entirely out of the question. The negro is here, and the impossibility of getting rid of him is admitted. The question is, what are you going to do about it?

Are we to go on hanging, burning, disfranchising the race at home, disregarding the Constitution and everything else in our blind fury—admitting that the problem here is too much for us—when at the same time we are assuming dominion over millions of colored people in other lands? Even the clergy of this country, so solicitous in seeing to it that the Bible shall follow the flag, even if the Constitution does not, are singularly indifferent in regard to the more pressing problem here at home. At least I have found many of them of that frame of mind. One of the most prominent leaders of his denomination, a minister who preaches to thousands every Sunday, and is as well known abroad as in this country as a pulpit orator, when I asked him to say something about the lawless manner in which the negro has been dealt with, or at least give the matter some consideration, replied: "I have too many other things to think about. The problem is too big for either of us." I might add that in politics this minister is an expansionist.

So, when Mr. MacVeagh says we refuse to consider this great problem, I know from experience that he speaks the truth. It is not enough for our public-spirited men to contribute money to this, that and the other thing having a bearing on the problem, and then dismiss the matter from their minds. There are other ways in which they may show their disapproval of existing conditions, ways in which they can show to the nations of the world, among which we have taken our place, that we are not the selfish, excitable barbarians which we must appear to be in the estimation of people who know only as much about us as they learn from reading the cable dispatches printed on the other side of the ocean.

In forming anti-lynching leagues, it was my object to offset this impression, first by having the members show that they were not in sympathy with those of their race, who committed crime, and in coöperating with their white neighbors in enforcing the law of the land in the apprehending of criminals, and in punishing for crime; and, secondly, by impressing upon them the necessity of living such lives that would free the race from the stigma that has been placed upon it, by the crimes of a comparatively small number of negroes. But I found that the same attitude was assumed toward the movement on the part of the advocates of lynching and lawlessness, as had been assumed toward negroes suspected of crime, and it is a matter for congratulation that the lynching element does not represent the South.

The anti-lynching movement, however, is having its effect, and if it were in no other way than in arousing a slumbering people, and in forcing them to look in the face this problem, which Mr. MacVeagh says we refuse to consider, it must be admitted that something has been accomplished.

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## WASHINGTON LETTER.

### ROOSEVELT'S PRESIDENTIAL BOOM. THE TREASURY SURPLUS.

BY WILLIAM T. MANNING.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—The Kansas-Illinois movement to make Vice-President Roosevelt the candidate of the Republican party in 1904 creates a mild sort of interest among the old political wire-pullers who drop in here from all parts of the Union. One of them, from New York, in the course of conversation on Mr. Roosevelt's chances, said: "Roosevelt has got no chance. At the present time he is a political nonentity in his own State, and he cannot recover his lost position. A sensational reform crusade made him Police Commissioner in New York City, and the cowboy hurrah after the Spanish war made him Governor. That was Roosevelt's chance to place himself before the people of the entire Union in a great way, but he missed it. Everybody knows why. The cowboy sentiment was sufficiently strong to secure him the Vice-Presidential nomination, but his name did not bring much strength to the ticket. McKinley did not receive one vote the more because the cowboy warrior and mighty hunter was his running mate. Indeed, there are some who think that he weakened it. Roosevelt is altogether too fantastically Tramatic to be set up as a big best piece of Presidential timber in the political woods reservation. He is not up to the standard. Call over the roll of the Republican Presidents, Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, McKinley. Roosevelt does not fit into that crowd. The great Republican figure in the Empire State now is Gov. Odell. He has succeeded where Roosevelt failed. As the executive of the first commonwealth of the Union he has put in evidence an independence of action in the interests of the people without doing injustice to anyone, that in a comparatively brief period has placed him in the very small circle of eligible Presidential candidates. His reelection as Governor is certain, and he has the entire confidence of the party in the State from top to bottom. Roosevelt is out of it. In fact, he was never in it."

* * *

The enormous surplus in the treasury at the beginning of the fiscal year, with its probable continued increase, is, on one hand, a subject for congratulation, and, on the other, for alarm. There should not be a cent in the treasury vaults beyond the actual necessities of the government to meet its expenditures and protect the circulation. When there is, it is a detriment to business, a brake upon the wheels of the national prosperity. The remedy is, of course, to scatter it among the banks that can give the requisite bond security. And here is where the trouble comes in. The small financial institutions throughout the country, where money is needed, have not got the bonds, and so are crowded out. The communities among which they exist are crowded out also. In the great cities the banks are loaded down with bonds, so that in applying for a share of the surplus they are in a position to comply with all the requirements of the law. As a rule, a large percentage of the capital and resources of those big leviathans in the ocean of finance is used in stock speculation, which is only a form of legalized gambling. Is the surplus in the treasury, which is really the money of the people, to be used as fuel to feed the financial furnaces of Wall street? Surely it ought to be possible for the greats to block this game. The safe, wise and certain way is to get rid of the surplus by the reduction of taxation.

* * *

The report that Secretary Long intends to resign the naval portfolio was started by gentlemen within and without the department who would like to run that branch of the government on lines to suit themselves. Some of the former are chiefs of important bureaus; the latter belong to the class who have heavy business transactions with the department and are discomfitted once and a while by Mr. Long's rigid supervision of everything pertaining to it. The Secretary is unwearied in his efforts to safeguard the interests of the government at every point. He holds a firm hand on the entire vast machine, and insists upon being informed on everything down to the minutest detail. No Secretary in recent years so thoroughly concentrated in his own hands the administration of the navy as has Mr. Long, and the labor is stupendous. Before the Spanish war the Secretaryship was an easy berth; now it is perhaps the most laborious of all. The service has expanded enormously in every direction, and calls for the exercise of the highest executive ability. Like Mr. Root in the War Department, Secretary Long, in his department, has made many and great reforms that cannot fail to be of incalculable benefit when the emergency arises.

* * *

The House of Representatives has a Committee on Labor. The dignified Senators have not deigned to organize a coterie of their body for this special purpose, and after all it does not make much difference so far as the workingman is concerned. The Labor Committee of the House in all the years of its existence has accomplished very little in the way of improving labor conditions anywhere, but no matter what party is in power, it is a good bluff for either of them. Under the new economic conditions, this Labor Committee, in the hands of strong and able men with convictions and the determination to fight for them, and to maintain them, might be made one of the strongest and most influential bodies in the House. But so far as I can remember it has never done anything, no matter what the political complexion of its majority, except potter over hours of work in government institutions to which the government has paid little or no practical attention. And yet there is great work that it might do if the right men were in the right place. Here, for instance, is the steel trust. One supreme financial boss in New York City is in that conflict the arbiter of the fate of hundreds of thousands of men in different States. He can decide whether they shall work or not; that is, in that particular branch of industry he is the practical regulator of commerce between the States, and not Congress, as the Constitution provides. If a private individual can close in a dozen or more States mills manufacturing a certain article in general use, and those mills have a monopoly of the making of that article either under tariffs or patent laws, he most assuredly in fact, if not in law, is superior to Congress. He has it in his power not only to regulate commerce, but to stop it altogether. Here we have the individual greater than the State, or even the nation. Is not this question worth the consideration of the Labor Committee on the very highest and broadest lines of public policy and of the fundamental law?

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## NEW YORK LETTER.

### POLITICS IN THE GREAT CITY OF MAGNIFICENT CORRUPTION.

BY JOHN MARTHOL.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 5.—The nomination of a Republican for Mayor on the fusion ticket this fall would inevitably mean the trimph of the Tammany candidate; that is, Crokerism, which is the synonym for municipal misrule, corruption and public robbery. The independent Democrats loyally supported Strong for Mayor, and elected him, but his administration proved to be such an utter failure and fraud that the Democrats who desire to down Tammany and get rid of Croker, are naturally averse to making a second experiment of that character. They believe, and they are right in believing, that their turn has come this year, and that they should have the privilege of naming the candidate. The best, purest and most upright Republicans in the city, men like Charles A. Moore, president of the American Protective Tariff League, and a personal friend of President McKinley, earnestly urge the adoption of this policy. "I believe," he said a few days ago, "that we can get more votes for an independent Democrat than we could for a Republican. I think we ought to keep in mind the fact that without Democratic votes we shall be licked out of our boots, and we should also bear in mind that thousands of Democrats in the last six years have voted with the Republicans on national political lines." There is, however, a pestiferous lot of Tammany Hall Republicans who are shouting for a straight Republican nomination. Foremost among them is the ridiculous Quigg, the "wicked" Gibbs and the notorious lobbyist, Lou Payne. These people are now without standing in the Republican party, but they contrive to make themselves heard in newspapers that have a soft side for the Tammany boss and all that he stands for.

* * *

Willis L. Ogden, chairman of the Citizens' Union Committee, is, according to the present outlook, to have a leading place on the fusion ticket. The positions for which he is named are either the comptrollership or presidency of the borough of Brooklyn, where he resides. Mr. Ogden is a business man of high standing, and would fill either office with credit to himself and advantage to the city.

* * *

The conviction of George Bissert by a jury is probably one of the most important events in this great city. It is as the straw indicative of the direction of the wind. George Bissert is technically known as "Capt. Diamond's wardman." Officially Bissert is a policeman assigned by the captain of a precinct to do special duty in citizen's clothes.

Bissert is accused and convicted of extorting the sum of $50 from a woman of ill-fame for "police protection." Collusion between the police and the law-breaking classes is frequently and openly charged; but cases at rare intervals come into court by reason of the extreme difficulty of securing evidence. Incriminating proof must necessarily be introduced by discreditable witnesses, making circumstantial evidence essential in corroboration. Hence the conviction of Bissert is held to be the exception that proves the rule.

Those persons who prattle of corruption declare that the police fatten upon that portion of the community which, in defiance of law, seeks a living or a fortune upon the remainder. The city is divided into police precincts, and the same are the domain of the police captain. He has from two to four officers in citizen's clothes, who perform work beyond the power of ordinary policemen. One of their delicate and most important functions is to exact tribute. Each and every month, at a fixed hour, the wardman is supposed to call and receive "his envelope." In that envelope is a sum of money. The amount is fixed beforehand. It must not vary by a single cent. Woe betide the man or woman who fails to be on time or is behind in the amount.

The system is supposed to include the levying of tribute upon poolroom proprietors, policy shops, gambling houses, houses of ill-fame and saloons. Saloons are by law closed on Sundays; in fact, the front is shut, the side door is open and the bar is better patronized on Sundays than on any day of the week. Indeed, if it were not for the Sunday trade 50 per cent. of the saloons would be compelled to close. In order to prevent too much vigilance by the police, or more properly speaking to make them side-door blind, the saloon-keeper stands ready with his envelope.

Some years ago a number of citizens closely identified with a prominent church in the upper portion of the city, called one Sunday morning and informed a certain police captain that all the saloons in the precinct were wide open. The captain professed great surprise and incredulity.

"Investigate for yourself, captain," they said.

After some fifteen minutes of argument the captain called six officers and said: "Men, these gentlemen state that saloons are open in this precinct. It is in violation of the Sunday-closing law. Go out and investigate, bring in every proprietor and bartender you find doing business. Report in a half hour." The men went out. During the half hour the captain gave his visitors cigars, showed them through the Police Station, thanked them for bringing the matter to his attention, and expressed his earnest desire that citizens would always come to him.

When the tour of inspection was over, they entered the assembly-room and approached the desk. At the rail was one man—the prisoner of a very young and happy-looking officer. The prisoner was furious. What he had to say he said in plain language. The captain apparently did not recognize him. Suddenly the prisoner seemed struck dumb. "Take him back," said the captain sternly to the officer, and to the prisoner, "Keep your talk for the court."

At this moment the other five policemen straggled in. They saluted and reported: "We find all the saloons closed tight."

"That can't be," said the captain; "these gentlemen complain that they are all open." Turning to his visitors, who looked surprised, he said, "It is very hard to get evidence. The saloons soon know all my men. Suppose we go out and investigate."

The party, headed by the captain, went out, and to the amazement of the citizens, every saloon was closed and empty. "That is the way it always is," said the captain politely; "when we investigate citizens' charges it is just as we find it today. The saloon doors you saw open were just opened to let in a little fresh air. Good day."

The Church Committee walked away. They felt sure they had been fooled in some way, but could not exactly discover how. But they complimented themselves on having forced one arrest. In the afternoon the committee went out again, and to their surprise, the saloons visited by them with the captain were open and thronged with customers. They entered several and were served at the bar. Finally, entering one they saw behind the angry individual whom they had seen in the Police Station. He was smiling until he saw them, and then he yelled, "Youse git out of here or I'll fire you."

In answer to an inquiry they learned he was a cousin of Mayor Hugh Grant, and an important political character. Two days later they learned that the happy young police officer who had made the arrest was transferred to another precinct "for the good of the service."

Such an experience indicates on its face the return the police make the saloon-keepers for the "envelopes."

* * *

For a great many years I have been a looker on in this modern city of magnificent corruption. I can state without fear of contradition that never in the history of modern times has rottenness been so prevalent. Tweed was as a little, miserable, sniveling pickpocket when compared with the Claude Duvals of this year of grace. In the 70's a gang of political desperadoes plundered the city treasury, but thirty years have wrought changes. It is not the politicians alone who seek plunder, it is the great big corporations as well.

Corporations today represent unification of industrial propositions, and political influences represent not individual, but centralised influence called organizations. "We do not deal with individuals," said a corporation king, "but with organizations." Individuality is no more. Force contends with force. When a certain great corporation began to do business in this city it printed and issued a batch of stock aggregating millions. This stock was divided between the inner circle of the organizations. One million dollars' worth went to one individual as his share. That stock today is selling above par by many points.

During the last four years money has become the one great consideration. It is the idol of these days. Men and women of every station fall down and worship it. Every noble idea, every grand impulse is subordinate to the masterful passion of acquisition. The multi-millionaire has become a monster of greed, the small trader a creature of avarice, and the little earner a whiner for more. To attain moneyed entitlement and debasement has touched with the blight every worker and injured all classes. Banker, merchant, clerk and laborer, as well as statesmen and politicians, are to be bought in the open market at a price. Hence the Ramapos and the garbage and street-railway contracts.

* * *

Two political wars will be fought out shortly. The family feuds in Tammany Hall for district leaderships and the anti-Tammany fight for the Mayoralty. If these contestants against intrenched leaders fail in their efforts in the coming primaries there will be a great vote polled in addition to the anti-Tammany vote against the Tammany county ticket. The bone of contention between the forces allied against Tammany will be the slate for candidates. A strong ticket must be put in the field to defeat Tammany Hall; but, as candidates against Tammany can be easily selected from a splendid assortment of leading citizens, there is little doubt but that the better man will represent the Fusion forces.

* * *

Turfmen regard with delight and surprise the grand performances of Cresceus on the Cleveland O., track. It was a marvelous performance of world-wide interest. The time, 2:07¼, is simply phenomenal, and establishes the horse's marking wirsmattasal ov his enormous ambition and magnificent heart make him the greatest harness horse in the world.

* * *

The report that the political forces opposed to Tammany Hall were thinking of making Bourke Cockran their candidate for the mayoralty was merely a little-bit of self-advertising on his part previous to his de arture for Europe. No one ever thought of him for the position. He is not fitted for it, and besides, he has not the public confidence. At one time Cockran and Croker, both Irishmen, were on terms of the closest personal and political friendship. Cockran was the Tammany orator, one of the best it ever had, and he made the most of his opportunities in a financial way, so that he is now in the millionaire class. He married a rich wife, now dead, but the greater part of his fortune was made in Tammany politics. There is a curious story connected with the disruption of the friendship of this brace of patriots. It is to the effect that the quarrel arose over the division of a big campaign fund subscription, running away up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. Cockran began life as a clerk in a dry goods store. Then he became a school teacher and finally a lawyer. Now he is in the swagger society of the Newport set, and plays snob with the best of them.

* * *

Porto Rican products are being rushed here in large quantities, and the marketmen are endeavoring to force their sale, particularly the fruits, such as oranges, bananas and pineapples. Oranges from Porto Rico have not been seen here in years, the duties being nearly prohibitive. They are a fine fruit, although a little undersized. Jamaica oranges, which come here in considerable quantities, are far inferior to them, and will, of course, suffer in the competition. This will be another blow at that decaying British possession. It is thought that the Porto Rico importations of fruit will have no appreciable effect on that trade for years and years to come. California will continue to control the business. Bermuda is another British colony that will not be benefited by the annexation of Porto Rico, which will become a competitor with her in the production of early vegetables. During the next decade, under American rule, the island will make more progress industrially, and in every other way than she did under the misrule of Spain in the course of four hundred years.

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## LONDON LETTER.

### ROYAL AND ARISTOCRATIC MONKEYS AT WAR IN THE SOCIAL MENAGERIE.

BY HENRY DEVEREAUX.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.]

LONDON, July 30.—The absorbing question in society at the present time is will King Edward and Queen Alexandra honor any subject by visiting him or her after the royal couple have been crowned? What an absurd, ridiculous thing it is for society to get excited over. Here we have a lot of social monkeys solemnly discussing the question whether the boss monkey shall call on them, and the whole aristocratic monkey menagerie is gravely perturbed about it. If the royal monkey calls, what? And if he does not call, what? In Great Britain and Ireland there are more than forty millions of plebeian monkeys, and far less than half a million so-called aristocratic brands of the animal. The plebeian chaps have to work for the royal and aristocratic ones. They gather the nuts and the others crack and eat them. From a zoölogical point of view this is the situation. It was only a few months ago that the present imperial "monk" was delighted to be asked to the great country cages of the other "monks," and he invariably took along with him his own apparatus for winning the nuts of his hosts. Now, it seems, the thing is beneath his dignity. He is to have a new cap, called a crown, and he must put on the monkey airs that appertain to it. The King is a good fellow, but it looks as if he were going to make a monkey of himself.

* * *

Entertaining royalty is one of the most expensive things in which an English nobleman can engage. A month of royal hospitality will cost more than the support of a racing stable in a year, or of a big yacht in the same space of time. In the first place, the great castle, or whatever it is, must be refurnished. The entire property has to be cleared up and put in the traditional apple-pie order, as the phrase goes. Lodges, roads, parks, driveways, shooting preserves, gardens, conservatories, must all be made to look and be at their best. The royal eyes, perchance, may fall on some of them, and if they are not perfection the royal displeasure is at once made manifest and a name is added to the imperial black list. That makes talk in society and the clubs, and talk of that kind is fatal in the social and aristocratic aspiration line. The funny thing about the whole performance is that when royalty goes on one of these sponging trips it violates all the traditions of hospitality as accepted among the classes lower down in the social scale. The royal visitor is the master, not his host. He gets the best quarters in the establishment, and he brings his own retinue of servants along, and they all live in the utmost seclusion from the other members of the household, if so vulgar a term may be applied to the aristocratic outfit. This is what is called royal entertainment. The really proper name for it would be sponging, to save hotel bills and have a good time at the expense of an aristocratic subject.

* * *

One of the foremost questions in newspaper discussion and in government circles at the present time is the navy of Tommy Atkins, on whom, with Jackie in the navy, rests the safety of the empire. Tommy undoubtedly has a hard time of it, and it is only right that something were done toward the improvement of his pitiable condition. His pay is only a shilling a day, that is 25 cents American money, but he does not really get that, for the numerous "stoppages" decrease what he finally gets to pence, or about 18 cents. The result of this meager compensation and the hardships and dangers incident to the service is that the army is deteriorating rapidly, for enlistment is regarded as the last step to obtain a livelihood except the workhouse. The burden of an increase, no matter how slight, will be enormous, and the already sorely pressed taxpayer fairly shudders at the prospect before him. He considers that the last straw is on his back now, and that any addition to it would for him spell ruin.

* * *

But increased taxation is inevitable. The Boer war is costing millions a day and no one dares predict when the actual end to it will come, although the official one was proclaimed many months ago. Then there are lowering skies on the Indian frontier, and the government and the military authorities are straining every nerve to avert peril of some kind, although the people have not yet been taken into the confidence of the Cabinet on the subject. The cost of trouble there would be enormous, and add immensely to the size of the national debt. Many thoughtful men think, although they express the opinion cautiously, that England is at a military point of view is weaker now than she has been at any period during the last century. The South African war, undertaken to subserve the stock-jobbing schemes of Cecil Rhodes and his rapacious gang, proves that so far as the army is concerned. True, there is the greatest navy in the world ever seen, on paper, but in the nature of things it cannot be concentrated at one point, and it is not improbable that some far less pretentious naval power might be able to lower its prestige, which, by the way, has yet to be tested. British arms have been sadly tarnished on land during the last twenty months. Who can tell that, when the time comes, as it must some day, England may not be subjected to the further humiliation of having it shown that she is no longer the mistress of the seas, that the modern walls of steel are not able to maintain the proud position that was achieved by the old wooden ones.

* * *

According to private letters received from South Africa, the refugee camps in which the Boer prisoners are huddled together are the foulest and most horrible pestholes in the world. It is said that the food doled out to the unhappy old men, women and children, who have been ruthlessly separated from their homes, is "worse than garbage," and that the partaking of the greater part of it means disease and eventually death in nine cases out of ten. The awful mortality in these pens shows that the assertion must have a very solid foundation of truth. And yet there are only a very few papers that have the courage to lay these facts before their readers. When the infamous Weyler was torturing the heroic Cubans the Tory papers printed pages and pages every week of Spanish atrocities. Now the boot is on the Tory leg and they are silent. Years ago they painted in lurid colors the Turkish persecution and villainy in Bulgaria, and, in more modern time, the massacres in Armenia. But an impenetrable veil of silence is drawn over the heartrending scenes in the Boer country, where thousands of human beings are being starved to death month in and month out. If the history of what we have done in South Africa is ever faithfully written, it will leave an indelible stain on the name of England.

* * *

The American millionaire will be out in force along the line of the coronation parade next year, that is in order to witness the spectacle he will have all the best points of vantage on either side of the route. Entrance to the Abbey, as I pointed out last week, because of the limited accommodations, being impossible, your plutocratic classes are determined to have the very best of what is left of the show. An enterprising house agent is doing a good stroke of business in this field. Having made arrangements with many householders, shopkeepers and others living or doing business on the streets through which the royal cavalcade will pass, he is now deluging rich Americans at home and abroad with letters telling what he has got and the figures at which it can be obtained. Already he has had many replies, and, as you will naturally suppose, the figures are at the top notch.

* * *

The announcement that London is to have one, and possibly two, new immense hotels built, owned, equipped and managed by Americans, has created something of a sensation among the bonifaces of the metropolis. As compared with the American hostelry, the London institution caries one back to the Middle Ages. When American competition comes, these old arks will have to reform or go out of business. This is a splendid field of enterprise, not only in London, but in all the big cities of the kingdom, and then all over the continent. Of all travelers the American is the most welcome guest; for his patronage is the best of all. Hotels on your plan would be a benefaction to the traveling public.

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## CUP DEFENDERS.

### PREPARING FOR THE RACE FOR AMERICA'S CUP.

BY PAUL STELLCOUR.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.]

GRAVESEND BAY (N. Y.) Aug. 5.—The Columbia is the gem of the ocean up to date. She got away so handily with the Constitution last week when they raced for the Astor Cup for sloops that yachtsmen were somewhat surprised at the result. The race for the Astor Trophy was the special of the features of the New York Yacht Club's last annual cruise, which may be regarded as the most successful in the history of the club. Notwithstanding the brilliancy of the turnout and the greatness of the fleet of pleasure and racing boats that followed the flag on the cruise this summer, the curtain fell on the last performance with disappointment. The latest creation of Herreshoff, intended as a cup defender, proved her inability to cope with the two-year-old Columbia. The race was over a thirty-eight-mile course off Newport. There was a fine, steady breeze, well calculated to test the qualities of both boats. From start to finish it was almost evident that the Columbia was the faster ship of the two, and the superb way in which she was handled by Charley Barr, won unstinted praise from yachtsmen young and old. The Constitution got away at the start in the lead, but before the first mark was reached in the thirteen and a half miles down the wind, Columbia had picked up, and when they turned the stake the two rivals were almost beam and beam as they went round, with the Constitution a little in the lead and to windward. The knowing ones were no way slow to express opinions as to the probable result in favor of the Constitution at this stage of the game. The Columbia's club topsail was giving her considerable trouble, and did not fit well. The way that the former champion raced up right through the lee of the Constitution caused the knowing ones to avast heaving, put about and transfer their conclusions in favor of the Columbia. From this to the end there was no doubt of the result. The old cup defender won as she pleased by four minutes and twenty-eight seconds over the course.

Up to and including the Astor Cup event there had been ten races in all sailed between the two boats. The honors thus far, numerically, have been equally divided—five to each. It is necessary, however, to make this explanation. Three of the races, which, by the way, were won by the Constitution, were sailed in such light weather that it would have been impossible to have run a thirty-eight-knot cup course within the stipulated five and one-half-hour time limit. It will, therefore, be readily conceded that the Columbia had the best of the argument when there was anything like a blow.

That the Constitution's latest performance was a disappointment to many is frankly admitted. That the Columbia's magnificent showing is a source of gratification to her numerous admirers is gladly received. She is tuned up to perfection. She is a better and a faster boat than she was when she was first brought out. It is no long odds today that she may not be chosen to meet Lipton's Shamrock off Sandy Hook for the America's Cup. In the meantime the Constitution has gone out of racing business for the nonce and is in the hands of Herreshoff, at Bristol, undergoing such alterations as may be deemed necessary to make her foot it faster on the water in her next trials. She will be out again in a day or two, and we will have an opportunity to see what we shall see.

Three days after the Columbia led the way home to the Constitution, she showed up again off Rock Island to the conclusions with Lawton's Independence. The distance to be sailed was thirty miles over an equal triangle of ten miles to a leg. The final result was about the same as that with the Constitution. The first leg was to windward. The Columbia reached the mark and rounded it one minute and nine seconds ahead of the Boston boat. The second leg, a broad reach, the Independence got the worst of it. The Columbia beat her five minutes and twenty-three seconds. From the second mark home the Independence went over the distance in one minute and thirty-nine seconds less time than the Columbia. It was blowing pretty strong during this leg, and both boats were sailing like witches. It was a magnificent struggle throughout. The splendid handling of the sails and work on the Columbia was worth minutes to her advantage. When it is stated that the elapsed time of the race occupied three hours, forty-two minutes and fifty-seven seconds by the winner, as compared with three hours forty-seven minutes and forty seconds by the loser, it will be seen that these flyers are capable of fast travel when there is anything like a good blow.

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## MILES O'HARA.

### GIVES EXPERT OPINION ON THE BROOKLYN-BRIDGE BREAK.

[SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES.]

"I s'pose, O'Hara, yez have quit goin' ovir to Brooklyn iver since the skair on the bridge in consequinse ov the extharimes ov halt an' heft it wus compelled to sthand up undher."

"Not a bit ov it, Mike. Ov coorse, id wus a purty sayrious matther; notwithstandin' that the min imployed about the bridge to look afther it, seemed to know nothin' at all at all about the cause ov the skair."

"Begor id wud have bin a turrible kilamity iv the sthructchure cum down wid a run in the cinter."

"Wan ov the graitist the wurruld iver heerd tell ov. But the Lord be praised, God is good to us, evin iv He did give us a skair be the way ov a warning."

"But, say, O'Hara, have they yet found out the real cause of the braiks?"

"'Pon me sowl, Mike, I don't think they have. Ov coorse there's a grait dail ov highfalutin' talk, but it seems to me that they all disagree wid wan another."

"Who wuz the boss ov the job whin things begun to crack?"

"A man named Tobasco—he wasn't the main ingineer—he wus only the fust assistant."

"Wus he the man who stopt the cars from runnin' whin the dangir sign wus shown up?"

"No. He made a grait bluff an' sed whoever aint out the ordher to sthop thim wus a fool."

"Did he ordher thim to g'wan runnin'?"

"He knew betther."

"Why didn't they call in Misther Bigsinger to help him out iv he didn't know how to do id himself? The Bigsinger man wus ingaged to show how Brooklyn Rapid Transit shud be conducted. From all I kin hear, the divil a ha'porth ha's bin able to do sense he got on the job."

"Oh, give the man a chance. Yez can't take a green man from the country and ixpect he kin acomplish wundhers. That's whot this Misther Bigsinger is tryin' to do. He maina well, I s'pose, but iv he don't know 'tis the min who put him where he is shud get the blame. I have me own opinion ov the burd sinse I heard whin he examined the braiks in the bands that a blacksmith cud fix the whole thing all roight widout any thrubel."

"Begor, O'Hara, iv thim's his sintiminte I wudn't inthrust him wid the runnin' ov the elevator cars in a tin sthory buildin'. I hardly wint that far."

"Yes haven't much respect for Brooklyn throlleys or you surprised at anything. As I wanct afore, dumb animals transported thrue the sthreets way min, womin, an' childer ovir the throlley lines or The aginta fur the Society fur vinshin ov Cruilty to A party soon put a sthop to it.

"I think yes 're roight."

"Yes think so, eh? Faith, Wid all our boastin' that graitist city in the counthry the wurruld—we put up wid that other small cities wuld fur. An' think ov the bad sets thruought the counthry.

"Begor, that's the worst ov

"Mangin, whin that bridge put up there wuz certin culaythins made as to whot sonably stand up undher. Itayshins to all things. bridge in the wurruld that built to take all the punish kin pile up on it. Yes know sayin'. It wus the last brukr the camil's back; but wus a grait many ov 'em be came to the last wan. It wan that did the harm."

"Bridges, then, like min, more thin their capacity."

"As I towld yez afore, there to all things. This grait linkin' two big cities conseived by a grait insinse its capacity to a T. a cabil, steel, rope, wire, der, belt, nut, screw or bolt didn't know about; where placed, whot they were plafur, whot strain they cud whin the dangir line wuz

"Yez don't think it has pint, d'yez, O'Hara?"

"Mangin, 'tisn't fur me to not a sientific man; but I share ov common sinse. Thes now nearly twinty years its original construchin it intinded to carry any sich bear any sich sthrain as it is jected to. There wus no thi ovir it, an' they wur mosht lar how they run a cars they maniged the horses on the roadways. Ov coorse and womin who walked the had to pay fur the privilege wurn't as numirous thin as now."

"Thrue fur yez."

"Well, sur; since thin addin' the throlleys; an' hangin' heavy newmatic tube wire an' cabils to add to weight. That's whot the poor Bridge in its owld days is now wid today. Is it any wunder thin' is the matther whin yez everything?"

"Bedad its grait weight is undher."

"Yis, an' whin the thrubl maybe a warnin'—whot's the There don't seem to be any kin take howid intelligintly the cause an' a rimidy in a mon-sinse manner. I walked the bridge the day ov the divil iver I saw sich a me life. The only wans the to have levil heads on this pidisthrians goin' home about ness, or comin' from id; but coppers, the throlley min, bridge inspecthurs, 'pon me all seemed to have lost their got rattled, an' the nixt day more conthradikthin, exthayories, surmises an' rayshins then yez end cud shake at. An moind yez, Mangan, thrue wid it yet, an'—ah, there whistle."

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## EMPIRE PICNIC.

### Arrangements Completed for New York People's Outing Beach in Two Weeks.

At a meeting of the Executive committee of the New York Southern California, held at the of the secretary, O. R. W. in room 42, Courthouse, arrangements were practically completed for annual picnic of the society, which be held at Long Beach on Saturday 24th inst. The Salt Lake Railroad chosen as the official route of association, and within a few days may be obtained from any member the Executive Committee. A trip rate of 30 cents is offered by road, and it is understood that special train will be provided for members of the society and their friends.

The exercises, which will be of a very brief character, will be held in the pavilion. There will be a short address by the Governor, who has been asked to picnic with his fellow-New Yorkers and an original poem by Dr. O. Mcnum, besides music by a male quartette, comprising B. W. Mashburn, Poehay, Cornelius Pendleton and Barnum. Many prominent citizens of Southern California will enjoy the outing, and Long Beach is making extensive preparations for a hearty reception to the society. President C. J. Walker of the Board of Trustees will extend the welcome, and a response will be made by Senator Fred M. Smith. The New York State Veteran Association has been invited to attend, and will probably be present about two hundred strong. Former residents of the Empire State, who are not already members of the New York State Society of Southern California, are asked to communicate with the secretary at once.

"Tell me," he sighed, "tell me, beauteous maiden, what is in your name?" Miss Henrietta Bean of Boston gave him a look of icy disdain, and then vouchsafed the monosyllable "No."—[Baltimore American.

The Wizard Suspender Gives solid comfort and don't pull

AUTOMATIC pumps, no engines necessary, 250 inches capacity, set up complete.

## Scrofula

This root of many evils—Glandular tumors, pimples, and other cutaneous eruptions, sore ears, inflamed eyes, rickets, dyspepsia, catarrh, weakness to catch cold and inability to get rid of it easily, paleness, nervousness, the consumptive tendency, and other ailments—

Can be completely and permanently removed, no matter in young or old the sufferer.

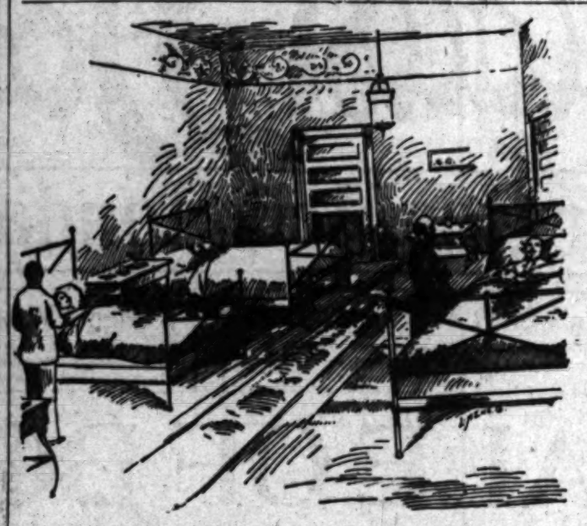
Hood's Sarsaparilla was given to a child of Silas Vernooy, Wawarsing, N. Y., who was broken out with scrofula sores on the face and head. The first bottle helped her, and when she had taken six she was entirely healed and her face was smooth. Her mother says that she has never shown any sign of scrofula returning.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Promises to cure and keeps its promise. Ask your druggist for it today and accept no substitute.

## The Ability of a Physician

**Is Measured by the Cures He Makes, and Not by the Number of Diseases He Treats.**



One of the Wards, Dr. Joslen's Hospital.

O. C. JOSLEN, M.D.
The Master Specialist of Los Angeles Who Sees and Treats Patients Personally.

## Professional Excellency

**Can Be Attained Only by the Physician Who Concentrates All His Faculties on a Single Class of Diseases.**

Operating Room, Dr. Joslen's Hospital.

**My Office and Hospital occupy the entire building of twenty-two rooms, over Wells-Fargo Express Office, at the corner of Main and Third Sts., and are thoroughly equipped with everything known for the cure of diseases of men.**

# Physicians and Their Patients.

## Why the Latter Don't Get Well.

HOW often we hear it said that Los Angeles is overrun with doctors. This assertion is doubtless true, but why are so many men ailing? Why do they continuously take treatment for their private ills, and yet never get well?

In the majority of cases it is because they secure only ordinary treatment. It is because they go to the general practitioner, who lacks the teachings of experience in special cases, or, what is still worse for them, they go to the self-styled specialist, whose specialty embraces, as their announcements imply, every known disease. It is because they come in contact with too many Belts, Specifics, Free Samples, Trial Treatments, Electro-Medical Combinations or similar devices. That such treatment does not or can not cure diseases and weaknesses peculiar to men is well known to all who have tried it.

Neglected or badly treated cases of VARICOCELE, STRICTURE, BLOOD POISON, or allied troubles require the very best treatment the medical profession affords. They require superb skill. They require expert knowledge, born of great volumes of experience in treating them. They require the deepest, keenest possible insight into the mysteries of human functions, shrouded as they often are in darkness, where the ordinary medical eye sees but little and guesses at facts.

For fifteen years I have given my whole time and attention to these maladies of men. I have studied them earnestly and persistently—their origin, their effect upon the human body, and have developed for their cure various forms of treatment which have been uniformly successful in cases where success was before and by other doctors deemed impossible. Out of the vast multitude of men who have taken my treatment during the past year not a single failure nor an unpleasant result has been reported. What I have done for others I can do for you. When I tell you this in all sincerity, and propose to prove it by the best citizens of Los Angeles, among whom are many of my cured patients, have you the right to disbelieve my statement without first investigating its truth? Is not your health and future happiness worthy your time and trouble to look into a system of treatment that has positively cured to stay cured thousands of cases which had resisted so many other doctors and other remedies? When I offer you free of charge a thorough, personal examination, together with an honest and scientific opinion of your case, will you ignore the opportunity and thus continue to suffer and sink? Let every man afflicted read what follows:

**"Weakness"** By far the greater number of patients seeking relief for so-called weakness are strong, robust men in every other respect. My theory that loss of vitality, etc., are not weaknesses, but the symptoms of inflammatory processes in the prostate gland, (so-called neck of bladder), caused by contracted disorders and early dissipation, is now being adopted by the leading specialists of the world, and that bugbear, "Weakness of Men," is removed from the list of incurable disorders. Even the laymen can understand that tonics cannot cure inflammation, and these cases, under their administration, go from bad to worse. Under my local treatment, directed toward reducing the enlarged and swollen prostate, immediate results, as indicated by increased circulation and renewed strength, are observed. Colored chart of organs upon application.

**Varicocele** Under my treatment this insidious disease rapidly disappears. Pain ceases almost immediately. The pools of stagnant blood are driven from the dilated veins, and all soreness and swelling quickly subside. Every indication of varicocele soon vanishes, and in its stead come the pride, the power and the pleasure of perfect health and restored vitality.

**Contracted Disorders** Under the treatment pursued before irrigations were established, six weeks was deemed the duration of an acute contracted disorder. If it proceeded beyond six weeks it was considered to have gone into chronic condition. From statistics compiled from my practice in the past five years, covering 6500 cases, I can show that 90 per cent of my patients have recovered in fourteen days or less. It is, therefore, equally proper to hold that a case not entirely cured within two weeks must be considered a chronic one, and some complication has arisen for which the patient should see a specialist. I offer an experience of over 15 years devoted to this specialty.

**Stricture** Another cause for chronic discharge is stricture or narrowing of the canal at some point generally within five inches of the opening. I use electricity almost exclusively for stricture, which cures without pain or detention from business.

It matters not how long you have suffered from stricture, nor how many different doctors have disappointed you, I will cure you just as certainly as you come to me for treatment.

**Specific Blood Poison** It may be either hereditary or contracted. Once the system is tainted with it, the disease may manifest itself in the form of scrofula, eczema, rheumatic pains, stiff or swollen joints, eruptions or copper colored spots on face or body, little ulcers in the mouth or on the tongue, sore throat, swollen tonsils, falling out of the hair or eyebrows, and finally a leprous-like decay of the flesh and bone. My special treatment is endorsed by the best physicians of America and Europe. Soon every sign and symptom of the disease disappears completely and forever. The blood, the tissue, the flesh, the bones and the whole system are cleansed, purified and restored to perfect health, and the patient prepared anew for the duties and pleasures of life.

*Most cases can be treated successfully at home. One personal visit is preferred, but if it is impossible or inconvenient for you to call at my office, write a full and unreserved history of your case, plainly stating your symptoms. I make no charge for private counsel and give to each patient a legal contract to hold for my promise.*

*When a patient consults me for treatment, I attend him personally. He gets the full benefit of my knowledge and I watch his case personally until he is entirely well. My assistants, all of whom are graduates of the best medical colleges, and who are licensed to practice medicine in the State of California act only under my supervision and assist me in minor work.*

*I advertise under my own name and use my own likeness in my advertisements. My diplomas from the most celebrated medical colleges and hospitals in the world and my license from the State of California are hanging in my office where my patients may examine them.*

*My colored chart, which I mail free on application, is interesting to anyone wishing to study the anatomy of the male. Fees reasonable and may be paid in installments as patient sees his improvement. Private laboratory. No charge for remedies. Consultation at office or by mail free.*

**All X-Ray Examinations Free.**

**OFFICE HOURS**
9 a. m. to 4 p. m., and 7 p. m. to 8 p. m.
Sunday 10 a. m. to 12 Noon, only

# DR. O. C. JOSLEN

**Corner Third and Main Sts., Los Angeles, - - California**


boat was lowered, and we were put into it. As soon as the small boat was cast off we began to drift with the current, toward the bluff. As we neared the bluff the current became stronger and we were soon fairly flying through the water. We were badly scared, and thought we would be dashed to pieces on the rocks. Suddenly the little boat dashed through a small opening, and we found ourselves in an underground passage, going at a terrific speed. All at once we shot out into a sheet of calm water and saw a large city in front of us. The harbor was full of ships and steamers that we recognised to be of the build of the world from whence we departed when the bottom of the shaft dropped us to the world below. A tugboat discovered that we were drifting without oars, and picked us up and took us ashore.

AT NEW YORK.

We soon learned that the harbor into which we were shot so suddenly was that of Long Island, and the city was New York. We took the train back to Barstow, and went out to the scene of our troubles as quickly as possible. We found the derrick at the shaft as we had left it when we quit boring and began putting down the shaft, but the Mexicans were not to be found. We had been gone ten days on our trip. Any one doubting the truth of this narrative, can go to Barstow, then follow a trail ten miles due north, and find our shaft as we left it. If further proof is wanting, drop down the shaft, and you will land in the country we explored.

### Measuring a Wink.

[London Family Doctor:] A German scientist has measured the time occupied by a wink. He used a specially arranged photographic apparatus, and fixed a piece of white paper to the edge of the eyelid for a mark. He found that the lid descends quickly and rests a little at the bottom of its movement, after which it rises, but more slowly than it fell. The mean duration of the downward movement was from seventy-five to ninety one-thousandths of a second; the rest with the eye shut lasted different periods, the shortest duration being fifteen-hundredths of a second with one subject and seventeen-hundredths with another, and the third phase of the wink, the rising of the lid, took seventeen-hundredths of a second, making the entire duration of the wink about forty-hundredths, or four-tenths of a second.


### BUTCHERS' LUNGS.

**They Never Die of Consumption, Although They are Subject to All Manner of Other Diseases.**

[New York Mail and Express:] "Butchers never die of consumption." The big man with his sleeves rolled up wielding the cleaver at the block said this as he threw a beefsteak on the scale.

It sounded more like a trade superstition than a fact, but so far as diligent inquiry has been able to discover it is true, although not generally known outside of the meat-chopping craft.

Butchers are no longer lived than men in other walks of life. They are subjected to all the other ills that human flesh is heir to, but consumption they do not have. So far as a reporter was able to learn, not a single case is on record of a butcher in this city being afflicted with the incurable wasting of the lungs which claims its hundreds of thousands of victims annually.

The fact is well known among butchers and has often been the subject of their comment, although none of them can give a reason for it.

"No," said a man who has swung sides and rounds in Washington market for the last twenty years. "I have had rheumatism and typhoid fever and lots of other things, but nothing has ever been out of gear with my lungs, and the same is true of every other butcher in this town. I know nearly all of them, and I never heard of one of them having consumption. They don't drink blood or take any especially good care of themselves, either. I don't know why it should be so, unless it's because the continual inhaling of an atmosphere of fresh meat is strengthening.

"I have often thought when hearing of consumptives going to Colorado and Egypt that I know of a climate nearer home that would do the business just as well. If they would stay in this stall for a while and swing meat they would get well quite as quickly as they would on the top of Pike's Peak."

### Exclusive School of Telegraphy.

Foster & Lee, now located Nos. 13-21 Bryson Block, have the only exclusive and best-equipped school of telegraphy in Southern California. Both gentlemen being long-experienced telegraphers, are competent to fit students up which will qualify them to hold any ordinary office. A large number of students have started with us in the past week, and those desiring to take up the study should call on or address THE FOSTER-LEE SCHOOL.

## Better Sight, Better Health.

**Disorders of the eyes cause disorders of other organs. Remedy the trouble by wearing**

## Glasses

exactly suited to your eyes. Come to us and we will fit them without extra charge for a thorough test. Glasses are inexpensive except in very complicated cases. From our large and up-to-date stock of

## Optical Goods

we are able to fill your wants in our line in every way.

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**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**
Has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

**MEN** WEAKNESS CURED BY DR. KING & CO. Quick treatment for skin, blood, kidney, private diseases. Write for book and question list. 130½ S. SPRING ST., LOS ANGELES.

## No Grease or Dangerous Drugs

**In "Herpicide" the New Scientific and Successful Dandruff Treatment.**

Have you dandruff? Then you have a contagious parasite disease, unpleasant, unhealthy and one that will eventually lead to baldness. To cure it you must destroy the parasite that eats at the root of the hair. The only preparation for destroying these germs is Newbro's Herpicide. Charles Klein of Laramie, Wyo., says: "Herpicide allayed the itching, cured the dandruff and stopped my hair's falling out; and it is bringing a new crop of hair." Herpicide is free from grease or dangerous drugs, and makes hair glossy and soft as silk. One bottle will convince you of its merits.

## The Dr. Wong Co.
—AND—
## CHINESE HERBS.

The famous Wong Remedies in the past 10 years have made marvelous cures. Thousands testify to this, and are in robust health today as the result of trying them as a last resort. Herbs and medicine for sale.

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## PENNYROYAL PILLS
SAFE, Always reliable. Ladies ask Druggist for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH in RED and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., PHILA., PA.



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Prof. Laborde's Wonderful French Preparation
**"CALTHOS"**
**Restores Lost Vitality.**
**5 DAYS' TRIAL TREATMENT**
**Absolutely FREE by Sealed Mail**

PROF. JULES LABORDE,
DISCOVERER OF "CALTHOS."

"CALTHOS" is put before you on its merits alone. Try it and put it to the test. TRY IT FREE.

There is no security required—no C.O.D. scheme.

Send us your name and address, and we will send you enough "CALTHOS" for five days. IT WILL BE SENT IN A SEALED PACKAGE BY MAIL.

The marvelous French remedy "CALTHOS" recently introduced in this country by the Von Mohl Co., of Cincinnati, O., one of the largest, richest and most responsible business firms in the United States, has attracted the attention of the entire medical profession because of the wonderful cures it has effected.

If you suffer from lost vitality, varicocele, weakness of any nature in the sexual organs or nerves, (no matter how caused,) or if the parts are undeveloped or have shrunken or wasted away "CALTHOS" will restore you.

"CALTHOS" is the discovery of Prof. Jules Laborde, famed in Paris as France's foremost specialist.

"CALTHOS" is the only remedy recognized by the medical profession as a specific cure for weak men.

"CALTHOS" has the indorsement of the German and French governments, and is largely used in the standing armies of those countries.

All correspondence relating to the "CALTHOS" department of our business is strictly confidential.

We neither publish nor furnish testimonials.

Address THE VON MOHL CO., 626 B, Largest Importers of Standard Preparations in the U. S. Cincinnati, O.

## BLOOD POISON

PRIMARY, SECONDARY OR TERTIARY Blood Poison Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guaranty. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, hair or eyebrows falling out, write

## Cook Remedy Co.

1072 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill. Capital of cures, Capital $500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. We have cured the worst cases in 15 to 35 days. 100-page book Free.

**NO CURE. NO PAY.**

NERVO—Our Vacuum Developer will restore you if you are sexually weak, lost power, impotent, or have Drains, Emissions, Varicocele, Stricture, Shrunken or Undeveloped Parts. Cures permanently cured in 2 to 4 weeks; $5,000 in use; not one failure; can refer to 1000 cured patients in Los Angeles; no C. O. D. frauds; write for free pamphlet, and sealed list of cures enclosed.

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## THE FOO AND WING HERB COMPANY

(An Incorporation)
T. Foo Yuen, President,
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This company manufactures and sells the celebrated IMPERIAL REMEDIES, prepared after the most approved formulas of Oriental physicians, many of them tested by centuries of use, and constituting the most complete and valuable series of specifics for the cure of disease ever placed before the world.

The President, T. Foo Yuen, has just returned from China with a full line of these remedies, prepared from the best and freshest remedial agents to be found in the Orient. All purely vegetable. No mineral or other poisons used.

For further particulars call or write.

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Anita Cream 40¢ A JAR

Royal Regent CORSETS

## Genuine "President" Suspenders for Men Monday 25c.

**Men's Golf Shirts, 69c.**
Good quality Madras, Cheviot and Oxford Golf Shirts in a choice assortment of patterns; extra cuffs to match; not a shirt worth less than $1.00 and many are worth $1.50; sizes 14 to 17; Monday at 69c each.

**Men's Half Hose at 19c.**
Fancy Hose in Maco and Lisle Thread; every style that is new and fashionable, silk embroidered figures, polkadots and stripes; double soles and high spliced heels; regular 25c, 30c and 35c grades Monday at 19c a pair.

**Men's Shirt Waists, 69c.**
We are sold out of some sizes; that is why we put all the waists left on sale Monday at 69c each; they are worth $1 to $1.50 and come in stylish, up-to-date patterns. We are first to cut prices on men's shirt waists.

**Men's Washable Ties at 5c.**
This is a big lot of imported Madras Ties, including such popular ... batwings, butterflies and club ties; these are regular 15c to 25c ... proper things to wear with colored shirts; on sale Monday only, ...

# MIDSUMMER SALE OF BOOKS

How the throngs gathered around and among the books last Monday morning and bought with feverish intensity. Last Monday's sensational ev... to be repeated tomorrow, but a better class of summer reading is offered. This is a chance for those who appreciate good bindings; choice titles ... artistic illustrations. We gave a full account and ample reasons for this sale. We are proud to say that we accomplished what we undertook. ... season other stores will follow our example and midsummer book sales will be scattered broadcast throughout the land. We were first to inaugurate and ... cessfully conduct a sale of books during the dullest month of the year—that is, August has been the dullest month. In the future it will be the busiest ... among book sellers because we have shown that it is possible to sell thousands of volumes of summer reading at a time when summer reading is wanted. This ... not confined to single volumes or to any class of literature. We do not advertise them, but we are selling standard sets, devotional books, books of reference, ... upon special subjects, and everything else that helps to make a book department complete. Ours is the largest book store and contains the greatest number ... umes to be found in any store in the Southwest. Light, airy, properly arranged, easy of access. You can put your hand on every book. A clerk's service is ... quired until you are ready to pay. Such is our book sale. An enjoyable event, a money saving pastime, for who does not look upon book buying as a pleas...

### Young People's Books at 17½c.

Handsomely bound books for young readers. Stories of life and action that will interest and educate. 12 mo. size. Cloth bound with titles in black and gold. Published at 35c. The following titles are among them.

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Boys of the Bible; H L Williams
Briery Wood
Brighamite; E B Bumjamin
Cedar Christian; T L Cuyler
Crossing Sweeper; Julia A Mathews
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Edith's Ministry; Harriet B McKeever
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Kitty's Victory; A Maria Hall
Little Bullets from Bessie; A L O E
Little Margery; Julia A Mathews
Lost Jewel; A L O E
Lost Spectacles; A Maria Hall
Maggie and the Sparrows; A Maria Hall
Margery's City Home; Julia A Mathews
Maude and Miriam; Harriet B McKeever
Mayflower, The; Harriet Beecher Stowe
My Neighbor's Shoes and Campaign of Life; A L O E
Ned Dolan's Garret; Julia A Mathews
Nettie's Mission; Julia A Mathews
Seven Oaks; J G Holland
Caleb West, Master Diver; F Hopkinson Smith
The Choir Invisible; James Lane Allen
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Comedies True; Annie Thomas
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Note—We have a few sets of the Collancz Shakespeare felt bound in cloth at 19c vol., and bound in leather at 29c volume.

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Well bound cloth books with gilt tops. Printed from clear type on good book paper. 12 mo. size and published at 60c. A standard library edition by the world's acknowledged masters of prose. Several hundred titles including the following:

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Children of the Abby; R M Roche
Dora Thorne; C M Braeme
Donovan; Edna Lyall
Knight Errant; Edna Lyall
Last Days of Pompeii; Bulwer-Lytton
Last of the Mohicans; J F Cooper
Man in Black; H J Weyman
Madcap Violet; William Black
Mine Own People; Rudyard Kipling
Minch Clarke; A Conan Doyle
Natural Law in the Spiritual World; Henry Drummond
Pioneer; J F Cooper
Robinson Crusoe; Daniel Defoe
Reveries of a Bachelor; Ik Marvel
Story of an African Farm; Schreiner
Deerslayer, The; J F Cooper
Ernest Maltravers; Bulwer-...
Edmund Dantes; Alexandre ...
English Orphans; Mrs M A ...
Firm of Girdlestone; A Co...
Grandfather's Chair; N Ha...
Gulliver's Travels; Dean Sw...
Great Expectations; Charles ...
Guy Mannering; Sir W Scott
Hardy Norseman; Edna Lyall
Handy Andy; Samuel Lover
Homestead on the Hillside; ... J Holmes
Ivanhoe; Sir Walter Scott
Scarlet Letter; N Hawthorne
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Artistically bound cloth books including standard fiction and prose by favorite authors. It is impossible to give more than one in ten of the titles, but you can judge from the ones quoted as to the character of the others

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Crockett, David, Life of; S R Ellis
Henry, Patrick, Life of; William Wirt
Hereward the Wake; Charles Kingsley
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Hold the Fort; D L Moody
Holy War; John Bunyan
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Joan of Arc, Maid of Orleans, Life of; David W Bartlett
Josephine, Empress, Life of
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Let Us Follow Him; Stanley
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Plain Tales From the Hills; ...
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Vicar of Wakefield; Goldsmith

### Suits at Half.

Women's $25 to $35 suits in sizes 34 to 36 only. A choice assortment of styles made of Etamine and brilliantine. Some in the new collarless Eton style. The most desirable of the season's modes. Carefully made and perfect in fit. Offered this week at the uniform price of..... $12.50

### Silk Etons.

Handsome taffeta silk Eton jackets trimmed and appliqued in various ways. Up-to-date garments for cool summer evenings. Some are lined with silk. Worth from $8.00 to $12.50. Choice for..... $4.85

### Silk and Lawn Waists.

A line of taffeta and silk waists in all of the most desirable shades. Some are tucked; others are striped with stitching. All are up-to-date in style. Worth $5.00 each. Offered at..... $3.98

White lawn shirt waists with sailor collars. Embroidery, tucks and two rows of insertion. Bishop sleeves. Either linen or soft collars. Worth up to $1.50 for..... 79c

White lawn waists in sailor collars and in other styles. Profusely trimmed with lace or embroidery and tucks; some of them button in the back which is the latest fad. Worth up to $2.50. Offered at..... $1.49

### Cheaper Wash Goods.

The season for wash goods is at its maximum, but our prices are reduced to the minimum. If you take time enough to look through all our wash textiles, you will find that the few following items reflect the whole stock in point of price lowness and fabric desirability. Prices like these are sure to captivate.

A nice lot of cotton Batiste in the new linen color grounds, also a lot of red and white figured and striped lawns, 30 in. wide, at..... 5c

Figured batistes and lawns with white and colored grounds; a good variety of small patterns and stripes, good colors and standard width, at..... 8⅓c

Lawns and batistes in light and dark grounds with fancy figures and stripes, also black and white; both heavy and sheer weaves; full width, at..... 10c

Fancy dimities in cords and lace effects; a fine line of tinted grounds in blue, pink, heliotrope, grey and yellow, also white grounds with figures and stripes, at..... 15c

A large variety of Indian dimities and mercerized stripe lawns; choice patterns and latest color effects; some very pretty things in greys, blues and heliotropes..... 19c

Cotton foulards with pretty tinted grounds in Persian designs and figured stripe effects, standard width and fast colors; worth 25c; special at..... 15c

The finest imported French and Scotch ginghams, sephyrs, madras and chambrays, some very rich embroidered patterns in black, white and colored grounds; also stripes and network effects; a complete line of colors and color combinations; the value at..... 49c

Heavy satin finished cotton foulards in a good line of patterns in stripes and figures, very firm and strong, formerly 50c a yard; now..... 35c

Cotton foulards with mercerized stripes, equal to any silk foulard in appearance, will give more service, all the new and desirable colors, good value at..... 45c

Sturdy Madras ginghams, the kind that will wear and wash; the patterns are mostly neat stripes, but there are also some checks and plaids in the lot; good line of colors, worth 30c; at..... 19c

Fine imported ginghams in the new fancy weaves, corded stripes and checks, effective printed designs on dainty tinted grounds, also black and white, worth 50c a yard, but selling at..... 29c

Fine Scotch sephyrs in pretty weaves and lace stripes, very nobby for waists, all the popular colors and tintings; 50c quality for..... 39c

Cotton foulards in a large variety of patterns and the latest colorings, full width and worth 30c a yard, offered at..... 19c

Fine sheer silky looking cotton foulards in all colors and a big range of figures, scroll and wave effects, polkadots, stripes and net patterns; cheap at 40c; our price..... 29c

### Interesting Dress Goods and Silks.

For this week we offer some splendid inducements to dress goods and silk buyers. You always look to the Hamburger store for the lowest prices and the newest styles. This sale is no exception. It offers you fashionable, desirable stuffs at reduced prices.

**Black Crepons 49c** The silk finished sort made of mohair wool; handsome, durable and easily cleansed from dust; large and small blistered patterns, 40 inches wide, $1.00 quality at 49c a yard.

**Black Grenadines 59c** Ideal for summer skirts; silk finished mohair grenadines; large scroll patterns and small figures; can be made over colored or black lining; 44 inches wide, $1.25 quality at 59c a yard.

**Twilled Foulards 39c** Cheney Bros'. twilled foulard silks, in a large assortment of colors and patterns, scrolls, vines, Persians and stripes; 24 inches wide; $1.00 quality at 39c.

**Black Silks 67c** An assorted lot consisting of black brocaded taffetas, armures, corded taffetas, striped taffeta and black satin duchesse; regular $1, $1.25 silks, 20 to 24 inches wide, offered at 67c a yard.

**Wool Etamine 39c** Regular $1 quality of handsome woolen etamines, including all the popular street and evening shades, also black; very sheer and clingy; it makes up very attractively; 44 inches wide; Monday only, at 39c a yard.

**French Challie 35c** A regular 65c quality, all-wool French challie, light and dark grounds, large scrolls, Persian designs and small figures, 30 inches wide; special this week at 35c a yard.

### Shoes at $1.95. Kinds for Men, Women, Boys and Girls.

Have you seen our artistic display of $1.95 shoes in the window? The display is artistic and so are the shoes. Stylish up-to-date lasts. This manufacturer's outlet sale of shoes has brought us hundreds of new customers. We want those who read this announcement to test its truth. We are actually selling shoes worth $3 to $5 at $1.95 a pair. Among the kinds offered are the following:

Women's $4.00 patent kid lace shoes, light or heavy soles, $1.95.
Women's $3 black kid lace shoes, cloth tops, $1.95.
Women's $3.50 tan Russian calf shoes, welt soles, $1.95.
Women's $5 black kid lace and button shoes, $1.95.
Girls' $3 black kid lace shoes, sizes 12 to 2, $1.95.
Girls' $3.00 patent leather dress shoes, cloth tops, $1.95.
Girls' $3 black kid button shoes, sizes 12 to 2, $1.95.
Men's $3 to $5 tan and black shoes, $1.95.
Men's $5 patent leather dress shoes, $1.95.
Boys' black vici kid shoes, 2½ to 5½, $1.95.

### Specials for the Kitchen.

Two-quart tin coffee pots of heavy, durable quality; special at 10c

Two quart tin pudding pans ..5c

Painted two-quart sprinkling pots, made of heavy tin, assorted colors; at 10c

Eight-inch tin pie plates. ..1½c

Large heavy tin tea kettles with copper bottoms; a splendid article for..... 45c

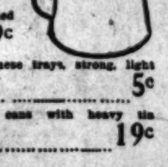
10-quart deep dish pans with strong handles at..... 15c

10-quart heavy retinned broad raised; special at..... 49c

Square or oblong Japanese trays, strong, light and durable. Japanese decorations..... 5c

One gallon glass oil cans with heavy tin jacket. Special at..... 19c

6-hole gem pans 7c



Strong, well made wash boiler with galvanized iron bottom at..... 69c

4-quart heavy retinned sauce pan; a durable grade, at..... 10c

9x13 inch double roast pan with cover and meat rack; ventilated, heavy sheet steel..... 49c

9x17 inch sheet steel dripping pan; this is the most popular size..... 10c

THIRD FLOOR

### Suits Reduced.

We have between 200 and 300 business suits for men and young men that we are anxious to sell because the lines have become somewhat broken. All sizes among them.

The cloths represented are the newest, the best and the most fashionable for summer wear. Most of of them are union made which *is* a guarantee that they are not sweat shop goods. The values range from $8.50 to $17.50. They have been divided into two lots. You can take your pick for

**$5.00 or $10.00.**

### Novelties in Surf Suits.

The ordinary bathing suit should not be mentioned in the same ... with these novelties. There is a vast difference between the ... bag like suit and a surf costume. The styles of making and ... are new and novel. Bright colors are used to good effect. Our blue and black alpaca suits with combination trimmings are ideal at $3.98 and..... $4...

Smart suits of black alpaca, with white alpaca reveres and large collar; skirt braided with white; the handsomest and best ever sold for $2.98

Children's all wool bathing suits, neatly braided with white; sizes 2 to 8 years, at..... 98c

Misses' all wool, navy blue ... trimmed with white; sizes 4 to 18 years, at.....

Canvas bathing shoes with cork soles; worth double; at.....

SECOND FLOOR

### Trunks and Bags.

We sell a strong tan sheepskin dress suit case with three hinges, sole leather corners, spring lock, strong catches and steel frame; 22 inch size for..... $2...

Club bags made of pebble rubber cloth, Japanned frame, strong lock and catches, cloth lined, 16 inch size at..... 69c

Genuine alligator bag with steel frame, snap hinges, cloth lining, and inside pocket, 10 inch size for..... 98c

Club bag made of sheep skin in alligator pattern, Japanned double frame, nickel hasp, lock and catches, 18 inch size..... $1.49

Canvas telescopes lined with ... straps with riveted ends and ... on top and bottom. All sizes ... in proportion. 14 inch size for.....

Good strong metal covered trunk, ... bottom and binding. Hard wood cleats and set up trag. 28 inch size for.....

Canvas covered flat top trunk ... hard wood slats and cleats; strong locks, hinges and handles. 28 inch size for.....

### Drapery Materials.

For this week we offer some special prices on desirable sorts of ... mer drapery stuffs. Prices that cannot be duplicated in the ...

The same quality silkoline as the above, but in larger pieces, 3¼ to 10 yards of a kind. Choose at, per yard..... 7½c

Mill lengths of cretonne and sateen, in 1 to 10 yard pieces, and as much as 25 yards of a pattern; 20c and 25c qualities. While they last at, per yard..... 10c

A beautiful lot of Japanese drapery, 17 inches wide; very popular for use in Japanese schemes, 10c values, for..... 5c

Hungarian drapery, 36 inches wide, extra weight for upholstery, portieres, etc; the styles are rich and effective. 35c values, for..... 19c

Vilia cloth 3 yards wide; it comes in plain blue, green, olive and tan; popular for cushions, curtains, fancy fillings, etc.; good value at 20c; choose at..... 10c

Curtain Etamine 36 inches wide, fine striped stuff, popular for curtains, white and ecru. 10c values, at..... 7½c

Pure white curtain swiss in dotted ... ures; 30 in. wide and a 3½c number; ... lengths from 1 to 10 yards but not ... much as 20 yards of a kind will ... be on sale at, per yard..... 10c

Colored art muslin, 36 inches wide, ... stuffs for bed spreads, curtains, ... ing, etc; a grand assortment of ... white, pink and white, green and ... white and other popular effects; ... the quality for..... 5c

Ruffled swiss, 30 inches wide; ... ted effects with a plain ruffled ... lar for curtains for small windows, ... short and long sash curtains; ... worth 30c; on sale at..... 19c

PICTORIAL SHEET.
Timely Illustrations.

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

IN FOUR PARTS.
Part Four—8 Pages.

XTH YEAR. SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 11, 1901. PRICE 5 CENTS

# The Beet-sugar Industry Now at Its Height All Around Los Angeles.

## HOW SUGAR IS MADE.

...RLY MORNING'S ride on the ...e eastward from Los An... leads to a beautiful basin of ... level as a floor, and hemmed in ... by varying rises of ground. ... Chino Valley. On the north ... mountains, like a gigantic ... rolling in to envelope the ... with the white caps already ... along its summit when snow ... but that suddenly has been ... joined, forever. Around to ... ward ripple the smaller waves ... all edging upon the circle, but ... restrained from closing in to ... peaceful valley.

... billet of the green fields ... great sugar factory, with ... of slim black chimneys tow... the sky line, gnashing its ... and scolding through its ... vent while men feed it ... wagonload, the carload, ...

... Southern California is one ... plants of its kind known, ... of the greatest industries ... Here is a sugar refinery ... to take care of 500 tons of ... that has put through 100,000 ... in a season of five months, and in ... the short season of three ... such as this year's, ships over ... pounds of the purest white ...

... of mighty machinery, such ... a great battleship, the ... cubes are brought forth ... to sweeten the tea in ... that is handed about ... drawing-room. Fearful ... roaring, almost-naked ... gigantic platoons are ... at is reeking with en... all that silver spoons ... bits of clean, sparkling ... dinner tables.

... bewildering busi... does. Right or nine ... in your they lie in wait, ... then when the faint ... comes down the wind ... up his first load, ... and demanding, ... eating night or ... are devastated.

... rapid. This year's ... fields opened at ... by the thirty-first ... sugar had al...

... two hundred men ... twelve-hour shifts to ... them from receiving ... coming hour. There is no easy ... in the process—every ... is bread by the sweat of ...

... be impossible to give a ... description of the process ... before beets pass to become ... sugar; but taking ... leisurely study; but taking ... consequently, it is fascinating.

It all begins back in February. When the white caps line the crust of that motionless billow to the northward, the ranchers go forth in the warm fields below and bury the thousands of rows of precious seeds. Then comes the anxious time of watching for rain, so familiar to every California farmer, and if the clouds shed in due season, the beet fields soon are a tender green. Through the spring the whitish bulbs wax fat, pushing up and up from the soil to be sweetened by the sun.

At last, as July draws to a close, the rancher goes out to root up his treasures, and that odor comes down the wind that sets the factory chimney to smoking.

Soon the long procession of beet wagons is on. From the Chino factory a broad avenue leads away into the valley, bordered by umbrellas and black walnut trees, and massed in by wild sunflowers ten feet high. This is the chief artery through which the crop flows toward the sugar bags. As far as the eye can reach down this oil-sprinkled and well-kept road are seen the broad, picturesque beet wagons, some mere dots away down in the valley, others creaking past behind four, five, and six horses. The five-horse teams of these ranchers are a striking peculiarity; two-wheel horses and three abreast in the lead.

The valley is full of Mexicans, the most of whom have tasted prosperity for the first time in their lives since the introduction of the beet-sugar industry, and they add greatly to this summer picture.

When the rancher prepares to load his broad-beamed wagon he covers the bottom and sides with a stout net. After his outfit is weighed at the factory gates, he drives beneath a great shed onto a platform that is cantoned on either side by deep bins. Immediately a hook and tackle are attached to one side of the wagon net, steam power is applied and in a flash th whole load is jerked overboard. From first to last everything is done in the quick, systematic way; time nd labor are nowhere wasted.

The manner in which water is utilized is especially interesting. Narrow canals of running water lead from the receiving shed into the factory. Into these the beets are dumped from the bins as needed, and are borne swiftly toward their destruction. As they bob beneath the factory walls they are received by a spiral hoist that scoops them from the canal and raises them to the next story, where they are thoroughly cleansed in great tanks. Next they pass up in elevators to the platform above where the voracious grinding machine seizes upon them and chews them into shreds. From here the material is carried on by traveling belts to the powerful presses that crush the juice from the pulp. The juice trickles away to the boiling vats, while the pulp is disgorged and shoveled away by bare-legged men who wade about in the sticky mess. While the boiling is going on a man is constantly taking the temperature of the liquid and testing it for its density, chemical qualities and all the other mysterious properties familiar to the chemist. It then pours down to the lower floor again in the form of muddy molasses and begins its wonderful rounds of the factory, through the intricate pipes that gradually separate the molasses from the pure sugar. Here, by a process of centrifugal action, the stream of boiled beet juice slowly grows lighter colored and more solid as it cools, and finally emerges as granulated sugar. But it is still moist and sticky, and impossible to sack. So it goes roofward again in little elevators and falls in a beautiful cascade through hot air that is blown upon it.

When dry it flows down a pipe, that is controlled below by a faucet, and here men are employed filling bags, weighing and sewing up. Burly negroes trundle the bags away as soon as filled, and the stuff is ready for shipment.

Beside the crop from the local fields, long trainloads of beets come in from Orange, Riverside and Los Angeles counties. A little narrow-gauge railway is kept busy carrying the pulp away to the drying fields. When the sun has prepared it, it is sold for cattle feed.

Producers are paid $4.50 a ton for beets that yield from 12½ to 15 per cent. saccharine, and for heavier yields a proportionate percentage.

From each load of beets a basket full is taken and tested in the laboratory. According to the results of this test the rancher is paid for the whole amount.

The factory's dozen huge furnaces burn nothing but oil. The surrounding grounds and roads are kept in a dustless condition by the use of crude petroleum.

The town of Chino is an interesting little place, existing as it does only because of the factory. California has few communities of this kind. In midsummer, when every other locality is passing its sleepiest time, Chino puts on important airs, transient business places spring up, and the imported mill hands almost double the population.

The majority of the hands are new every year, though the exerienced engineers, who cannot be replaced so easily, are retained the year through.

Fuel and labor are the two great items of expense. Oil is consumed at the rate of a barrel to every ton of beets.

One of the pretty sights of the little town is seen at noon, when the children gather at the factory gates with pails of lunch for their fathers within. Even the insatiate monster of brick and iron must concede an hour to the human appetite.

At Oxnard and Los Alamitos other factories are working hard. Probably over 250,000 tons of beets will be run into sugar in Southern California this season. This will yield at least 54,000,000 pounds of finished sweetening. While the saccharine properties of the beets average high this year, the crop is not a huge one, owing to the earliness of the rains, that came bountifully, but were not spread through the latter months. About 25,000 acres of beets were planted this year.

Strange to say, the bulk of the sugar goes as far east as the Missouri River, and beyond California, one of the world's great producers of sugar beets, uses more cane sugar than do the regions where beet fields are unknown.

## OUTLOOK IN CHINA.

### *Peace to Open the Way for Commerce.*

### *Some Things China Will Want Soon.*

### *Consul McWade's Report—An Opening for California Trade.*

BY OLIVE LOGAN.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.]

WASHINGTON, July 27.—The talk of today is of the encouraging outlook in China, as conveyed by the reports just come to hand from United States Special Commissioner Rockhill. Within two weeks Mr. Rockhill expects that the ministers will be ready to sign a protocol that will result in the speedy withdrawal from China of all foreign troops except the legation guards, and those who will occupy certain strategic points, to be held under the treaty to safeguard the road between Peking and the sea. An indemnity of 450,000,000 taels will be made by China to the powers, and thus, so far as money can atone for a great wrong, the Middle Kingdom will have bought the pardon of the offended nations. The obvious fact in these advices is that peace will now succeed disorder in that sadly-distraught empire, and here is where the chance comes in for the extension of Californian commerce, beyond the power of words to convey. Eighty million people are in the territory covered by the United States consulate at Canton alone, and Robert McWade, United States Consul at that place, has just reported the following important points to the State Department:

"What will sell well, or command a paying trade in Canton may fairly be relied on as sure of an equally good demand at any of the other ports, size of population and ease of access to the interior being taken into consideration.

"American whiskies and American wines, champagnes, clarets, etc., are rarely seen here. Our distillers and wine growers have apparently almost entirely forgotten this immense field. Scotch and Irish whiskies, and French, German, Spanish and Portuguese wines of all brands largely monopolize South China—certainly all the treaty ports.

"American milks, canned fruits and vegetables, tinned meats, soups and sardines are already showing a disposition to shoulder their competitors to one side. All preserves, jams, jellies, pickles and prunes should be sold in glass jars, with hermetically-sealed tops."

This seems to indicate a mart for well-known branches of Californian industry; and, outside of these, the Chinese demand is for a world of things which, one might suppose, it would be worth while for Californians to start a trade in, if none already exists, as its relative proximity to the Middle Kingdom, should naturally make the Pacific Coast the great purveyor to that immense empire.

Says the Consul: "In all of the seven treaty ports, there is not a cold-storage warehouse; any business man can at once see the pecuniary possibilities in that direction. Samples of recently-approved medicinal preparations—remedies for complaints and ailments incidental to tropical countries—should find their way here, to the certain ultimate advantage of both the wholesale houses and the compounders. Launches run by vapor, gasoline, or any motive power except steam or gas, safe, clean, economical, powerful, and easy to work, even by inexperienced Chinamen, will find, in time, a strong demand.

"Among the necessities are automatic water stills for distilling water for domestic use. There are no artesian or other wells, the Canton River being used for all family purposes. As almost 500,000 Cantonese live on the sampans, junks and house and flower boats on the Canton River, they are called 'sea devils' by the Cantonese who live on land—it is obvious that the water taken from the river for drinking and household purposes must be impregnated with the germs of typhoid and other dangerous diseases; hence the necessity for really good water stills, which ought to find a ready and profitable market."

By the Consul's mentioning that the Cantonese who live on boats are called "sea devils" by the land-dwellers, we can understand what we have heard before, namely, that the term "foreign devils" as applied to white men, is not so offensive as it seems to us. "Devils" being employed by the Chinese in an analogous manner to our use of the words "fellows," "chaps," "that crew" or "that lot;" references not particularly complimentary, but not reviling, as many of us have imagined.

In the interest of American merchants Consul McWade is going to set aside a part of the Canton consulate for the public exhibition of all samples forwarded to him from the United States. Mr McWade says: "Lowest prices, c. o. d., at the treaty ports, ought to be affixed to each commodity, and its accompanying 'literature' should claim no other than its real uses and merits; for, although the Chinese are inveterate equivocators, they trust the word of a foreign merchant until he deceives them. It is, of course, to be distinctly understood that no sales will be made or effected by me under any circumstances, my desire and purpose being simply to show American products to Chinese and other traders, so as to make this section of Southern China a profitable market for American wares."

Californians, here's your chance to capture the China trade. Communicate with Consul McWade at Canton at once, and show the sea devils and the land devils and all the other purchasing devils in China just what glorious things you have got to sell them. Go in and win. Take advantage of an unparalleled event in the history of the world—the primary opening of commerce of the wonderful, mysterious, densely-populated regions of Confucius.

## THE AFRICAN LANGUAGE.

...Tongue of the South African ...Jargon and Does not Deserve ...tion.

...Gazette:] There should ... the answer to the question ... asked concerning dual lan... South Africa—No. In the ... the "taal," which is the ... tongue of the South African ... not a language. It is an un... local jargon, or patois, with ... and mongrel words and phrases ... from the Orient, Hottentot ... languages, more remote from High Dutch than is broad Lancashire from the tongue of an educated Englishman.

Before the war the agitation for the perpetuation of his bastard speech and its universal recognition in English colonial courts of justice, Parliaments and schools was but part and parcel of the great plot and dream of Boerdom for the overthrow of British supremacy in South Africa.

In Cape Colony its recognition was due to the predominance of the Dutch element; but all educated Boers speak English, and have a strong desire to educate their children in English customs, manners, and in the English language. Its perpetuation as an alternative tongue in the Cape Parliament was due to the influence of the Afrikander Bond, not for convenience or utility, but as one of their strings to the bow of Dutch supremacy in South Africa.

The most glaring instance of its introduction as a means to an end occurred in Natal, essentially an English colony, as far back as 1882. Dutch agitators who controlled the Dutch vote, a mere trifle, petitioned for the appointment of a Dutch inspector of schools, and the government of that day, anxious to conciliate the all-powerful Transvaal, Natal's chief trade customer, acquiesced in the suggestion, though the Dutch of Natal were unanimous in desiring their children to be taught English, that their sons and their daughters might grow up useful members of the community. It was but one scene in the great drama that was being rehearsed by Dutch actors throughout South Africa.

There is perhaps a sentimental side to the question, for the "taal" may and will be perpetuated without any state recognition, in many a Boer home for years to come. But every young Dutchman recognizes today, as he did before the war, that if he is to succeed in life he must discard the tongue of his voorouders and busy himself with English. If the "taal" is to receive equal recognition with the English, it is high time that Gaelic or Welsh was accorded the same privileges in our law courts.

### Iron Scarce in the Philippines.

[Cassier's Magazine:] Iron, we are told, is wanted in the Philippines for the manufacture of tools, farming implements, building trimmings, weapons and hundreds of other articles. The wheelwrights are looking everywhere for iron with which to repair and construct vehicles. The mining engineers are paying large sums of money for pieces of old iron for use in the various mining enterprises. Owners of sugar-cane crushing machinery, proprietors of machine shops and shipbuilders are offering all sorts of prices for iron, steel and other metals. Yet it is almost an impossibility to buy iron in the islands. Native machine workers produce hundreds of different kinds of metal implements and parts of machinery from old vehicle springs and wagon tires.

### Looked Like Her.

"Sir," said the gentleman angrily, as he burst into the photograph gallery, "you have insulted my wife and I demand satisfaction."

"Believe me, sir!" said the photographer, soothingly, "I am innocent of any intended offense; what have I done?"

"You will have to fight, sir," went on the man; "you took a picture for my wife, and it looks like her."—[Boston Post.

### Eminence.

"Why is Mr. Tooter considered a great artist? I don't care much for his pictures."

"Neither do I," answered the man who knows everything. "But his impertinences are so original. What other artist has his studio besieged by society people anxious to be made famous by one of his insults?"—[Washington Star.

# The Drama—Plays, Players and Playhouses. Music and Musicians. Musical Ne

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

**Chat With Melbourne MacDowell.**

HOW much of the actor's character is natural and how much art? It is an interesting point, that of the player's individuality. When the curtain falls upon a play that has impressed us we are sometimes fain to ask ourselves whence comes that power which made the puppet of the drama alive, strong, true, human. Is it the man's brain, his art, or is it his soul and nature that achieve for him the actor's success in a role.

That question is the mainspring of the curiosity which leads us to the greenroom. We have seen the player; we would now know the man. After witnessing a performance of "La Tosca" one is curious to see what manner of man it is who has played the Baron Scarpia with such power and insight.

"I have played Scarpia about three thousand times," said Mr. MacDowell cheerfully confessing to the hours he has spent in villainy.

Melbourne MacDowell off the stage is a prince of good fellows. His is a buoyant, jolly nature, as is usual with merry people, brimming with the milk of human kindness. A pair of gray eyes look at one with a frank humor and friendliness that win good will at once. Add to the eyes a full, ringing voice, a spontaneous laugh and a lively manner that does not admit the possibility of boredom or fatigue (even after a six-hour rehearsal,) and you have, in sum, the charm of his personality. It is when one looks at the jaw and mouth that one realizes why this man invests with such strength, such realness, each part he plays. He has the forceful nature of the man who dares attempt anything and, in spite of all obstacles, carries his attempt triumphantly along to achievement. Such a man was Scarpia; such Marc Antony, the two characters in which MacDowell excells himself. When one sees him skipping about the room seeing to the comfort of his guests, laughing and chatting with the abandon of a happy schoolboy escaped from his tasks, it is almost necessary to pinch oneself to make one remember that this is Melbourne MacDowell now at the height of his renown as one of the greatest tragedians on the American stage.

"I think Marc Antony is my favorite role," continues Mr. MacDowell, cheerfully unaware of the microscopic scrutiny he is undergoing. "I am very fond of Marc Antony. I don't like the death scene in 'La Tosca.' It is the hardest death I do. There are so many things to think of; first, of course, to make it realistic, then to gauge just the distance to stagger backward before falling so that my poor dead body shall not be ruthlessly decapitated by the curtain. Oh, it is a serious matter, I can tell you! One thing, though, I shall continue to say my prayers, even though some people don't appreciate my devotion—they call me too rapid a prayer-maker. Have you ever seen a Turkish Catholic at prayer? Yes? Well am I not right, then? Is not Scarpia an Italian Catholic? Then, by all odds, Scarpia must pray like one! But, stay a moment, I want you to meet my leading lady. Come, Miss Stone, sit down and tell us the story of your life."

Miss Stone, however, will not confine to the prosaic facts of a life-story. She can hardly be expected to have one, being merely a young woman. Florence Stone is (I trust it is permissible to say) an extremely pretty woman, with a very fascinating manner. Her achievements in Sardou roles must be considered remarkable when one knows that she is now playing them only for the third time, and that she committed them tremendous parts to memory in a week each. Sunday night was the third evening on which she has played "La Tosca," Monday Bernhardt gave three months to the study of "Tosca" before she appeared in the piece.

"I don't know how or when Miss Stone learns her parts," says Mr. MacDowell, "she always seems to be about. She doesn't shut herself up to study. She seems to know a part after she has read it through once—just swallows it."

Miss Stone confesses to a strong partiality for the role of Gismonda. Her eyes then begin to light up and sparkle with enthusiasm as she talks of her work. She has the power of interesting one intensely, not only in her conception, but in herself. She has all one's eyes and attention. One is anxious not to miss a word, a gesture, a change of expression.

Mr. MacDowell during his holidays, is a great sportsman. He is passionately fond of gambling, and was for six years a member of the Duxbury Yacht Club of New York. "There was a time," he says, "when I ate, drank, dreamt and lived yachts. It is the greatest sport in the world."

Melbourne MacDowell tells a good story of his first days on the stage. He was engaged to play small parts in a company which was starring Barrett. One of these small parts was Pindarus, the servant of Cassius in "Julius Cæsar." Now, the various members of the company had discovered that the young MacDowell who played these very small parts was beautifully ignorant of "stage business," and possessed of so sweet and humble a spirit that he was willing to take and profit by any advice given him. In fact, the wholesale manner in which he adopted a suggestion had filled the company with an unholy desire not to let him run out of that commodity, die, or say or two gave him advice about making up for the part of Pindarus. "Remember," they said, "you are a slave, an Egyptian, and you must make up like one."

"So," says Mr. MacDowell, "I did. I covered myself with grease paint. I made myself as brown as I thought a full-blooded Egyptian ought to be. There were no sleeves in my shirt. My arms were covered with paint, also my neck and chest. Oh, I was the dirtiest thing you ever saw! Looked as if I was having one of those mud baths. Well, the time finally came for Barrett—that is, Cassius, to die. I made my speech from the top of the rock, then descended to the stage and got my sword ready for Cassius to run on it. You know the lines. He says:

"'Caesar, thou are reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.'

and dies. Well, down he came, rushed on the sword, and, of course, I had to seize him in my arms and lay him on the stage. Now, Cassius had on a beautiful pale crepe de chine robe, a lovely thing! Imagine the result. Wherever my faithful Egyptian arms clasped the dying Cassius, a layer of those arms came off on the dying Cassius's handsome crepe de chine robe. The audience saw the trouble and burst into shouts of laughter. Cassius couldn't see the tattoo, but thought his robe must have blown up, as those Roman skirts do, when you fall, unless they are properly weighted.

"'Pull down my skirt. Quick! Pull down my skirt!' he whispered to me frantically. I dared not tell him what was the matter. He went on dying and I had to handle him a good deal, and the more I handled him the dirtier I made him. He didn't know what was the matter, but he put it down to my account, gave me a last murderous glance and died. Caesar was revenge'd, indeed. My last lines, as I made my exit had a peculiar significance.

"'O Cassius, far from this country
Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note
of him.'"

Unfortunately I couldn't run very far. The curtain fell at last, the audience roaring and cheering. Barrett rushed into his dressing-room in an awful rage. The minute his dresser saw him he burst into a roar of laughter. "What are you laughing at, you —— blockhead?" shouted Barrett, but just then he caught sight of himself in the mirror. Well, he sent for me. He walked all around me, and over me. He swore some of the handsomest oaths I ever heard in my life. I don't know how I got away with a whole skin. The next week we were to play the "Merchant of Venice," and I was cast for the part of Tubal. But they wouldn't let me play it. When I came on at rehearsal Barrett said: "Take him away; take him out of the theater. Take him out and lose him; I won't have him near me." So I didn't play Tubal; and Mr. McDowell laughed at the recollection until the tears came into his eyes.

**Burbank.**

At Morosco's Burbank Theater during the past week crowded houses have witnessed the grand production of Bardou's "La Tosca," by Melbourne MacDowell, supported by Miss Florence Stone and Company.

Beginning tonight, "Cleopatra" will be put on for one week, and the management of the Burbank promises its patrons a production as magnificent in every detail as was ever produced in this city at advanced prices. Mr. MacDowell will portray Marc Antony, generally considered the most finished of his impersonations. His splendid physique, his resonant voice, his military bearing, fit him perfectly for the role of the Roman warrior. His masterly acting of the part has always procured for him unstinted praise. Miss Stone will play Cleopatra, a part which is said to be especially adapted to her powers, and her temperament. Miss Stone has the advantages of youth and beauty as well as cleverness. The scenery, costumes and properties are elaborate and are under the direction of Frank Willard, for many years, and until her death, stage manager for Fanny Davenport. The company includes Messrs. Jack Webster, Clarence Montaine, Frederic Esmelton, Hal De Forrest and Gilbert Gardner; also Misses Mona Carrington, Ida Banning, Ione Everett, Estelle Morgan and Marie Linton. The advance sale of seats for "Cleopatra" is very large. The enthusiastic reception given to "La Tosca" indicates a continuance of packed houses. The usual Saturday matinée will be given.

**Orpheum.**

The "Bargain Fiend" is the taking title of Stanton and Modena's comedy sketch which is to be the headline feature of the Orpheum's new bill next week. Mr. Stanton played here three years ago, and scored a big hit. Stanton and Modena are expected to win large successes when they appear before Orpheum patrons on Monday night.

Ameta, the latest of the fire dancers to achieve renown and glory in the East, makes her début in California this week. She is said to possess personal beauty, as well as to dance wonderfully and brilliantly.

Two players who come heralded as exceptional entertainers are Corinne Ardell and Bruce Chesleigh. They will produce a skit called "A Bitter Dose."

Katharine Germaine will sing the famous "Honeysuckle and the Bee" song from the eastern successful opera, "King Dodo;" also the "Jewel Song" from "Faust." Will Murphy and Blanche Nichols and the Musical Brooklyns are once more on the bill. The famous Cragg family will introduce some new feats, and also two new members of the family. The biograph will show new views.

**Chutes.**

The Chutes continues to do a rushing business. This public playground has been crowded all the week. Several additions have been made to the zoo in the way of cages which have been built on the north side of the park. The cages are now supplied with electric lights, so that visitors can view the inmates at night as well as by day.

For the new vaudeville bill commencing today, both afternoon and evening, one of the most clever numbers ever put on at an outside show will be introduced. This novelty is an exact reproduction of Capt. Paul Boynton's celebrated water-shoe act, entitled, "Aquatic Sports." When Boynton first introduced his marvelous feat of walking upon the water, people went miles to see him. Among Boynton's associates were Capt. Paul Bowers, and, later, Prof. Rabe, who will now give the public of Los Angeles the benefit of the master swimmer's ideas. The act consists of walking upon the water, fencing upon the water, in connection with athletic sketches on the surface of the lake.

Another strong feature is Prof. Babr's great mystifying illusion, the Cabaret de la Mort. The Gillen trio, club swingers, will continue through the week in new movements. Harmon, the high diver, will show some new things in diving. Bentley, the versatile musician, will give an entire change of numbers this week. Chutes Orchestra will present a good programme. Tonight's programme will close with illumination of the grounds and playing of the prismatic fountain.

**Santa Monica.**

Vaudeville at Santa Monica is playing to good business under the management of Jack Diamond. Spencer Kelly, baritone, and the Carlson Sisters, juvenile dancers, are making hits nightly. This week there will be a change of programme. A special feature will be the appearance of Stewart Allen, a well-known actor, who was with Sol Smith Russell for five years. He is engaged to direct short comedies supported by a good company. The first comedy presented will be "Lend Me Five Shillings." There will be six strong vaudeville acts in addition to the above.

## PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

**At Last!**

At last we are to have a Boer play. It is from the pen of the popular dramatist, Paul Potter, who handles so well war situations on the stage. Louis Mann and Clara Lipman will appear in this play in October. The scenes are laid in Doppersdorp, a Transvaal village, and its vicinity prior to and during the Jameson raid. Mr. Mann will play the part of Piet Prinaloo, an old farmer. Miss Lipman will play Mona Prinaloo, his daughter, a wilful pretty girl of 20 years. Eight of the principal characters are Boer types. The sentimental interest is developed between the characters of Mona and Rodney Blake, a young English doctor who joins the raiders. The scenery will be painted by Physioc, from photographs taken in the Transvaal, so that the scenes will be most graphic pictures of the country now racked by war. Mr. Mann and Miss Lipman are now in Holland studying Dutch types. He will also make an attempt to interview Kruger.

**Florence Roberts.**

Florence Roberts has met with enormous success in San Francisco as Camille at the Alcazar Theater. Next week Miss Roberts will make her appearance for the first time in an entirely new play in four acts written for her by Charlotte Thompson, a well-known literary woman of San Francisco. Miss Thompson's play is entitled "Silver-mounted Harness."

**Mrs. Dane's Defense.**

Margaret Anglin and Charles Rickman have scored big hits at the Columbia Theater, San Francisco, in Henry Arthur Jones's great play, "Mrs. Dane's Defense." They will play a short engagement at the Los Angeles Theater beginning August 12.

**Actress and Writer.**

Louise Glosser Hale, wife of Walter Hale, who will play Col. Jack Brereton in support of Mary Mannering in "Janice Meredith," the coming season, will be Sukey, the negro servant of the cast. Mrs. Hale is the author of a very interesting article in the August Bookman, on "Historic Englishmen on the American Stage," illustrated with photographs of Mansfield as Beau Brummel Goodwin, and Dizey as Garrick, Robson as Goldsmith, Sothern as Sheridan, and by original sketches by Mr. Hale of the homes of these historic Englishmen in London.

**Come Forth, Bonaparte.**

Kathryn Kidder, who is about to revive "Mme. Sans Gene," is having great difficulty in finding a suitable man for the part of Napoleon. Augustus Cook, who had achieved fame in the part when the play was first produced, is not available, as he proposed to remain in vaudeville for at least another year. The few other actors who have personated the Emperor are all engaged, and no new ones seem to come forward.

**New Garrick.**

When the new theater in Philadelphia, called the Garrick, is dedicated it will not be the first house of that name that has been christened by Richard Mansfield. After Harrigan's name was removed from the theater on Thirty-fifth street, New York, and the word Garrick substituted, Mr. Mansfield opened the house and became its lessee. So he will have the distinction of starting the careers of two theaters named after a celebrated actor. One of the features of the new house will be a pair of stained glass windows, one to have the picture of David Garrick, the other of Mr. Mansfield. The question arises, Will the theatergoers of the Quaker City recognize the difference?

**Sonnenthal To Come.**

Adolf Ritter von Sonnenthal, the noted German tragedian, who visited America in the season before last, has been engaged by Director Heinrich Conried, of the Irving Place Theater, to play here again next spring. The engagement will be of but two weeks' duration, and it is said that the star will receive a record salary for his performances. The season will open with six performances at the Irving Place Theater, and one performance each will be given in Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, Milwaukee and St. Louis.

**Something Spicy.**

Louis Nethersole received a letter from Clyde Fitch concerning "The Marriage Game," which he is writing for Sadie Martinot. Mr. Fitch says that the play contains several pronounced "shocks," and that it will easily "outSapho" Olga Nethersole's "Sapho." He also says that the play will doubtless not appeal to those persons who flocked to see his "Lovers' Lane," and "Barbara Frietchie," but that the other class is in the majority, and entitled to consideration from playwrights.

**One on John Drew.**

John Drew has always been a devotee of the bicycle, and the graceful figure of the actor awheel is a familiar sight in the park when he is in town, he preferring it to any other kind of exercise. It happened while he was riding across the plaza at the Fifth-avenue entrance to the park the accidentally ran into and knocked down a young woman, a society débutante of last season. The young woman first of all was a matinée girl, and an ardent worshiper at the shrine of this particular actor. Mr. Drew, always chivalrous off the stage as on, quickly assisted the girl to her feet and anxiously inquired if she was injured. When the young woman recognized who the person responsible for her discomfiture was, she became confused, and in the excitement of the moment replied:

"Yes, a little, but as long as it is you, Mr. Drew, I don't believe I am." And she was off, leaving the actor blushing and perplexed.

A stranger who witnessed the accident, but who knew the young woman, disclosed her identity, and the actor immediately dispatched a messenger to her home for further inquiries as to her injuries. The messenger returned with the following answer:

"I have in this cause power to endure more than thou hast power to inflict."

It sent Mr. Drew on another journey through the great bard's plays.

**Irving's American Season.**

Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry will open their engagement at the Knickerbocker Theater October 21, and will remain three weeks, presenting a repertoire consisting of "Coriolanus," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Lyons Mail," "Charles I," "Louis XI," "The Bells," "Nance Oldfield," and "Waterloo," Beginning November 11, Maude Adams will appear at the Knickerbocker for ten weeks in the new play by J. M. Barrie, with tri-weekly matinées of "As You Like It," and a few performances of "L'Aiglon." After Miss Adams leaves, William Gillette will revive Hamlet.

## QUIPS AND CUES.

Maude Adams's London engagement will begin April 13, 1902.

Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree have gone to Austria for a vacation.

Sol Smith Russell will return to the stage this autumn, after a season's retirement on account of illness.

Henry Arthur Jones will visit New York during the coming season to supervise the production of one of his plays.

The will of the Hon. Eric Lascelles, English "titled showman," who died recently, shows an estate valued at $185,000.

William W. Warmington will tour "The Girl from Paris" this season, as it was originally written, as a musical comedy.

Kitty Coleman will star in "True Irish Hearts" and "Cruiskeen Lawn" the coming season, under the management of Fred Wynne.

George J. Appleton, manager for N. C. Goodwin and Arnold Daly, Neil O'Brien, and L. S. Woodthorpe, of Mr. Goodwin's company, sailed, July 26, for London.

Olga Nethersole has bought the English rights to Daudet's "Sapho." She will present Clyde Fitch's version of the play in London next season, and later on in Paris.

Daniel Frohman sailed from London a week ago for New York, having secured plays by A. W. Pinero, J. Comyns Carr, Sydney Grundy, Max Pemberton and Guy Boothby.

Anna Held says, through her press agent, that the coming season will be her last on the American stage, as she intends to act thereafter in Paris at a theater that her husband and Florens Ziegfeld, Jr., is to build.

Julia Marlowe will sail for Europe next Thursday, her trip being for the purpose of conferring with Stephen Phillips, who is writing a Joan of Arc play that Miss Marlowe intends to produce in September, 1902.

Daly and Morton's Novelty Theater Company will open its season early in August, playing first the principal towns of New Jersey, and then going South. Mlle. Aniel, the spectacular dancer, is among the recent engagements.

The principals engaged to support Sadie Martinot in the new play written for her by Clyde Fitch, are Edwin Arden, Al Lipman, Mrs. McKee Rankin, Jeffreys Lewis, John Sylvester. The company opens in Philadelphia September 23.

Agnes Herndon, who has been featured in "La Belle Marie" and "The Woman in Black," will play the part of Sarah Drake, the adventuress, in "Man's Enemy," which is now in its sixth consecutive season in England and third in America.

In the melodrama, "Lost in the Desert," a new and novel feature has been added for the coming season, in a leap for life from a cliff twenty feet high to a bamboo tree. The hero makes the leap, and the tree bends to the stage with his weight.

Wilfred Gerdes, who is said to be the largest and heaviest actor on the stage today, weighing 530 pounds, has been engaged for the new farce-comedy, "Happy Hooligan," to originate the part of a policeman. Ross Snow has been engaged to originate the title role.

All the scenery, costumes and properties of "Nature," which was produced at the Academy of Music, New York City, four seasons ago, were purchased by Gus Hill, for his big musical comedy "Are You a Buffalo?" in which Ed M. Favor and Edith Sinclair will be featured.

Vaughan Kester, who was one of the managers of the course of modern plays at the Carnegie Lyceum, and who is a brother of Paul Kester, the playwright, has just completed a new novel, entitled, "The Manager of the B. and A.," which will be published shortly by Harper & Bros.

The committee of members of the Lambs, consisting of De Wolf Hopper, Digby Bell and Thomas B. Clarke, left yesterday for Charlestown, N. H., to take formal possession of the home of the late Charles H. Hoyt there. Mr. Hoyt, in his will, bequeathed the mansion to the Lambs.

Clay Clement will appear this fall in a new romantic play, "Gentlemen, the King," of which Henry of Navarre is the chief personage. The author of the play is Test Dalton, an English newspaper man. It was written several years ago, and was intended for the use of the late Thomas Keene. He died before the play was to have been produced.

George Edwardes, the London manager, who has been looking for a comedienne to fill the place of Connie Ediss, thinks he has found a clever successor in Miriam Lawrence, the American comedienne, whom he has engaged to open as Mrs. Bang in "The Messenger Boy" on August 17. Miss Lawrence was identified with the role of Carmenita in "A Runaway Girl" during the past two seasons.

Gus Hill's production of the "Royal Lilliputians" the coming season promises to eclipse his previous effort. He has purchased the smallest horses and carriage in the world through his European agent. They will be driven tandem by Helene Lindner, the smallest woman in the world. She is but 23 inches high. Miss Lindner was one of the leading lights of the Lilliputian company that toured the country several seasons ago.

William Seymour has been engaged by Louis F. Nethersole to stage the new Clyde Fitch play, in which Sadie Martinot is to star next season. It is a comedy of English life, and written with the special object of fitting Miss Martinot with a suitable vehicle for starring. Miss Martinot will play the role of a former music hall singer, who is married to an English lord. The complications which arise from this mesalliance constitute the story of the play. The opening performance will be in September at Philadelphia.

Mme. Modjeska, who has been in Europe since the close of last season, recently appeared at Lembergh, the capital of Austrian Poland, in a new play, supported by the members of the endowed theater of Cracow. It was the first time in many years that the great Polish actress has spoken her native language on the stage. Cable reports say she met with a tremendous ovation. She has been taking the waters of Kissengen for several weeks past, and is now registered at the Hotel Chatham in Paris, where she will remain until the middle of August. She is due to arrive in America the latter part of next month, when she will at once begin rehearsals with Louis James, in Wagenhals and Kemper's production of "Henry VIII."

## SERVANTS' UNION RULES.

**Adopted at the Last Meeting of the Amalgamated Association of Cook-ladies and Chambermaids.**

[Josh Wink in Baltimore American:]

1. Work shall not begin until the cookiady is ready, and shall end when she is ready.

2. The mistress shall not come snooping around the kitchen. The cookiady knows her business, or she would quit the job.

3. No family shall be permitted to buy ice cream in such small quantity as to deprive the cookiady and cookiady's young man of their rightful share.

4. The cookiady, first floor lady and other ladies shall have the inalienable right to attend bargain sales.

5. No family shall be permitted to entertain company at dinner without filing a request one week in advance with the cookiady.

6. The second floor lady shall not be required to dust the rooms oftener than every two weeks, except for one week before Christmas, when dusting will be carefully done each day.

7. Members of the family desiring to entertain in the parlor or use the piano should confer with the first floor lady and the cookiady two days in advance.

8. No one shall address any servant by her first name, even after being introduced, until long acquaintance shall justify such familiarity.

9. The cookiady shall not be held responsible for burned steak or scorched pies. That is always the fault of the range.

10. The family washing must be sent in every instance to a member of the washladies' union, and must include that of the servants.

11. Gentlemen friends of the cookiady and other ladies must not be barred from the porch, and shall have the use of the hammock when so desired, unless same has been claimed by a two days' notice on the part of the family.

12. It is recognized that the cookiady has the right to wear the mistress' hat to her club, and the mistress' dresses also, if she should desire to do so from time to time.

13. In all matters of dispute it must be remembered that the cookiady is the boss, and what she says goes.

## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

**Personal.**

MISS FRANCES DAVIS, vocal teacher, is visiting her parents in the North, and will spend the ensuing month at Santa Cruz.

Harley Hamilton writes from the East that the heat is unbearable, prostrating the inhabitants. On this account business is very dull, and there is practically nothing being done in music.

Charles A. Bowes, vocal teacher, is spending a short vacation in the mountains.

J. Bond Francisco is still at Ocean Park, dividing his time between painting, golfing, fishing and bowling. A number of marine sketches are promised for the coming season.

Waldo F. Chase, organist and director of Christ Church, has branched successfully into the line of song writing. Three German songs are the result of this venture, and they are such that Mr. Chase may justly feel proud of them.

J. Musso has recently composed a fascinating Cuban dance entitled "Hermosa." It is arranged for piano, solo mandolin, mandolins and guitars, and for band and orchestra.

Miss Avice Boxall gave a most successful harp recital at Santa Monica on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Modini-Wood and Forrest Dabney Carr intend giving a recital shortly, in support of a deserving charity. Mr. Carr will introduce three charming songs by Waldo F. Chase of this city, "Liebespost" (Love's Message), "Meeresheimweh" (Longings,) and "Mein Herz ist Eine Mude Schwalbe" (My Heart is a Weary Swallow.) Los Angeles is rich in composers who produce work of a high grade.

The other evening a most enjoyable concert was given by the Students' Club at the Los Angeles School of Dramatic Art. The principal soloist of the evening was Charles Bowes, baritone, who took the house by storm with his rendition of "The Mulleteer of Tarragona." He gave an encore in excellent style, the "Irish Love Song." A quartette was rendered by Misses Ethel and Janet Graham and Messrs. Bowes and Wren. Others taking part were Misses Atwell, Stepper, Locke, Forquer, Brown, Bradley. Miss Heller was accompanist.

The pupils of Mrs. J. A. Ogilvie gave a recital at her studio on Saturday, August 3. Those taking part were Mrs. Demond, Misses Hazel Moore, Marie Watters, Nellie Davis, Lillian Koch, Isabelle Beeckle.

**Appropriate Wedding March.**

A letter has just come to hand from a friend of a prospective bride. The friend has been asked to play during the ceremony, and she asks advice as to her selections. The bride, it seems, has a decided objection to the usual orange-blossom melodies, and desires something "less solemn and more modern, but thoroughly appropriate." Why not play an arrangement of that popular song, "I've Got a White Man Workin' for Me?" If the music stores are out of it, you may perhaps be able to get a copy of "More Work for the Undertaker."

**Carroll, the Whistler.**

The friends of this young Los Angeles girl will be interested to hear that she left San Francisco on Thursday, 8th inst., for New York. Carroll has been performing at the different vaudeville houses in San Francisco this summer, and in concerts with her sister, who is a talented pianist. Carroll's last appearance in the State was at the Chautauqua assembly at Pacific Grove. She will remain in New York indefinitely, having received most encouraging offers in the East for her very unique and novel accomplishment. Carroll's many Los Angeles friends will be glad to hear of her continued success, and will watch her career with interest. Carroll is accompanied by her mother, Mrs. McComas, and her sister, Miss Alice McComas, who is a talented pianist.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

**Wagner Theater Soon to Open.**

The widespread interest manifested in the opening of the great new Wagner Theater in Munich in September increases, and the attendance of notables from the musical world is expected to be immense. Mme. Nordica is preparing in the Black Forest. The final rehearsal of the opening opera, "Tristan and Isolde," was given privately before the Prince Regent, and the fact that Mme. Nordica filled the role of Isolde will be recorded on tablets in the new theater. During her four weeks' season in Munich the American songstress will appear each week in the role of Isolde and as Elsa in "Lohengrin." At the conclusion of the season she will go to Lucerne to rest before sailing for America at the end of October.

Mme. Nordica has decided not to appear next season in either opera or concert in New York or Philadelphia, but she is booked for upward of eighty recitals throughout the United States. Owing to her engagements she has been obliged to refuse an offer to appear with the Nikisch orchestra at the Gewandhaus, Leipsic.

**Blind Artist.**

William Worth Bailey, the blind violinist, who is to tour this country during the coming season, is now receiving the finishing touches from Ysaye at Brussels. He will return to his native country early in November, beginning his tour on his arrival. Mr. Bailey will be supported by Elizabeth Northrop, soprano, and Edwin M. Shonert, pianist. The tour is under the management of R. E. Johnston. Arrangements have been completed by Slivinski, the Polish pianist, for a season of fifty concerts, beginning the middle of November.

**Comic Opera Notes.**

A "Soldier of France," the operetta by Grant Stewart and J. Sebastian Hiller, that was produced with great success at the Christmas Gambol of the Lamb's Club and afterward by Cecilia Loftus, is being converted into a three-act piece by its authors, and there is a probability that De Wolf Hopper will use it as a vehicle for his reentry into stardom.

J. Sebastian Hiller retired from the musical director's chair of Florodora at the Casino last week. He will have charge of one of the "Florodora" companies next season.

Edith Yerrington, the Willie Van Astorbilt of the original "The Burgomaster" company, now playing in Boston, will spend her vacation at her home in Winona, Minn. Her little son, Jack, who is already well known in the profession, is there awaiting her.

**Grau's Plans.**

The plans of Maurice Grau for the coming opera season are so far advanced that it is quite possible to give a general outline of the features of the campaign of 1901-2 at the Metropolitan Operahouse in New York City. The performances of the company will begin in Canada, and the long tour will include Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, New Orleans and San Francisco. Ten weeks will be devoted to New York. The new operas promised are De Lara's "Messaline" and Paderewski's "Manru." There is also talk of the "Roi d'Ys," if its revival at a foreign operahouse proves to be successful.

David Bispham is to sing the title role in Walter Damrosch's opera of "Cyrano de Bergerac." It is also interesting to know that Lillian Blauvelt will be the Roxane. Maurice Grau will make this production during the early part of the season at the Metropolitan Operahouse.

**Nellsen Enters Grand Opera.**

Alice Nellsen has decided to enter grand opera, having signed in London last week a contract with R. Russell to appear under his management in "Romeo and Juliet" and "Faust." She will take first a course of study in Italy.

**New Opera for Glaser.**

Julian Edwards is engaged upon a new opera for Lulu Glaser, which will be produced by Fred Whitney in September. The book is by Stanislaus Stange, and although entitled "Dolly Varden," it has nothing to do with Dickins's character of the same name. Also, while Miss Glaser will be featured, the company will be a strong one, including Richie Ling, Van Rensselaer, Wheeler, Mark Smith, Eugene Cowles, and probably Hilda Clarke.

**Dizey as Admiral.**

Henry E. Dizey has been engaged for the role of Sir Joseph Porter with the Castle Square Opera Company's production at Manhattan Beach on August 12. Directly after closing this engagement Mr. Dizey will sail for London, where he is to read the manuscript of a new play in which he expects to star.

**Wagner Commemoration.**

Mme. Cosima Wagner gathered together at Bayreuth this week a few survivors of the original festival of 1876, when the "Nibelung's Ring" first saw the light. There were Albert Nieman, the Siegmund of "Die Walkure" in 1876; Eugen Gura, the Donner of "Das Rheingold," and the Gunthar of "Gotterdammerung;" Amalia Materna, the great Brunnhilde; Hans Richter, who conducted the "Ring" in his shirt sleeves on those August days twenty-five years ago, from his hidden nook in the Bayreuth Theater's sunken orchestra pit; and also seven members of the original orchestra. Others, too, there were, who remembered the epoch-making festival directed by Richard Wagner. Siegfried Wagner, who was a promising youngster in 1876, made a speech at this reunion, and so did Hans Richter, whose fame has grown greater rather than less, since that day.

The first production of "Rienzi" took place at Dresden, October 20, 1842; "The Flying Dutchman," at Dresden, January 2, 1843; "Tannhauser," at Dresden, October 19, 1845; "Lohengrin," at Weimar, August 28, 1850, on the anniversary of Goethe's birthday; "Tristan und Isolde, at Munich, June 10, 1865; "Die Meistersinger," at Munich, June 21, 1868; the "Niebelungen Ring," at Bayreuth, August 13-14, 1876, (the first authorized performance;) "Parsifal," at Bayreuth, July 26, 1882, seven months before the death of Wagner.

**American Notes.**

Mahan Franko and his orchestra have been engaged for the Metropolitan Operahouse next season.

Lilli Lehman will give her first New York recital of the season at Carnegie Hall on the afternoon of November 8.

Kubelik, the Hungarian violinist, has been engaged by Daniel Frohman for a tour of America, to begin in the next December.

Ethel Houston Du Fre of Tex., a prima donna recently heard by Henry W. Savage, will make her New York debut with the Castle Square Opera Company during an engagement at the Broadway in September. Miss Du Fre has been in Paris and has sung abroad.

Jane Addy, who for two years has been studying under Jean de Reszke in Paris, and recently made her début as prima donna roles with D'Oyley Carte's English Opera Company, has returned to this country, after several weeks with her parents in Pasadena.

John Philip Sousa will again lead his band at the Palace, beginning in autumn.

Aida will be the opening production at the Castle Square Opera Company's season at the Broadway, beginning September 16.

**European Notes.**

Homer Lind is in Hannover, Germany, and will return to America to open his season in "The Street Singer," playing the same circuit. While abroad Mr. Lind has had the score of a one-act opera by Mendelssohn, which it is his intention to produce in vaudeville this spring season. The libretto has been rewritten and condensed by Holcomb.

News comes from Monte Carlo of the tragic death there of Jules Lefort, a French baritone, who was well known while singing in "Rigoletto" just finished the duet with Gilda, and was bowing to thunderous applause as he succumbed. Struck by heart disease, according to Devoyod's "Figaro," he had many times expressed the opinion that he might die so, in the midst of the art he loved.

Rafael Joseffy returned from Europe this visit to Buda Pesth on account of his health. He is in the best of health and good spirits. He had the pleasure of hearing Kubelik, the young violinist who had created such a sensation abroad, and whose success, he says, is undoubtable, as it was achieved without any preliminary booming. Joseffy also said, Mascagni's condition was one of the features of the season. He contracted large audiences. Mascagni has plans for next season. Bruneau was reticent, but all true musicians fervently hope for his return to the concert stage.

**In France.**

Alfred Delila, dramatic critic of the Figaro, has been selected by various playwrights to dramatize the works they have planned to have engaged upon. Some of the subjects are newsy and interesting. Catulle Mendes says that his opera will be "Medamelita," for which Reyer has furnished the score. It is produced at the Opéra Comique. Will also be an operatic version of "La Reine Flamette," with music by Xavier Leroux. He also has another opera, "Le Fils," with the composer being Camille Erlanger. The Opéra Comique will close its season with performances of "Les Barbares," with Mme. de Calve's role; "Le Legataire Universel," and a one-act work, "Le Jocrisse," by Albert Vanloo. Banes, that was to be produced at the Opéra Comique, will be given at an open-air performance at the Chateau de Carnetteau (Chateau de Normandy,) will be given on September 15.

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# THE AUTO'S FIGHT FOR THE HIGHWAY.

## *Struggle With the Horse Growing Warm—Surprising Array of Horseless Vehicles in Los Angeles.*

"LOOK out there, now! Whoa! What are ye tryin' to do?" Such ejaculations, in all tones of voice and gait, may be heard almost every day on the country roads that surround the city.

It is the cry of conflict in the war between the carriage driver and the automobile.

In the southern part of the State, especially in Alameda county, where the roads are level and enticing to the wheel, the fight has become the chief topic in that district, and drivers of horses, forced to travel the country roads with horses, have organized and have brought before the Board of Supervisors a petition for the suppression of the use of horseless carriages to the extent of having them abolished from certain roads. It is no longer safe, they say, for a horse to venture forth on the highway, for some automobile will dash around the corner, terrify the horse and land him in the ditch before he can reach town. The question is, has the automobile owner the right to run his machine where he pleases, scaring sorry horses from the roads, so that their use becomes impossible, and thereby force all travelers to adopt his style of vehicle, or has the horseman the right to claim protection from the invaders and occupy the right of way by virtue of having always possessed it.

It has become evident that some kinds of roads cannot be used by both autos and horse-drawn vehicles. Mountain ways are the most dangerous, and on the hillsides fatal accidents to horsemen, when animal and driver meet, are becoming more and more frequent. One or the other must be the real.

It is interesting to live in the time when some ancient, world-wide custom is giving way before something new.

You feel that you are a procession of one yourself, when you first take a spin down the street," said an automobilist. "The average human being, out here in the West, must get used to the clumsy thing before he can watch the clumsy thing go down the street. But there is an indescribable delight about this manner of traveling, that makes it a sport, rather than a practical proposition. It is something like sailing a boat—steering, guiding deftly, slipping through crowds and channels—it's great!"

The country hater of the automobilist becomes "pots even" with his antagonist, though the poor horse is usually put to an ignoble task in the end.

### HAD TO PAY FOR A TOW.

"The worst medicine I ever took," said an automobilist, "was administered to me by an old farmer. One day, spinning along a country road I overtook a lank pumpkin-roller sitting behind a sleepy old horse. The old stager seemed suddenly to awaken from his cups and he stood up in the wagon and whipped the old steed down the road for all it was worth. 'You can't do it—you can't do it,' he kept yelling through the dust. I thought I'd have a little fun by giving him the road, and then forged majestically ahead, leaving him far down the road. 'Get up, you dude!' he yelled as I left, and then I almost forgot the incident. But I soon had reason to remember it. A little further on I suddenly came upon a steep, sandy hill. The machine plowed half way to the summit, and stuck. My gasoline power was running out. There was no use. I heard a familiar rattling behind me, and then the old wagon, and of the old farm horse. The driver drove right on up the hill, and even was looking at me, while he chewed a long straw in a sarcastic way. I called in desperation, 'Say, you, are you a fool.'

'Am I a fool, be it?' he drawled, 'What's the matter?'

'I'll give you something, Mr. Man, if you'll pull me up the hill.'

'Well, I'm in purty much of a hurry, I would, dryly.

'I'll pay that old cuss big money to drag me up the hill, and it was the keenest joy of his life to do it.'

There are three distinct types of the horseless carriage, popularly known as "automobile," the gasoline motor, the electric motor, and the steam motor.

### GASOLINE, OR HYDRO-CARBON.

The gasoline motor, or hydro-carbon motor, as it is sometimes called, is one in which gasoline, united with air, forms hydro-carbon gas, is the direct motive power. In the steam motors steam is the direct motive power, but in practically all cases of steam automobiles gasoline is the fuel used in creating the steam by which the carriage or machine is propelled. In electrics electricity is the moving power is electricity.

One of the first automobiles brought to this city was a gasoline motor. It was of the style known as the Winton, and was ordered from a distance by George H. Barbonne, something over two years ago. In May, 1897, a Winton covered the one mile course in Glenville, Cleveland, in one minute and forty-seven seconds. This event attracted considerable attention at the time, and secured for the automobile of that name a degree of prominence that caused it to be much sought after.

In machines of this kind the gasoline is carried in a spindrical tank inserted in the body of the carriage. From this tank it is automatically admitted to a small carbureter, where it vaporizes. The gas thus formed is at the proper moment, and by a mechanical process, which is also automatic, ignited by an electric spark; combustion drives the piston forward on the working stroke, and the machine moves. All the owner has to do is to put the motor in motion, step into the vehicle, touch a lever and the carriage goes forward. A heavy flywheel absorbs practically all vibrations, and produces a steadiness of motion that is very agreeable.

By pressing a small button placed beneath the right foot, the machine is given almost any speed desired, from a snail's pace up to a gait of twenty miles per hour.

Those automobiles in which the motive power is steam, such as the "mobiles of America," the "locomobiles," the Milwaukee motors, and others, or in which it is electricity, as is the case with the Waverly, the Woods Motors and others, are superior in this respect, being practically noiseless. They are, however, generally lighter machines than the Wintons, and the amount of vibration in them must be greater. The Wintons are all heavy, top vehicles. The single seated carriages of this class weight about 1800 pounds, and the double seaters something like a ton. They are said to be well suited to making long-distance trips over country roads, gasoline being the motive power. The machines have records for making successful trips from Cleveland, O., where they are manufactured, to New York City, but the recent attempt of Mr. Winton to make a journey from the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast in one of his automobiles was unsuccessful, and after being out nine days and nights he and his fellow-travelers abandoned their carriage near Winnemucca, Nev., and took the train for Cleveland.

### THE ELECTRIC HORSE.

The electric automobiles, on the contrary, are better for use in cities than they are for making trips across country, owing to the impracticability of having their batteries recharged in the country districts. They usually have batteries, however, of sufficient capacity to permit them to run a distance of about fifty miles without being recharged, and within those limits they certainly do good service, being light, strong, noiseless and easily controlled.

### FOR COUNTRY ROADS, TOO.

The steam machines which use gasoline as a fuel are suitable either for cross-country trips or for city use. They are noiseless and stylish for use in cities, and can readily supply themselves with the gasoline they need for fuel in making trips across the country. The machinery of steam automobiles is said to require closer watching than the other classes named, but they have good records for making long trips through country districts. The "locomobiles," which are steam machines, carry enough gasoline and water to make a run of seventy miles without having to have their tanks refilled, and some of the gasoline motors carry sufficient gasoline to make a run of 100 miles without having their tanks replenished.

As to the expense of running the machines, it varies. Much depends upon the care and experience of the driver. From 2 to 4 cents per mile for country roads is probably the average cost, but in cities, some of the operators in automobiles claim that the expense can be reduced to less than a cent a mile.

### GOT IN EARLY.

P. G. Hubert of No. 2710 Portland street, is another of the earlier purchasers of automobiles in this city. He bought a two-seated Winton about the time that that of Mr. Marbonne was procured. Wintons of the style of 1897, while not possessing the improvements that the more modern vehicles of that make have, are still good machines, and are listed at $1500. Winton two-seaters of the style of 1901 sell for $1675.

Another old-style Winton which was brought here by Mr. McLeod was sold by that gentleman about a year ago to a party in Pasadena, and is now in use there as a public vehicle.

Among the other early importers of automobiles in this part of the country is D. H. West of Pasadena, O. H. Ensig[illegible] residence is at the corner of Fourth street and Euclid avenue, this city, is the owner of a three-seated automobile which is practically his own manufacture. His locomobile boiler and burner was purchased from the Los Angeles office of the Locomobile Company of the Pacific, but the rest of the machine was made by himself, and it is said by experts to be an excellent carriage.

Policeman Fay, who lives on Grand avenue near California street, is said to be now building an automobile for himself.

Mrs. H. M. Pomeroy of West Washington street, is among the fanciers of automobiles who were early in ordering machines.

Dr. H. M. Pomeroy is now the owner of a No. 603 locomobile. It is a handsome steam vehicle, costing $1100, which he procured from the Locomobile Company of the Pacific.

Among the other automobiles that are to be seen occasionally upon the streets of this city is that of H. L. Storey of Altadena. He drives a locomobile of the style known as Runabout No. 2.

H. C. Turner of Toberman and Washington streets, this city, is the owner of a locomobile of the same style.

### ON THE LIST.

W. D. Wise of the firm of Flint & Wise; E. T. Off of No. 117 South Union avenue, H. H. Clark of West Twenty-first street, A. T. Crossley of No. 446 Sherman street, M. G. Miller of No. 1139 Temple street, E. A. Doran of Bellemont avenue, C. H. Sessions of No. 1930 Carroll avenue, Dr. Martindale of Abbotsford Inn, H. T. Fuller and Tod Ford of Pasadena, E. S. Ives and Gail Borden of Alhambra, G. P. Fitzgerald of Duarte, and F. N. Howes, Carl F. Adams and Hugh A. Bain of this city are owners of locomobiles of the style known as runabout No. 2. They cost $850 aniece.

Locomobiles of style No. 3, which cost $1000, are owned by Dr. Millbank Johnson and Dr. A. F. Schiffman of this city, Dr. Thad S. Updegraff of Pasadena, and C. H. Howland of Inglewood.

Dr. Harkness of Pasadena drives and owns a locomobile, style No. 02.

J. M. McLeod of Pasadena and M. Dickey of Monrovia count a locomobile, style No. 5, known as a loco surrey, as among their highly-prized possessions. They cost $1350 each.

E. H. Crippen of No. 439 South Main street drives a National Electric Park trap, style C, which is a handsome vehicle that will carry four people, and costs $1100.

Dr. C. F. Taggert, northeast corner of Grand avenue and Jefferson street; Ed. Russell of Twenty-sixth street, Fred S. Campbell of Jefferson street, W. V. Brown of No. 328 East Twenty-eighth street, A. R. Mains of No. 324 South Broadway and Dr. Thorpe of this city each own a single-seated steam automobile known as the "Mobile of America." Another automobile of this kind is owned by a physician in Azusa. These automobiles cost $800 apiece for the single-seated, open vehicles, and $850 for the same carriage with a top. H. B. Gleason, G. A. Hancock, J. N. Warrington, E. L. Mills and L. M. Davenport, all of this city, are each owners of a Milwaukee steam automobile. Their machines are two-passenger Stanhopes and are all open buggies except that of Mr. Warrington, which is provided with a top. These vehicles cost $800 apiece without the tops and $875 with the tops. They are manufactured by the Milwaukee Automobile Company of Milwaukee, Wis.

S. D. Sturgis, of the firm of S. D. Sturgis & Bro. of this city, has an automobile. Mr Sturgis states that he recently made a trip of sixty-eight miles with the machine and carried five people at an expense of only 95 cents for five gallons of gasoline. The firm also owns and operates a large automobile truck, which it uses for heavy freighting to nearby towns. It has a capacity of ten tons.

### HEAVY-DUTY WAGON.

Another heavy-duty wagon that is in the form of an automobile is the one used by The Times as a general delivery wagon. Its especial use is for delivering heavy bundles of paper mail. It is a Pierce electric automobile, and will easily carry a ton of freight and make a run of thirty miles without recharging its battery. It has a six-horse-power capacity, is provided with solid rubber tires, electric lights and electric bells, weighs 3800 pounds, and is a covered vehicle.

Mrs. M. F. Monroe of No. 1022 South Bonnie Brae street has a handsome Stanhope style Waverly electric, which cost $2100. Mrs. Whomes, corner Maple avenue and Twenty-first street, is the owner of a Waverly electric runabout, for which she paid $925, and Miss Helen C. Longstreth is the possessor of another runabout of the same style and make.

S. L. Hall of No. 530 South Hill street is the owner of two Waverly golf breakers, which cost $2000 apiece; one Waverley Newport breaker, for which he paid $2800; one Waverly runabout, for which he was taxed at the standard rate of $925, and a Waverly road wagon, which cost $12,000.

L. F. Whitman of Pasadena is the owner of an automobile known as a De Dion motorette. It is a gasoline motor of the French type, which was purchased from the manufacturers direct a few months ago. It is a two-seated vehicle without top, and is a decidedly handsome carriage that must have cost at least $2000. It is frequently seen upon the streets, and when not in use is kept at the storerooms of the Pacific Automobile Company on South Main street.

Another machine that has attracted considerable attention, and which is now kept at the rooms of the Pacific Automobile Company, is one of the Olds electric automobiles. It was manufactured in the East by the company whose name it bears, for P. F. Olds, the father of the president of the Olds company, and was originally shipped to that gentleman at San Diego, but after being kept there for some time it was reshipped to this city.

A. A. Hubbard of West Ninth street is the owner of a Woods electric runabout, that is provided with a top and trimmed with crimson gear. It is a handsome carriage, and cost about $1200. F. Irwin Herron of No. 966 West Twenty-eighth street owns a no-top Woods electric runabout, with a spindle seat, trimmed in Scotch cords. It is a very stylish vehicle that took first prize at La Fiesta floral display last spring, and is frequently handled by Miss Herron, the sister of the proprietor. Its cost is estimated at $1250.

Mr. Perrin of Pasadena has a Woods electric runabout that is provided with a top, and cost $1000.

E. P. Clark, of the Los Angeles-Pacific Railroad Company, is the owner of a Woods electric break. It is a two-seated carriage, without a top, and cost $2250.

Lee Chamberlain, whose residence is on Burlington avenue, drives his own automobile, which is a Woods electric runabout, without top, and cost $1000.

W. F. Botsford, president of the California Bank, has a Woods Victoria Stanhope. It is a single-seated vehicle with top, and is elegantly fitted up with electric lights and the latest conveniences in the automobile line. It is probably one of the handsomest automobiles ever seen on the streets of this city, and its cost is put down at $2400.

Among the late importers of automobiles is Homer Laughlin. He has an electric Stanhope, which cost $2700. It is frequently operated by Miss Gwendolyn Laughlin, daughter of the proprietor, and is a very stylish machine.

### AN ENDURANCE TRIAL.

To test what could be done with an average horseless carriage over average roads several local automobile enthusiasts arranged recently for an endurance trial.

The route selected was from this city to San Bernardino and return, using the most traveled roads and passing through Eastlake Park, Savannah, El Monte, Puente, Spadra, Pomona, Rincon, Corona, Arlington, Riverside and Colton. By this route the distance is sixty-eight miles to Riverside and eighty miles to San Bernardino.

The main object was to see what average speed could be maintained for all day and what fuel or power would cost. The roads had not been examined beforehand, and much of the way were unknown to the men guiding the automobiles.

The trip was a success, and the 160 miles were covered inside of fifteen and a half hours, counting all stops, delays, etc. There were no accidents except that the lamps came loose on the single-seated automobile belonging to E. B. Waterman and which was driven by that gentlemen.

E. B. Waterman had as his guest George H. Robertson of this city, using his regular Winton single-seat carriage, fitted out as usual. W. C. Woodward, president of the Western Machine Works, was the chauffeur on the two-seated Winton surrey, and he was accompanied by Messrs. S. L. Hall, Charles Fuller Gates and W. H. Atwater.

With the exception of a five-minute stop at the summit of Hughron's grade and a ten minutes' stop in Puente Hills for water and to see if everything was all right, there was no delay before reaching Pomona. The thirty-three miles were covered in two and a half hours, about thirteen miles an hour. At the end of the first hour the mileage was exactly 14¼ miles.

At Pomona the radiators were filled with water and the passengers satisfied with a light lunch, and then the two automobiles sprinted out Garey avenue at an eighteen-mile gait. At Rincon another stop was made for refreshments, as it was dry traveling in the hot sun.

Riverside was reached a little before 2 o'clock by the two-seater, which had stopped near Arlington to put gasoline in the tank from an extra can. The other carriage, tooled by Chauffeur Waterman, thus reached Riverside about a quarter of an hour ahead.

There was a quick run to San Bernardino and back to Riverside, where another stop was made to look everything over before the sixty-eight-mile run home. It was now nearly 6 o'clock, and as Mr. Waterman had not stopped at Riverside, but gone on to Arlington, he waited there a half-hour while the surrey waited the same amount of time, each party thinking something had happened to the other.

When the two automobiles got together at Arlington there was a race, taking the parallel roadways of Magnolia avenue, and this race was kept up all the way to Pomona. Stopping to fill up the lamps and get refreshments at Corona, the surrey stole a march and was a mile ahead before the other carriage's passengers found it out. But the surrey lost the road at Rincon and was overhauled, and from that time the single-seater held the lead most of the way back to Los Angeles as Mr. Gates, who was the only one in the party who knew the road, was pilot for Chauffeur Waterman. Slow time was made on the home trip, as darkness came on at Corona.

Only eighteen miles in the whole eighty between this city and San Bernardino had a first-class road surface. All the rest of the way was rough and often chuckholes a foot deep were encountered, while some stretches of deep sand a half-mile long had to be plowed through. Beyond Colton the long bridge was out of order and the only road was through the river sand, sliding down an eight-foot bank and climbing up the bank on the other side. This was a severe test for heavy carriages, the two-seater weighing a ton, but both went through all right, although being stopped once the first time.

The average speed, including all stops, was ten and a half miles an hour for the whole trip. Taking out the time wasted on the road for refreshments and stops for water and to rest, the average gait was just sixteen miles an hour.

### Coal Brings New Era in India.

The recent discovery of coal in the southeastern district of Bengal is likely to have an inspiring effect upon the Indian iron and steel industry. An expert who has just returned to England from India says: "The development of the steel and iron trade in Bengal is only a matter of months, and Calcutta in a year or two will become the Cardiff of the East. With all the advantages of an Asiatic population at hand, an unlimited output and the enterprise controlled by Englishmen there is no fear of competition, and a new era of prosperity is well in sight."

### Thoughtless Woman.

Mr. Krusty: Well, it's too late now. Why didn't you come to my office when you were downtown today and tell me all this?

Mrs. Krusty: Why, I didn't think to stop at your office.

Mr. Krusty: That's just like you. If you'd only stop to think occasionally perhaps you would have thought to stop.—[Philadelphia Times.

Boer General: What's this! More prisoners?

Orderly: Yes, sir, and more are coming up the road, sir.

Boer General: Dear me! I wish they would show some consideration for the fact that we are trying to conduct a war instead of running a boarding-house.—[Philadelphia Press.

### THE MISCHIEVOUS CHINKS.

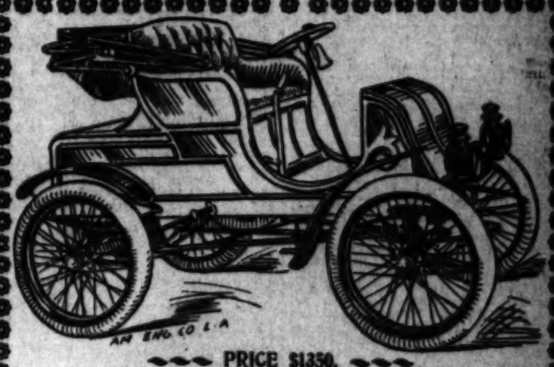
They play a joke on their father.

(1.) "Bad boys pinches clothes lin."

(2.) "Me pinches bad boys."

(3.) "Bad boys no likee."

(4.) And the clothes were dried just the same.

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# Cream of Current Magazine Literature—Page of Choice Things from Late Monthli

[ENGINEERING MAGAZINE.]

## AMERICAN VS. EUROPEAN LOCOMOTIVES.

The comparative performances of American locomotives and those of other makes are not to be established in a magazine article, or, for the matter of that, in any article. Disquisitions and assertions are worthless in the face of train sheets; they are the only arbiters, and time and again American locomotives have been compared with foreign locomotives and have been shown themselves first in the rank of railway machines in all that is essential. Pound for pound, both in the load drawn and steam carried, over the same route, equal skill in driving being assumed in both cases, is the only test which can be made of two engines by different makers, as regards their character. The private or public opinion of more-or-less disinterested parties upon either side have nothing to do with the issue.

The enormous mileage of successfully operated railway in the United States, much of it through thinly settled districts where the traffic has only a fraction of the density found in Britian or on the Continent; the comparative cheapness of American railway freight rates—stated by Mr. Phillips in The Engineering Magazine for May to be only about one-sixth of what they are in Britian, while first-class American passenger fares are barely equal to third-class English fares; the phenomenal performances in transport also described by Mr. Phillips in his study of ore movement in the United States—all these afford so substantial proofs of the efficiency and relative economy of American railway motive power that no other answer need be made to critics of the American engine.

Locomotives which can contribute to such results, when working over roads which are in the main far inferior to the average British standard, show by their own record the ignorance or prejudice of those who would cry them down as "costly failures" and "worthless at any price."

The points of my argument as to the further development of the American locomotive as a high-speed and high-power machine are these: That n radically new locomotive is not available for immediate service; that railway officials will give promising devices a fair trials; and, that the field for radical improvement is exceedingly limited. Step by step the present engine has been raised from 500 horse power to 1500 horse power and more in some cases, but not by means of startling novelties of any kind. The chief improvement has been secured through increasing the boiler power from 150 pounds per square inch, which was a maximum fifteen years ago, to 200 hundred as a rule, and 225 pounds per square inch in some engines; but the steam-distributing details remain just where they were fifteen years ago, with some modifications in dimensions—none whatever in application. I believe that the cylindrical, corrugated fire-box recently introduced by Conellus Vanderbilt has great possibilities in the direction of still higher pressures, and in that direction is an advance; but higher pressures alone will not increase average railway speed 20 per cent., and at least that is demanded.

The greatest stumbling block is the line itself, as it exists on most American railways, and it seems hopeless to expect any improvement until the roadbeds of the railways of the United States are constructed for high speed. There is no object in building high-powered locomotives to drag trains up steep hills and around short curves, or upon gradients more or less heavy, by brute force. That is merely burning the candle at both ends, for it increases the expense of maintenance without correspondingly improving the service. High speed as obtained at present is costly—exceedingly so—and railway managers are well aware of it. —E. P. Watson in Engineering Magazine for August.

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[SCRIBNER'S.]

## GOING SHOOTING IN GREATER NEW YORK.

There is pretty good snipe shooting within the city limits of New York, and I have heard that an occasional trout still rises to the fly in one or two spots along a certain stream—which need not be made better known that it is already, though it can hardly be worth whipping much longer at any rate.

A great many ducks, however, are still shot every season in the city, by those who know where to go for them; and as for inferior sport, like rabbits—if you include them as game—on certain days of the year probably more gunners and dogs are out after rabbits within the limits of Greater New York than in any region of equal extent in the world, though, to be sure, the bags brought in hardly compare with those of certain parts of Australia or some of our Western States. Down toward Far Rockaway a little this side of the salt marshes of Jamaica Bay, in the hedges and cabbage patches of the "truck" farms, there is plenty of good cover for rabbits, as well as in the brush piles and pastures of the rolling borough of Richmond on Staten Island, and the forests and stone fences of the hilly Bronx, up around Pelham Bay Park, for instance. But the gunners must keep out of the parks, of course, though many ubiquitous little boys with snares do not.

In such parts of the city, except when "No Trespassing" signs prevent, on any day of the open season scores of men and youths may be seen whose work and homes are generally in the densest parts of the city, respectable citizens from the extreme east and west sides of Manhattan, artisans and clerks, salesmen and small shop-keepers who, quite unexpectedly in some cases, share the ancient fret and longing of the primitive man in common with those other New Yorkers who can go farther out on Long Island or farther up into New York State to satisfy it. To be sure, the former do not get as many shots as the latter, but they get the outdoors and the exercise and the return to nature, which is the main thing. And the advantage of going shooting in Greater New York is that you can tramp until too dark to see, and yet get back in time to dine at home, thus satisfying an appetite acquired in the open with a dinner cooked in the city. —[From "Rural New York City," by Jesse Lynch Williams, in the August Scribner's.

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[FORUM.]

## AMERICAN WORKMAN'S "GOLDEN AGE."

A certain popular conviction of the day ascribes to the condition of the workman, urban or rural, a constant deterioration. His wages are held to be declining, and his comforts lessening; his security of employment is declared to be less stable, and his economic freedom to be disappearing. Growing out of this conviction has arisen the notion of a sort of Golden Age somewhere back in the early days of the republic—an age when the workers of town and country enjoyed the life of almost idyllic comfort and independence. Occasionally, indeed, a variation of this view is shown: the worker admittedly receives more wages than his mid-century or earlier predecessor, but it is held that his employment is less regular and his freedom more curtailed, and that he has failed to share in the enormous growth of the general wealth. This latter view, however, is not popular with the radicals, since it admits too much.

It is hard to determine upon what historical or statistical basis is built this notion of the golden age and of the the laborer's deterioration. Certain European travelers of the early days, who commented upon the comforts of the American masses, may be quoted somewhat in its favor; but, on the other hand, consideration must be taken of the contemporary state of the English, Irish, and French masses with which the condition of the American was compared. The extreme of hardships suffered at various times in this country never reached so low a plane as the extreme suffered by the English peasantry during the years following the Napoleonic wars. An English traveler visiting this country at that time, even had he seen the New Hampshire farmers living on bean porridge, or heard the thousands of unemployed men in the cities clamoring for work, would yet have been forced to admit the superior comfort of the American masses. M. Levasseur, in his recent volume, "The American Workman," quotes Michel Chevalier, the economist, who visited this country in 1835, as saying: "Here the laboring class feels its power, and combination is open." But at that time combination was prohibited in France; and, moreover, it was just at that time that the Equal Rights party of the city of New York was waging a political agitation, and that a number of strong trade-unions came into existence throughout the country. The contrast between France and America was for the moment extreme. Two years later this situation had changed entirely. Judgments of this nature are always relative; Arthur Young, it will be remembered, at a time (1788-90) when the English peasantry were in a deplorable state, congratulated his country that it could show no such scenes of misery as he witnessed in Savoy and Brittany.

The mass of testimony, from the time of Yorktown to that of Bull Run, tells a story of anything but a golden age for the American workman. It tells, on the other hand, the narrative of a nation built up by hard work, resolutely performed under the keenest privations. It tells of the growth of a gigantic national wealth, and the heaping up of immense fortunes; but at the same time it reveals the earlier condition of the common workman, the mechanic, the farm laborer, often even the farmer, as generally one of pathetic destitution, the maximum of comfort being found toward the end of the century. Not even in the worst days since the Civil War—in 1873, for instance—have conditions been as bitter as they were in some of the earlier periods; and no one could write of any of the recent years of average prosperity such a tale as Horace Greeley wrote of the "good years" 1831-32. —[W. J. Ghent in the August Forum.

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[CURRENT LITERATURE.]

## AN ENGLISHMAN IN WASHINGTON.

The Capitol at Washington struck me as being the most effective mass of public buildings in the world, especially when viewed at some distance, and from the park in which it stands. I am well aware of certain constructive defects which have been insisted on by Ferguson and other critics; and no one pretends that it is a perfect design of the highest order, either in originality or style. But as an effective public edifice of a grandiose kind, I doubt if any capital city can show its equal. This is largely due to the admirable proportions of its central dome group, which I hold to be, from the pictorial point of view, more successful than those of St. Peter's, the Cathedral of Florence, Agia Sophia, St. Isaac's, the Panthéon, St. Paul's, or the new Cathedral of Berlin. But the unique effect is still more due to the magnificent site which the Capitol at Washington enjoys. I have no hesitation in saying that the site of the Capitol is the noblest in the world, if we exclude that of the Parthenon in its pristine glory. Neither Rome nor Constantinople, nor Florence, nor Paris, nor Berlin, nor London possesses any central eminence with broad open spaces on all sides, crowned by a vast pile, covering nearly four acres and rising to a height of nearly three hundred feet, which seems to dominate the whole city. Washington is the only capital city which has this colossal center or crown. And Londoners can imagine the effect if their St. Paul's stood in an open park reaching from the Temple to Finsbury Circus, and the great creation of Wren were dazzling white marble, and soared into an atmosphere of sunny light.—[Frederick Harrison in Current Literature.

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[CRITIC.]

## THE MOST FAMOUS MODERN SPANISH POET.

The recent death of Ramon de Campoamor has taken from the roll of living poets whose genius at the opening of the Twentieth Century shed luster on Spanish letters, its greatest and most famous name. The poet, born in the early part of the century just ended, had, indeed, laid down the lyre forever, more than a decade before its close, and the last years of his life were spent in the retirement and repose which his age and his increasing infirmities demanded.

But if Campoamor survived his activity, he did not in any degree survive his fame. On the contrary, he affords the rare example of a poet who enjoyed in life undimished popularity among all classes of his country people during a period of more than half a century: for fame came to him quickly, his first published poems achieving an immediate success.

Nor is the explanation of this wide and enduring popularity difficult to discover. It is to be sought for primarily in the fact that the attitude of the poet toward life is essentially the modern attitude, which Spain, when he appeared, was making desperate attempts to assume and to maintain, attempts which, unhappily, too often ended in disaster and death to their initiators. The themes which he treated, the problems which he discussed are for the most part themes and problems that stir the heart and engage the mind of the modern world: and the chords he struck with a hand which was soon acknowledged to be that of a master, vibrated responsively in the breasts of his readers, who had more or less consciously broken with the traditions of the past. And in the next place he wrote in a style that was at once so natural and so simple that it charmed alike the learned and the uncultured. Thus it is that, unlike Zorrilla, who was born in the same year, 1817, and who long before his death was already a poet of the past— without being, therefore, however, any the less popular, Campoamor remains the contemporary of each successive generation of readers whom his poems continue to delight.—[Mary J. Serrano, in the August Critic.

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[ATLANTIC.]

## THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

There is no reason why Canada should not have 25,000,000 population within the span of the present generation, says J. D. Whelpley in the August Atlantic. Her wealth is increasing at fourfold ratio. Her tremendous resources are only just beginning to be appreciated, and there is no apparent limit to their ultimate development.

Conscious of her value to her great neighbor, fully appreciating the necessity of the good will of that neighbor to her own prosperity, she is chagrined at the rebuff she believes she has met. With anxious interest she is now watching the war of Europe against the commerce of the United States, not in the hope that Europe will win, but in the expectation that all parties thereto will in time reach the conclusion that commercial war is a useless expenditure of valuable forces which should rather utilize in the making of conventions to enable the trade of one country to fit advantageously into that of another. Canadian statesmen look with confidence to the future to bring about some such result, and anticipate with equal optimism an early awakening of the United States to the promise of her neighbor to become the first instead of the third greatest customer for the products of American labor.

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[HARPER'S MAGAZINE.]

## THE ENGLISH OF THE ENGLISH.

That hackneyed English maiden who said London was a nice place if you knew the language, was not a bit absurd. We speak English; but we have built up our forms of English express on upon the English of a few shires of the old country as it was spoken between two and three centuries ago, while they have been blending and changing the speech of all their home peoples during the same period. The result is that an American can hardly utter a sentence in England without calling attention to the difference between his speech and that of the people about him. Only yesterday, after eighteen months' residence in England, I rushed up to a conductor in Charing Cross Station, and asked, "Which car for Bromley?" He stared at me, and I knew I had spoken a foreign tongue to him, because street vehicles like omnibuses and horse-cars are called road cars and tram cars and there are no other cars in England.

If you ask a guest at your home in England whether he likes meat rare, he asks what you said, because he does not understand you. He calls meat underdone when it is not thoroughly cooked. If you tell him you fear the asparagus is canned, he is at a loss again because he would have said it was tinned. To ask him to pass the powdered sugar will again set him to wondering, for he calls it icing sugar, generally, though he knows that it is sometimes called caster or sifted sugar. And if you have candy on the table you may not call it so without betraying your foreign origin, for he calls candy "sweets," abbreviated from "sweetmeats," and used to designate all preserves, puddings, pies, candies and jams.

To go far er along the eccentricities of English at the dining-table, most persons know, I suppose, that the beet is called beet root, corn starch is corn flour, corned beef (or a particular cut of it) is called "silversides of beef," and napkins are serviettes.

The American who believes, as thousands do, that to betray one's nationality is to invite overcharging and extortion in the West End shops of London, is not only hard pressed to choose the peculiar words the English employ, but he has quite as many and as deep pitfalls to avoid in the methods of pronunciation. I will not refer to the false or ignoran methods of illiterate persons, but will confine attention to some eccentricities of pronunciation of gentlemen and ladies of education, rank, and breeding. They say immejitly, injin for engine, militry, figger and figgers, clark for clerk, paytent, naytional—and so on through a long list. The peculiarities of their mode of pronouncing their own names of families, places, and things are not open to criticism, because if they may not do as they please with their own, it is hard indeed. They pronounce Berkeley Barclay, Cowper is Cooper, Cadogan is kerduggan, Ralph is rafe in some shires, Craven is sometimes crawveen, Derby is darby, Leveson-Gower becomes loosun-gore, Hertford is hartford, and Albany is spoken so that the first syllable shall rhyme with shall, instead of with hall, as with us. I hesitate to say that Cholmondeley is called chumley, and that Beauchamp is beecham, as every one knows these eccentricities; yet they are the most remarkable of all the liberties the English take with their language. You must say Baimo-ral and Trafalgar, and you must chop the following names very short: Ludget, Ho-b'n, South-uk, and Merrybun, whenever you wish to say Ludgate, Holborn, Southwark, and Marylebone. I have heard the Prince call his own house Mobrer House though we call it Marlborough House.—[Julian Ralph in Harper's Magazine for August.

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[LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

## ITALIAN GIRLS NEVER FLIRT.

In Italy, according to Marchesa Theodoli, who writes about "What Girl-life in Italy Means," in The Ladies' Home Journal for August, there is plenty of love-making, but not between the young people of the higher social class. Among the lower classes the youths are freer to please themselves, and there is no lack of furious love-making, seasoned with jealousy, estrangements, peacemakings, tears and smiles, as Mother Nature intended it to be. But there is no flirting. Love is taken very seriously, and on the girl's side, at least, is indulged in with marriage at the end in view. Flirting for the sake of amusement, simply to while away the long summer days or as a mild stimulant at balls and parties, with no idea of matrimony in the background, is a kind of sport which has not yet reached us from behind the Alps. We are so far behind the times that to grant the slightest privilege to a man who has not avowedly shown that he means marriage would be considered downright dishonesty by a respectable Italian girl. A girl who is not married at thirty will remain in the same dependent state as at seventeen. She would no more think of walking the streets alone, paying a visit or traveling from the city to the country without a companion or chaperon than she would think of choosing her own clothes and dressing as she liked best. Not even at that mature age would she choose a husband for herself without the approval of her family.

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[LEDGER MONTHLY.]

## ROOF-DWELLERS OF NEW YORK.

Perched high up in mid-air, atop the lofty office buildings of the city, are little homes as quiet and secluded as though they stood beside some country lane, instead of directly above throbbing, hurrying, maddening Broadway. Quaint little houses they are, with ample dooryards, many of which are filled with brightly colored flower-beds. To one who is hungry for a glimpse of country greenery they are as oases in the great stone desert that constitutes the business section of New York. These are the dwellings of the modern cliff-men, most of whom are the janitors and superintendents of the great skyscrapers. Several years ago some inventive architect devised the plan of locating the caretakers and their families on the roofs of the buildings of which they have charge. The plan was so satisfactory in every respect that it has been generally followed. Within an area of a few blocks in the downtown district dozens of families are living thus, above the eaves of the tallest buildings in the world. They form a quaint and interesting colony.

The little dwellings which form the homes of the roof dwellers are regular cottages, quite separate and distinct from the great structures on which they are built. They are constructed of wood or brick, and they nestle on the great skyscrapers like Swiss chalets on as many mountain peaks.

At first thought it might seem that the life of the roof dweller must be a lonely one, but he has his own diversions, and he enjoys many advantages not to be obtained by other residents of the city, not even by the wealthy householders of fashionable Fifth Avenue. Sunlight and fresh air—the nectar and ambrosia of city life—are enjoyed by the residents of the roofs in unstinted quantities. They are not crowded by their neighbors; they enjoy a delightful seclusion; while at their feet is spread the vast and ever-changing panorama of the city and its glorious harbor.

From his aerial home the new cliff-man can look down upon the streets below, with their swarming crowds of what, from his lofty perch, look like scurrying ants. He can see the elevated trains puffing along, looking almost like toys. Around him rise the rival skyscrapers—modern towers of Babel, pulsating with the hurrying life within. The great metropolis stretches away to the northward, between its confining rivers, as far as the eye can reach. There and there its uniformity is relieved by some great building looming high above its fellows. Southward the harbor's broad expanse, alive with craft of every sort, invites his eye. The roof-dwellers, too, can see the tremendous forces of Nature at work in their magnificence. When a summer thunderstorm sweeps the city, they can observe the full beauty of its display; the black clouds veiling the sky, the great curtain of rain walling out everything around and the blinding glare of the lightning, with, perhaps, some huge building outlined against it. Or, again, they can watch the fog stealing down to veil the city and harbor in gray.

The resourceful housewife among these denizens of the roof is able to brighten her home with many delightful features. She may have her flower-gardens, and even a little patch of vegetables reared in soil brought from below. Trailing vines may be trained along the cottage walls, and with shrubs and plants disposed about the borders of the roof it is possible to transform the whole into a charming hanging garden.

In the long summer evenings the tables can be moved out into the yard, and here the roof-dwellers can sit and take tea amid the coolness and quiet. Here, too, they can entertain their less fortunate friends who are condemned to live in stuffy flats or apartments. Hammocks may be swung to give added comfort and pleasure to life, and awnings put up in summer to keep the place cool through the mid-day hours.—[Ledger Monthly for August.

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[EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.]

## THE MOVING PICTURES IN EDUCATION.

There is a great future for moving pictures in education, according to Roy McArdle in Everybody's Magazine. To the insular child what more impressive method of information as to what a warship is like in all its majesty, than to show him one in motion-photography. The children of the Central States will be shown waves dashing high upon the strand, or rolling in gentle billows on the bathing beach where children are at play. There are city children, too, who can be shown harvesting and haying scenes in the great West; cows, horses, and all animals, wild and tame. And for both rural and urban youngsters the mutoscope will display the Indian, Chinaman, the Zulu—all races of men and their manners and customs. To the geography class the mutoscope will display the capes, rivers, cities, bays, towns, and historic buildings that heretofore have been but names to the book-dazed scholar. He will be shown the Muir Glacier in its mighty disintegration, Vesuvius in eruption, the Niagara's resistless flood. It will take the scholar up the Danube or down the Mississippi, or show him the wondrous panoramas of London, New York, Paris, Bombay, and Canton life. To the history class the mutoscope will show the great personages of today, as they live and move and have their being. What more vital suggestion of the war with Spain than the two views of the Spanish warship Viscaya, one showing her at anchor in New York harbor, her captain, in bitter jest training his cannon on the city, the other a battered wreck upon the beach of Santiago, a few weeks later?

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[CENTURY.]

## PHOTOGRAPHING BY VENUS.

Dr. William R. Brooks, F.R.A.S., Director of the Smith Observatory and Professor of Astronomy, Hobart College, describes in the August Century, with pictures made from photographs by himself, certain recent experiments he has made in photographing scenery and people by the light of the planet Venus.

Photographing by Venus-light sounds strange, indeed, but it is an accomplished fact. By this is not meant the photographing of the image of the planet itself through the intervention of the telescope or camera, but the use of the simple, direct rays from Venus, just as they come from the planet. These direct rays, when allowed to fall upon a sensitive plate, in front of and in contact with which a negative or postive, photographic or otherwise, is placed, are sufficiently actinic to reproduce (naturally in reverse) the image of such negative or positive, and with a wealth of detail quite remarkable. My pictures illustrate some of the work done, in the manner described, by the agency of the light from this most charming of planets—

Queen of beauty, . . .
Star of the Evening, beautiful Star.

These experiments were not, however, conducted when Venus was "evening star," but in its more recent phase as "morning star."

The ancients, by the way, did not understand that Venus as our beautiful morning and evening star was one and the same planet. Its movements were a great puzzle to them. They called it Hesperus as evening star, and when on the other side of the sun they called it Phosphorus, Son of the Morning. The wise Pythagoras, however, perceived and taught that these two names belonged to the same planet, as, by its revolutions, it appeared alternately upon the eastern or western side of our great central luminary.

Venus became morning star upon the 8th of July, 1900, and reached its greatest elongation from the sun—about forty-six degrees—on the 17th of September. It was soon after this that the experiments herein illustrated were begun, being some time after the planet had reached its greatest brilliancy. The remarkable success attending the very first experiment was a pleasant and gratifying surprise.

It is well known that objects placed in the path of the rays of light coming from Venus when brightest will cast distinct shadows. These are very sharp and well defined when received upon a white surface. The shadow of one's hand, for instance, even when held some distance from a white card or paper, is remarkably distinct in outline. This sharpness of definition will be readily understood when we remember that the light from Venus is emanating from almost a point as viewed from the earth, so distant is the planet.

My attention has often been attracted by this in the dark dome of the observatory, when the open shutter has been directed toward Venus.

On the western, inside wall of the observatory, and of course facing the east, are a number of tables of standard stars and prominent clusters and nebulae. These are on white cardboard, and as I passed and repassed them in my work, a perfect silhouette was cast upon these cards, showing the distinctive brightness of this far-away light.

Was this light of sufficient actinic intensity to affect the photographic plate? The thought rested with me for some time, and at length I decided to make the test.

A piece of clear glass was placed in a photographic printing frame, on which was laid a piece of lace; on this, in turn a gelatin dry plate was placed, and the back of the frame was closed, pressing all into contact. In another frame a plate was placed in contact with a landscape negative. The two plates were exposed side by side to the rays of light coming from Venus through the open shutter of the observatory dome. All other light was carefully excluded except that which came from the planet, and the exposure was made at the darkest hour of the night, after Venus had arisen, and before the approach of dawn. The time of exposure was about thirty-five minutes.

Pictures were successfully made at the next trial, two mornings later. Numerous other pictures were made in much the same way. In some cases the negative was made from a transparency, in others a positive from a negative solely by Venus-light. This positive was reproduced into a negative, from which the prints were made by the usual methods. The exposures were from thirty to forty-five minutes, according to density of the negative and the clearness of the sky. In all cases the plates proved to be fully timed, the chemical action being much stronger than was anticipated.

The light by which these experiments were made proceeded first from the sun to Venus, and was then reflected from Venus to its neighboring planet, the earth. How far had this light traveled on its great circuit? One hundred and sixty millions of miles.

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[HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

## THE UNITED STATES AND SOUTH AMERICA.

Historically, our attitude toward South America has been of a varying quality. Sometimes we have been sentimentally effusive, as when we were under the spell of the eloquence of Henry Clay, the champion of the cause of the rebel subjects of Spain. Even then, however, our enthusiasm did not get the better of our practical side, and we declined to involve ourselves in a war with Spain or to invite a war with the Holy Alliance by rendering actual aid to the revolutionary parties. Again, we have been indifferent, as when we permitted Europe, and especially Great Britain, to forestall us in the establishment of friendly commercial relations with our nearest neighbors and to obtain a trade advantage over us which they retain. Again, and more than once, we have been decided unfriendly to certain South American States, and especially in Chile have we excited against us an animosity, bitter and long abiding, by a certain assumption of powers and superiority which has been neither just nor tolerable. And once we have gone out of our way to force England to arbitrate a boundary dispute with Venezuela. On the other side, the South American States have rarely manifested any real friendship for us except when they have been suppliants for our protection against foreign foes. They have been lacking in gratitude for what we have actually done, and have resented the air of superiority which they assert we maintain toward them. They have always regarded our Monroe doctrine as an assertion of a policy established, or suggested, for the protection of our own institutions against the assaults of European monarchies at a time when republics had much more to fear from monarchies than they have today, forgetting that, after all, our adoption of Canning's suggestion did probably keep Russia, Prussia, Austria and France—the Holy Alliance—off their backs when they were struggling against Spain for their independence. In the history of the intercourse of nations during the nineteenth century the relations of the United States with the South American and Central American States were governed by no other principle or inspired by no other sentiments than have been our relations during the same time with the powers of Europe. On each side there has been an unqualified insistence upon rights.—[Henry Loomis Nelson in Harper's Weekly.

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[SUCCESS.]

## ONCE A CARPENTER; NOW A PROFESSOR.

The story of how Prof. Charles William Welck worked his way from a carpenter's bench, after he had married, to a good position in the faculty of Columbia University, New York, is full of inspiration.

"If a certain periodical had not come into my hands by a mere chance," he said, recently, "I suppose I should still be working at my trade. That paper contained an article entitled 'From Workshop to College.' I read and reread the article many times, and it proved the turning point of my career. The article gave a description of a young mechanic, who, with only $70, with a wife to support, and no one to aid him financially, was working his way through college, and was then in his third year.

"I decided then and there to obtain a college education, handicapped as I was by marriage, and having only a small bank account. But, with the encouragement of my wife, who promised to aid me in every way possible, I began to prepare myself in such studies as were required for entrance examination. I wrote to a number of colleges for catalogues, and for information as to the chances of obtaining work in order to earn money to pay my expenses. Hardly any of these institutions could promise me work. The president of one of them wrote me saying that I was too old to think of going to college, and that I should stick to my carpenter's trade. I was not disheartened. A college president in the Middle West wrote me that, if I was a good mechanic, I could get work enough to defray a part of my expenses. After some further correspondence, I went to the college and convinced the authorities that I could do well the work of a mechanic.

"During these weeks I had many misgivings about giving up my good position as a mechanic to undertake what, at times, seemed to be only a leap in the dark. During these times of depression, my wife would invariably come to my rescue, encouraging me and reminding me of her promise to aid me in every way possible. She pictured the grand future rising before me, and at length persuaded me to pack up and be off, leaving her behind, to join me later.

"Early in my college days, I was fortunate in making a stanch friend of one of the professors, who aided me financially at times. My first work for the college was making a number of drawings for the laboratories. The bill was $60, and I had to wait a month for my money. In the meantime, my friend came to my assistance, and saved me from great embarrassment. During the first year I did not make a brilliant record, for I was not accustomed to hard study, and, besides, I was often exhausted by manual labor. But I kept up my courage, and the next year made decidedly better progress. As a result of my graduation, I was given a good position in the faculty of Columbia University, and my success has been far greater than I dream of.—["Success" for August.

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[SMART SET.]

## A LITERARY FLIRTATION.

It began by the literary girl sending what she thought was a joke to the editor of a comic monthly.

He promptly retured it with a single word scrawled across it in blue pencil—"Old."

"So are you," she answered by postal the same day.

"Do you think so?" he scribbled under a photo of himself that he sent to her.

"Not at all," came the shy answer, after she had admired its good points.

"Are you?" Evidently this editor wanted to know things.

"What woman is?" was the enigmatic sentence on the postal.

"Prove it." This young editor was nothing if not insistent.

"Here it is." And the photographs of some literary girls are not half bad.

"Very fine," was as much as he dared say by postal.

"Same to you!" And the girl thought the queer matter closed.

"Why don't you write at length?"

"Can't."

"Why not?"

"Am otherwise engaged."

"To whom?"

"My future husband, you silly! My postals have given out. Good-by."—[Anne Cosulich, in August Smart Set.

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[ST. NICHOLAS.]

## TAMING A LION.

In Cleveland Moffett's series of papers on "Careers of Danger and Daring," the eighth article, "The Wild-beast Tamer," appears in St. Nicholas for August.

The wild-beast tamer as generally pictured is a mysterious person who stalks about sternly in high boots and possesses a remarkable power of the eye that makes lions and tigers quail at his look and shrink away. He rules by fear, and the crack of his whip is supposed to bring memories of torturing points and red-hot irons.

Such is the story-book lion-tamer, and I may as well say at once that outside of story books he has small existence. There is scarcely any truth in this theory of hate for hate and conquest by fear. It is no more fear that makes a lion walk on a ball than it is fear that makes a horse pull a wagon. It is habit. The lion is perfectly willing to walk on the ball, and has reached that mind, not by cruel treatment, but by force of his trainer's patience and kindness and superior intelligence.

Of course, a wild-beast tamer should have a quick eye and delicate sense of hearing, so that he may be warned of a sudden spring at him or a rush from behind; and it is important that he be a sober man, for alcohol breaks the nerve or gives a false courage worse than folly; but the quality on which he must chiefly rely and which alone can make him a great tamer—not a second-rate bungler—is a genuine fondness for his animals. This does not mean that the animals will necessarily be fond of the tamer; some will be fond of him, some will be indifferent to him, some will fear and hate him. Nor will the trainer's fondness protect him from fang and claw. We shall see that there is danger always, accident often, but without the fondness there would be greater danger and more frequent accident. A fondness for lions and tigers gives sympathy for them, sympathy gives understanding of them, and understanding gives mastery of them, or as much mastery as is possible. What but this fondness would keep a tamer constantly with his animals, not only in the public show (the easiest part,) but in the dens, in the treacherous runway, in the strange night hours, in the early morning romp, when no one in looking, when there is no reason for being with them except the tamer's own joy in it?

I do not purpose now to present in detail the mthods of taming wild beasts, rather what happens after they are tamed; but I may say that a lion tamer always begins by spending weeks or months in gaining the new animal's confidence.

Day after day he will stand for a long time outside the cage, merely looking at the lion, talking to him, impressing upon the beast a general familiarity with his voice and person. And each time, as he goes away, he is careful to toss a piece of meat as a pleasant memento of his visit.

Later he ventures inside the bars, carrying some simple weapon—a whip, a rod, perhaps a broom, which is more formidable than might be supposed, through the jab of its sharp bristles. One tamer used a common chair with much success against unbroken lions. If the creature came at him, there were the four legs in his face, and soon the chair came to represent boundless power to that ignorant lion. He feared and hated it, as was seen on one occasion, when the tamer left it in the cage and the lion promptly tore it into splinters.

Days may pass before the lion will let his tamer do more than merely stay inside the cage at a distance. Very well; the tamer stays there. He waits hour after hour, week after week, until a time comes when the lion will let him move nearer, will permit the touch of his hand, will come forward for a piece of meat, and at last treat him like a friend, so that finally he may sit there quite at ease, and even read his newspaper, as one man did.

Lastly begins the practice of tricks: the lion must spring to a pedestal and be fed; he must jump from one pedestal to another and be fed; must keep a certain pose and be fed. A bit of meat is always the final argument, and the tamer wins (if he wins at all, for sometimes he fails) by patience and kindness.

"There is no use getting angry with a lion," said a well-known tamer to me, "and there is no use in carrying a revolver. If you shoot a lion or injure him with any weapon, it is your loss, for you must buy another lion, and the chances are that he will kill you, anyway, if he starts to do it. The thing is to keep him from starting."

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[PEARSON'S.]

## FAMOUS AMERICAN ECHOES.

In this country there are many well-known buildings noted for their echoes, and of these perhaps none are more remarkable than the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. When this hall is empty and quiet, the ring of a pin falling on the floor can be heard from all points, and even the feeble sound produced by rubbing the fingers together is perfectly audible at the end of the building to the other.

A better known, but really wonderful, example of audibility in a building is found in the Rotunda of Statuary in the Capitol at Washington. The phenomena manifested, which are genuine and remarkable enough, have been somewhat overstated. I have spent a long time in his hall studying the matter, and, having obtained due permission, have questioned the various visitors while being placed in certain positions by the guides to exhibit the marvelous reverberations of sound.

The guides certainly make the most of their opportunities for astonishing visitors—but such a guide may stand a distance to whisper, you may put your ear on approaching him with due caution that his whisper is of the "stage whisper" sort, and calculated to carry to a great distinctness under any conditions. The chief acoustical peculiarities of the chamber are clearly due to the fact that the roof, which is beautifully domed, is not symmetrical with respect to the floor, so that a complete reflection is the consequence.

Natural echoes unsurpassed in wonderful effect are not far to seek in America. Probably Irish Killarney itself does not hide away more beautiful echoes than lurk within the walls of Colorado Cañon, and it would be easy to assert that these are quite the most wonderful to be found among the rocky retreats of the Far West.

Deep ravines being the favorite haunt of echoes, it may be readily granted that many exist in the famous gorge of Niagara, and anyone who is going to the falls by this route will be well rewarded by stopping at Inspiration Point, walking forward to the endge of the cliff, and there waiting till the first train, on nearing the crossing, blows its whistle. The deep glen takes up and carries the warning shriek.

The musical chord blown instantly by railway engines often fills the air with a beautiful response from the surrounding country. This is very remarkable among the Lake of Geneva, when the listener is standing on the ground and trains are threading their way through the woodland scenery. These effects are due to the presence of extensive pine forests to the sides of the road tracks.

Many who visited Wadesboro, N. C., to observe the total eclipse of the sun from the observation station this year, noticed that the organ-like sounding of the trains, when some two miles distant in the broad, wooded valley below, would give place, without any break, to an echoing reply, drawn out in a prolonged strain, which would then softly died away, like the wild notes of some gigantic harp.—[Pearson's Magazine for August.

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[SMART SET.]

## THE THIRD PERSON.

Now these are the words her husband said:
"Oh, yes, your gown's all right
But you know you never look well
red.
And the thing's too gay and bold
"You light the room like a rose
With its hundred leaves astir
A rose too fair for a clown to wear"
Said the Tertium Quid to her.

Now these are the words her husband said:
"Good Lord, you women are queer
You have raced and chased and
look half dead.
And have circles beneath your eyes
"Tonight your smile is as fair as
while
As a star in the mists dim blue
You're tired, I know, but you're the
liest so."
Said the Tertium Quid to her.

Now these are the words her husband said:
"He'll pay for it, every cent!
But why should she choose the
instead?
She ought to have been content
"Oh, women are dear and women are
queer
And are bought with a coin from
And their husbands may grieve
some day."
Reflected the Tertium Quid.
—[McCrea Pickering, in August Smart Set.

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[SUCCESS.]

## CAPTAINS OF HIGH PURPOSE.

Let timid sailors homeward
Let fearsome prophets cry
When captains of high purpose
There is no turning back.

The charm of indirection lures
The flotsam drift on ocean
Adventurers, whose hope endures
Just to a change of tide.

But, here and there, there
seas,
Stout hearts that strive to
all;
Nor stormy doubt nor calm's
Their faith shall overhaul.
—[Frank Walcott Hutt in Aug
cess.

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[HARPER'S MAGAZINE.]

## THE WONDER OF THE

When Artemisia and
rode
Out of the Carian gate, their
wheels
O'ercame the world, till its great
flow'd
Like air away; while on their
heels,
Like the one cloud of white
That brings the god
Their chariot hurl'd, to
swift desire;
And so went quickly
Carian men.

Went, but not all; it left pale
there;
Love's perfect apparition came
Their passionate chariot still
air
Hung like a cloud, and
still staid—
As if each chafing'd and
Retook its fervency—
Retook their splendor,
train, and they
That gave it fire, still
radiantly.

For Artemisia, when her dear
Drank his burnt ash, solv'd
of wine,
And turned their chariot into
for pride
Of their undying Love, and
shrine,
The world's last wonder,
To tell in marble rhyme
What Artemisia and
Who Death o'ersway,
dead, and conquer

This, the world's wonder,
gave:
Because she loved
lessly.
So, come, all Lovers! to
grave,
And say, "All fades; but
Mystery,
(Since spirits master
unafraid
To its supreme abode;
Past Fate, and Night,
the darker shade—
As Artemisia and
rode!"
—[Ernest Rhys, in Harper's
for August.

SUNDAY, AUGU

# A Story of

## THE VICTORS

BY ROBERT CARR.
[Published by special arrangement Angeles Times.]

CHAPTER V.—CONTIN

"NOW that's the way hear a man talk." Guire, enthusiasm and tion for free speech beaming countenance.

"You seem to have got it heads that a man can't ha terest in a contest unless ther in it for him. I've been ast dred times if I've been ad "Whatter you going to mak this thing?" Can't a man ha terest in a horse race witho a bet on it? Can't a man interest in a presidential without expecting to be ma tary of the treasury? Wh not a man in this room but time and shouted himself h helped put up a liberty pole around promiscuous, when making a cent or standing the office of poundmaster, cause he had an interest in things were running, and kn well he wasn't going to ma by it. Well, that's the way about this here ditch. It do ter a red cent to me which thing goes, but I tell you, I don't like to get licked, was only my pup in a dog that's what's the matter with gentleman, appoint your fin matites."

The eloquent McGuire, wit of his hand that seemed to responsibility from his shou shoulders of the meeting seat, and for a few mome was silence, then a buzz finally the man who had fore got on his feet

"I think the last speaker like a man, and has spoke from the shoulder, as one and I agree with him that get the money from the pocket into his own, he d and we deserve to lose it that Mr. Byfield, our pres man, be appointed chairm finance committee, and that mate two others to assist h "I second the motion." seconded," came from all pa hall.

"Gentlemen, I'd rather s ing to do with it," protest half rising. "Mr. McGuire at my place, and so I think be better all round to have sider. I don't want the j were cries of "Go it, Byfie back out." "Put the motion and seconded." But Byfield shaking his head until the made the motion got again.

"There's something in wha field says. I'd forgotten tha Guire was staying at his of course it wouldn't be p have to keep watch on t when all's said and done, the our action amounts to, I would be perfectly willin Mr. McGuire, for he talks like to hear a man talk, bu to satisfy everybody, and cause I believe in him, I w the game carried on accord own proposal, which strikes fectly fair to himself and else, and leaves no chance "I told you so" after the Now, who was it made the Bulletin? I think it was you over to the caree. Al Slade nods his head. Ve move that Mr. Jonas Slade committ

# A Story of New York City Politics, Love, Hate and Intrigue.

## THE VICTORS.

BY ROBERT CARR.

[Published by special arrangement in the Los Angeles Times.]

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"NOW that's the way I like to hear a man talk," cried McGuire, enthusiasm and admiration for free speech beaming from his countenance.

"You seem to have got it in your heads that a man can't have an interest in a contest unless there's boodle in it for him. I've been asked a hundred times if I've been asked once, 'What're you going to make out of this thing? Can't a man have an interest in a horse race without having a bet on it? Can't a man have an interest in a presidential election without expecting to be made secretary of the treasury? Why, there's no one in this room but has spent his time and shouted himself hoarse and helped put up a liberty pole, and tore things promiscuous, when he wasn't getting a cent or standing in to get the office of poundmaster, just because he had an interest in the way things were running, and knew durned well he wasn't going to make a cent by it. Well, that's the way with me and this here ditch. It doesn't matter to me one cent to me which way the cat jumps, but I tell you, gentlemen, I don't like to get licked, even if it was only my pup in a dog fight, and that's what's the matter with me. Now, gentlemen, appoint your finance committee."

The eloquent McGuire, with a wave of his hand that seemed to shift all responsibility from his shoulders to the shoulders of the meeting, took his seat, and for a few moments, there was silence, then a buzz of whispers; finally the man who had spoken before got on his feet.

"I think the last speeker has talked like a man, and has spoken straight from the shoulder, as one might say, and I agree with him that if he can get the money from the committee's pocket into his own, he deserves it, and we deserve to lose it. I move that Mr. Byfield, our present chairman, be appointed chairman of the finance committee, and that he nominate two others to assist him."

"I second the motion." "Seconded, seconded," came from all parts of the hall.

"Gentlemen, I'd ruther have nothing to do with it," protested Byfield, half rising. "Mr. McGuire is staying at my place, and so I think it would be better all round to have some outsider. I don't want the job." "There were cries of "Put it, Byfield." "Don't back out." "Put the motion." "Moved and seconded." But Byfield sat there shaking his head until the man who made the motion got on his feet again.

"There's something in what Mr. Byfield says. I'd forgotten that Mr. McGuire was staying at his place, and of course it wouldn't be pleasant to have to keep watch on a guest, for, when all's said and done, that's what the motion amounts to. For my part I would be perfectly willing to trust Mr. McGuire, for he talks the way I like to hear a man talk, but we want to satisfy everybody, and simply because I believe in him, I want to see the game carried on according to his own proposal, which strikes me as perfectly fair to himself and everybody else, and leaves no chance for saying that 'twas all off after the thing's over. Now, as it was it made the first objection I think it was you Mr. Slade, over in the corner. All right, Mr. Slade nods his head. Very well, I move that Mr. Jonas Slade be finance committee all by himself, or call him secretary and treasury if you like. Now we all know Mr. Slade, and we know that if a man gets a dollar outen what he didn't earn he has to get up mighty early in the morning."

There was laughter at this, in which Mr. Slade himself joined. He was evidently proud of his reputation, and his character appeared to be well understood by his neighbors.

"Therefore I move that Mr. Slade be appointed to take charge of whatever money is collected and see that it is properly disbursed."

The motion being as vociferously seconded as the other, the chairman put it, and it was carried unanimously.

"Now, gentlemen," said McGuire, stepping forward to the desk as cheerfully and briskly as if everything was going his way, "you've done exactly the right thing. I've put my own name at the head of this list because I subscribed $1, but I'm quite ready to put below any name that has bigger figures opposite it. I think I see $5 in Mr. Slade's eye, because of the handsome unanimous vote he got. Come up to the captain's office and settle, Mr. Slade."

But the cautious Slade contented himself with putting down another dollar, being ashamed to make it less, although he cursed the generous stranger in his heart, and wished someone had started the list with 25 cents. All in all, more was given and promised the sum of $37 before the meeting broke up and its members went home.

During the next few days, McGuire saw much of Slade, for he industriously collected all the outstanding money and brought it to the treasurer bit by bit until the full amount was in the latter's safekeeping.

Early on the morning before polling day McGuire arrived at the Slade farm just as the farmer was about to set out to the fields with his men. He did not seem too well pleased at the incursion of a visitor at such an important moment.

"I've got this thing coppered at last, Mr. Slade!" cried the young man, rubbing his hands together. "I've got it all down fine, but I tell you it has cost a lot of money, although now we are sure to win."

The farmer reluctantly gave some orders to the men who were waiting for him on the wagon, and they drove off to their work. Then he conducted his guest into the house.

"Now," said McGuire, cheerfully, "we can talk without anyone overhearing us, and that's something these walls ought to be thankful for. I've got a list of eleven men who will vote our way—for a little consideration. That will give us all the majority we want tomorrow. I've promised them $5 apiece."

"Five dollars apiece! Why, jumping Jupiter, you could buy the whole State for that!"

"Yes, you can't. And, what's more, when the other side get an inkling of this they'll see our raise and go us one better."

"Five dollars! Why did you make such a bargain before telling me?"

"I didn't make any bargain. You will have the last say-so about it. If you can get them any cheaper, all right, but you'll risk everything. The opposition will be able to give $10 each tomorrow if they get the slightest hint how things are going."

"Well, then, what do you say I'm to do?"

"I want you to take the list and pay the men. I think the best plan will be to take this money, that's all in quarters and half dollars and greasy bills, into town and get it changed for new $5 bills, then you can slip one out of your vest pocket without anyone knowing what's being done."

"I don't see the need of all that trouble. We can make this money into piles of $5 each, or count it out right there."

"Well, just as you like. The other way would be safer, for there would be no marked bills among it.' Old hands at this sort of business always deal out new money."

"What for?"

"They seem to think it's the best way. But, of course, you do it any plan that suits you."

"Where's your list of the eleven men?"

"I've got it right here in my pocket, but before I show it to you I've promised these men that I'd take your word of honor that you would never breathe a word about it to a living soul."

"Why, what's all this fuss about a simple little matter?"

"That's exactly what I told 'em, but you know what men are when they're just a little scared. I said to them, says I, 'Why, Slade will never whisper a word, as much for his own safety as for yours.'"

"My safety?"

"Of course. That's what I said. 'It's six of one and half a dozen of the other. It isn't likely a sensible man like Slade is going to put himself into a box merely to make things unpleasant for you.' I told 'em that all right enough, but they made me say I'd get you to promise."

"I don't know what the devil you're talking about," exclaimed the farmer, staring across the table in bewilderment at his visitor, while his visitor looked with equal bewilderment at him.

"Talking about? I'm talking about buying votes for $5 each."

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothing, except that it's bribery, and a State prison offense in Michigan. I tell you a man can't be too careful monkeying with that sort of business, and some of these men know it. I guess they've been there before."

"What? In State prison?"

"No; in the bribery business, but of course they know the law on the subject. Still, it's all serene enough if a man goes the right way about it, and I told them they were as safe as in a church. 'You don't need to be afraid of Mr. Slade's saying anything,' I says to 'em, 'because if you were to get up and shout that Slade gave you $5 for your vote he'd have to deny it in self-defense.'"

"But I never undertook to bribe men."

"Why, yes, you did, Mr. Slade. What else was the money got together for? There weren't no other expenses."

"What's the matter with me staying outdoors and you paying the money inside, if it's so safe as all that."

Slade looked cunningly at McGuire, and, as this method of settling the difficulty had never occurred to the young man, he wrinkled his brows thoughtfully, and turned his eyes upward toward the ceiling, as if by meditation he might accustom himself to the novelty of an unexpected proposal. Then, with a sigh, he shook his head.

"No, that wouldn't do. I told the men you would hand them the money, and if I were to pay them they might think there was some shenanigan about it. No, you're the treasurer. The meeting appointed you, and this is the only thing you'll have to do, for I've done all the rest. Not that I'm afraid at all, because, as I told you, there's no real danger if every one buttons his lip and keeps his mouth shut. The men won't care as long as they get the money."

Slade spoke more eagerly. "Let's see the list."

McGuire handed him a paper, and he scrutinized it minutely.

"Yes, you've struck the right crowd. I know that gang, and a gallus lot they are. They'd vote against their grandmothers for a dollar."

"Well, if you think I've offered them too much you can beat 'em down while I'm waiting outside."

"No, no. That's all right. But, say, McGuire, I'm pretty busy, and I've lost a good deal of time sitting and talking here when I ought to be out in the fields; so I don't see how I can go round with you this afternoon, sure pop, I don't. Now, you'll write me a receipt for $55, and I'll hand you the money. You tell 'em that you thought it was better not to have too many in this business, and so's you had made all the arrangements you had come round to pay them the money. I suppose you couldn't get a receipt out of each one of 'em, not to show round much, you know, but just to have everything business like."

"Well, I don't think they would be such fools as to do a thing like that. Still, you never can tell. This is a mighty queer neighborhood, and, anyhow, it would do no harm if you would ask them when you give them the boodle."

"You can bet your boots I ain't going to give 'em no boodle. I told you I hain't got no time to go around and see all them people."

"It won't take you so very long."

"But you've got all day to do it in, and you've got a horse, and I hain't got a horse to spare, not just now."

"Why, you seem to be taking it for granted that I'm going to pay this money to the men."

"Well, you promised to."

"When?"

"Not five minutes ago; at least, you said as much as that you would. What's the use of talking of a guarantee if you didn't mean to pay the men—"

"Oh, well, all right; have it your way. I ain't got no farm to lose; but I've got my liberty, and I expect you to keep mighty quiet about this here deal."

"Of course, I'll keep quiet. Besides I won't see you pay the money, as you said a while since, so you're as safe as you claimed I was."

"That's so. Well, you make out receipts and guarantee to suit yourself and I'll sign 'em. You're the durndest sharpest business man I ever see, and I give you my word, although I hain't got nothing against you personally, I wouldn't care to have any more money dealings with you. You're too sharp for a youngster like me, for you've got me to promise to do a thing I was bound to have someone else in this district do. I didn't care much who it was, as long's it wa'n't me."

Mr. Slade chuckled softly to himself as he wrote out the necessary documents that would protect him if his fellows ever called him to strict account over the expenditure of the money. "Oh, we'll see you through all right, young fellow," he said. "I hope so," replied McGuire, in a tone of deep despondency.

CHAPTER VI.

"HIS DISHONESTY APPEARS."

It was still early morning when McGuire left the Slade homestead to make his way along the side road to his boarding place, and the young politician was in some anxiety regarding his breakfast, fearing he might miss a meal between the houses, and breakfast is important to a person in good health.

Arriving at the Byfield farm, he found, as he expected, that the breakfast dishes had been cleared away; but with typical American rural hospitality a plate had been left for him on the table, and his breakfast was kept warm for him in the oven. Lottie was alone in the dining-room and Patrick was not without hope that she was waiting for him, for they had had many interviews since their first, and were on a basis of friendship, although she had not yet foregathered with him at the gate in the evening as he desired. He hungered for his breakfast, and also for the grateful applause which he felt was his due as a man of parts who had succeeded in getting other men to follow his wishes.

"We thought you were lost," said Lottie. "You surely weren't electioneering so early in the morning."

"No, Lottie, I wasn't—at least I was electioneering for myself, and I got elected every time. I was over at old Slade's and wanted to catch him before he went out to the fields, which I just did and no mistake. Caught him every way you put it. They said at the meeting that anyone who got money out of old Slade would have to get up early in the morning, so I got up early."

"And got the money?"

"You bet. Look-a-there!" McGuire, with a gesture of justifiable pride, pulled from his pocket a handfull of bills and coins and flung the accumulation on the table.

"My!" exclaimed the girl, eyes opening wide. "What a lot of it."

"Yes-sir-ee. Fifty-five dollars to a cent. Not bad for a week and a half's work, it is?"

"Is that the money they raised at the meeting?"

"Yah. All but $2, and I expect to have that out of Slade before tomorrow night. Say, you ought t'heard the way I read the riot act to old Slade. His eye it was as good as a picnic, and his eyes simply bulged, and he actually got pale at times, and yet I clean forgot some of the best things I was going to say to him. And now I tell you," he continued with great heartiness, selesting ten of the tattered bills, "I want your mother to take $10 for my keep while I've been earning of this pile, and here's the boodle." He waved the money over toward her, but she shrank back from contact with it.

"But it isn't yours," she gasped, breathlessly.

"It isn't all mine, but a good share of it is. You trust P. McG. for that."

"I thought it was collected for election expenses."

"Cert. That's right. I'm the biggest election expense this part of the country's got, and I'm going to win for them as well as for myself. Oh, I'm giving them value for their cash, you bet. There's nothing mean about me."

"I—I—I'm afraid I don't understand. I thought you said you weren't going to take anything—that you were doing all this for nothing, and that's what everybody else thinks."

"Well, now, look here, Lottie; you're a sensible girl; you didn't think I was in this for my health, did you?"

"Then why didn't you say so at first?"

The young man looked up at her from his half-eaten breakfast, an expression of amazed injured innocence on his face. The trend of her questions and the tone of her voice bewildered him. Was it possible that she was not going to perceive and admire his financial skill?

"Say so at first? Why, thunder! I wouldn't have got a cent if I did. You know that."

"Well, I don't know much about these things, but it doesn't strike me as honest to keep for yourself what was intended for something else."

"Oh, I see what you mean. Why, there's just where you are mistaken, Lottie. Honesty's my strong point. I say if a man isn't honest his name's Mud, and it ought to be. 'Honesty's the best policy' is my motto. Of course I lost money by it, but I'd rather have a clear conscience than a wad of $5 bills. I am just going to tell you all about it, and then you'll understand. You see, I said I didn't want any pay, and I don't. I'll pay myself every time, and don't you forget it. I don't want anybody else lying awake nights worrying about how Pat McGuire's going to come out of a deal. That's my department, and I look after it every time. Yes-sir-ee. But you think I'm hogging this money to myself and not giving value received. That's where you're away off. It's straight as a string, bargain and sale, cash down, money paid, got the tin, signed, sealed and delivered, witness my hand, and everybody satisfied. Especially P. McGuire, Esquire. It's just like this. I don't charge 'em nothing for my valuable services, nary a red. But I make a little on a deal, as we all do. I buy eleven votes for $1 apiece, market price, no dickering, cash paid, goods delivered and no questions asked. Them votes is mine, but I've no particular use for 'em. I'm buying to sell again, same's any respectable merchant.

"All right; I look round for a market. I charge $5 apiece for my stock, and it can't be bought cheaper, for I've got a corner on the market. All right; money is turned over, and tomorrow I turn over the goods. Everybody's satisfied, and the goose hangs high. What could be honester than that? Honest! Well, I should smile! That's just my weak point. Why, what would a dishonest man have done? He would have pocketed the whole $55, jumped his board bill, skipped by the light of the moon, and it would have been 'good-by John.' Nobody could have said a durned word, except your father for me boarding free. Yes, sir; I could have come right back here and nobody could have put a hand on me, for they know what the money's subscribed for. But I'm an honest man, and I'm losing just $21 by it; there's $11 for the voters and $10 for my board bill. I'm not such a fool as to say 'honesty's the best policy,' when you lose $21 by it, but that's me every time. I'm a square man, I am, and I give you notice, Lottie, I'm coming back to this here district, and I want to come back with a clean conscience, and have people glad to see me. I'm not jumping no board bills this trip. No, sir."

During the enunciation of principle there was, at times, a suggestion of pathos in the tones of the speaker's voice, alternating with the reverberation of that earnest indignation which comes upon a man unjustly censured Few of us submit patiently to the accusation of the lack of some quality on whose possession we pride ourselves."

"You have no right to the money," persisted the girl with a woman's perverse ignoring of the inevitableness of logic.

"Then who has?"

"I don't know. It should be used as it was intended to be used, and if there is any left over that should be given back to those who subscribed it."

"Well, of all the——! Now, if that doesn't beat the Dutch! That gets me right where I live! Used as was intended? My stars, if it is and the government finds it out, then them that subscribed will go to State prison where they belong! Used as—— My land of Goshen—to buy votes! To bribe hard-working men to vote against their consciences, so that the schemes of these plotters will come out all right! And me—here I've been a-working like a dozen niggers for nearly two weeks, neglecting my own business, and now it don't none of it belong to me. I'm to tramp my half-soles off, talk till I need a carload of cough lozenges to get my throat smooth again, slave early and late, and then they're to say, 'We're much obliged, McGuire, you can go to grass now; we're through with you!' And what those honest farmers want me to do, and expect me to do for nothing, is a crime against the law that men are put in jail for."

"Then you shouldn't do it."

"It's easy to say that, but what would they think of me going back on them at the last moment? I'd be a fine kind of a sneak, wouldn't I?"

"Better that than do wrong."

"But it isn't really wrong; it's against the law, that's all. It's done every day at every election in the country more or less, gen'lly more I guess."

"That doesn't make it right. You should give back the money."

"What would your father say?"

"What could he say? I'm sure he didn't know the money was to be used to commit a crime."

"But I tell you people don't look at it that way. He doesn't, neither does any other sensible man. You've got to do this sort of thing or get beat."

"Well, let them get beaten. That doesn't matter, but the other does."

"I've gone too far now. I can't go back on them."

"If you have, then don't return here, either now or any other time."

"Say, Lottie, you don't mean that. You're just angry, that's all. When you come to think over it you'll see how unreasonable you are."

The girl remained silent, and McGuire pushed back his chair and gathered up the money that was on the table.

"Won't you give that $10 to your mother?"

Lottie shook her head; her eyes were moist, but she looked unflinchingly at him, as if to read his ultimate purpose.

"All right, then; I'll give it to her myself."

"We ain't going to charge you anything for your board. I told you we didn't keep a boarding-house."

Lottie was determined to leave him no escape from doing what she thought was right. McGuire, with bent head, seemed to be marking time. He separated the silver from the paper somewhat aimlessly, and, rolling up the bills, slipped them into one pocket. He counted the silver once or twice, then shoved it into another pocket. The ten single-dollar notes were still on the table, and he ran each through his fingers, carefully, pulled himself together, raised his head suddenly, then said sharply:

"You won't take them?"

"No."

"All right."

He pulled out the roll he had placed in his pocket, the girl watching him intently, and selected one dollar bill from the wad, which he placed with the $10, making the total $11, the exact amount needed to bribe the free and independent electors, as the girl noted. These he put in a vest pocket, and the rest he returned to their former resting place.

"Good-by," he said, holding out his hand.

"Good-by," she replied, with a catch in her voice, her hands behind her back, as she had been taught to do'd them at school, and remaining there.

McGuire paused a moment, with outstretched hand untaken, then turned sharply on his heel and went out, closing the door with no gentle pull behind him, leaving the girl standing motionless in the center of the room.

CHAPTER VII.

"BUY 'EM TO SELL AGAIN."

McGuire sprang into the light wagon and drove away. It would have served everybody right if he simply kept on to the south until he crossed the State line into Ohio, letting them whistle for their money; but being an honest man, he would adhere rigidly to his bargain. He would pay the money to the voters and be done with it, then he would buy horse and wagon, as agreed, shake the dust of Michigan from the wheels, and peddle his way to New York. Meditating thus, he jogged slowly along the dusty road until he heard coming up rapidly behind him the gentle purr of a buggy. Looking over his snouider he saw a natty turnout driven by a well-dressed man. The sun glistened on the polished black box of the buggy as if it shone on glass, and the sand poured from the sparkling wheels like water from the paddles of a steamer. The oncomer, however, did not pass, but casting a sharp glance at the man in the light wagon pulled up sharply.

"Your name McGuire?"

"That's what they call me."

"I've been looking for you this some time back."

"Yes? Well I ain't very hard to find. Always at the office during business hours."

"Where's your office?"

"In this here wagon."

The stranger laughed. He was a smooth-faced, shrewd-looking man, whose age it was impossible to guess by the expression of his keen face.

"You're taking quite an interest in this ditch contest, I'm told."

"Oh, so so. Just enough to make things a bit lively, you know."

"So I hear. What are you going to make out of it?"

"Well, now, stranger," drawled McGuire, throwing a leg over the edge of the seat, "I've been expecting that question, and to speak right down friendly with you, not to have the secret so any farther, I'm just a little tired of it. See?"

"Been asked it several times, eh? Well, I don't wonder. You're a stranger here, I understand."

"I was a stranger, but I guess there ain't anyone better known in the district than me today, and they'll know still more of me tomorrow."

"That so? Well, to come back to the question you don't like, what do you expect to make out of this?"

"I expect to make you folks sick, for one thing," said McGuire serenely.

"Why do you say 'you folks?' I haven't got anything to do with it."

"You wouldn't be here chinning me if you hadn't."

"I'm not a voter in this section."

"I daresay; neither am I, yet I've got this thing coppered all the samey."

"I'm not so sure of that."

"That's what I'm telling you."

"I'm not so sure of it even after you say so."

"All right, then, drive on. You'll be sure of it tomorrow night. Goodby; so long."

"Oh, there's no hurry. I'd like to have a little talk with you. Let's drive down the road to the woods, where there's some shade. It's going to be another powerful hot day."

"I don't know as there's much use us having a talk, but I can spend the time if you can. You drive on and I'll get there sooner or later. My horse is Kentucky blood, as you can see, but it's rather discouraged this while back, knowing what concerned fools there are on the other side of this here voting business."

The man in the buggy made no reply, but drove rapidly to the shade of the forest, McGuire following him more leisurely. Once together in the grateful shadow of the trees it seemed as if they two were alone in the world.

"Now, to come back to first principles, what do you expect to make in this here campaign? I know this part of the country probably better than you do, and I'm willing to bet a dollar there isn't much money in it."

"No? That's a pretty nice rig you've got. Do you own it?"

"Yes. It doesn't look like a livery-stable getup, does it?"

"No. That's why I thought it was yours. You seem to be able to pick up a little something in this locality."

"Oh, I manage to make a living; yes."

"I'm in exactly the same business," said McGuire, nodding confidentially.

"Well, that's what I don't understand. How are you going to make a living on this tack? I know these men, and they are as close-fisted as the old Harry. They tell me that you're doing all this for nothing, and that they've got this thing fixed so that you can't make a cent unless you steal it from old Slade, so I'm just naturally interested to know how you're going to work it. I thought perhaps you could give me some valuable pointers."

"So I can, but as it happens this isn't the day I'm giving things away. Call around after the polling, and if you don't see what you want ask for it. No trouble to show goods. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Say, stranger, what are you driving at? Do you think there's anything to be made out of me by beating 'round the bush? If you do, you are fooling away your time. Look in my eye, and tell me if you see any green there. You've asked me a whole lot of questions, and I've answered them like a gentleman. Now, let me ask you one. What's your game?"

The man in the buggy gazed intently at the other for a few seconds before he replied. Then he said quietly:

"I'm a contractor. I've got this ditch contract secured, if it goes through, and there's some little money to be made on the deal, although not any too much."

"I see. Then, why in thunder didn't you look after your fences a little better before this time of day?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I thought we had a sure thing, and so we had if McGuire hadn't happened along. If I'd had a week's warning I would have knocked you sky high. I can do it yet, but being a contractor and having no vote in this district, I thought it would look better if I kept out of it. That's why I come to you."

"Could a-knocked me sky high, could you? I wish you'd come in a little sooner; we'd a-had some fun. I tell you what it is, contractor, it would cost you $1000 to beat me now."

"Shucks, you don't know what you're talking about. But I don't want to beat you. I want to make terms with you. That's why I'm here, and that's why I ask you what you expect to make against me?"

"You always say, 'expect to make.' Now, that's where you're on the wrong track. I don't expect to make; I've made. Look at that. That's a roll of $10 bills, and there's $150 in that wad. Here's another with not so much in it. That's going to the free and independents, where it will do the most good, but not the most good to a contractor. His other pocket jingles, but it's with silver, so we won't count that. All this boodle was in the possession of old Slade this morning; it's in my pocket now. Doing this thing for nothing? What's your opinion?"

"I was told they only raised $60 or $70 at the meeting."

"At the meeting!" cried McGuire contemptuously, stuffing the bills he had exhibited into his pocket again, taking care that their small denominations were not visible to the keen eyes of his opponent. "Yes, there wa'nt much more than that raised at the meeting; but I've been round collecting ever since, and have scared these people with the ten years' taxation that's ahead of them, so they gave down. Oh, you bet, there's a lot of money to be raised round here if you go the right way about it."

"Still, even if you spend all that money it would only take a couple of hundred dollars to beat you."

"Don't you make any mistake. You couldn't do it with a thousand, and I'd just like to see you try it. Why, I'd raise the country. I'd say, 'here's this contractor a-jumping in, spending a dollar to loot a hundred out of you.' Lord, it would be too dead easy to beat you! But I guess you're no such fool as to try it on, for you know it's always easier to buy one man than twenty, and cheaper, too. You said you wanted to make terms. Well, you've left it a little late, but still you're in time. If you've got any proposition to make I'll listen to it. That's what I'm here for."

"Can you clear a hundred dollars?"

"Yes and more."

"Well, you can't do better than $150. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll bet you $200 against your $150 that this ditch is lost. If the polling goes for the ditch you pocket $700 and get back the money you staked."

"I'm not a betting man. 'Taint moral. No, sir. In God we trust; all others cash. I ain't taking no risks, and I ain't doing no betting, being contrary to the way I was raised; $150 in the pocket's better'n $200 in an umpire's hands, with the $150 risked at that. That bluff won't work."

"There isn't any bluff about it. If you act square, you get your money; if you don't, you won't. Nothing could be fairer."

McGuire, with a deep sigh, gathered up the reins.

"Now can there?" persisted the man, evidently getting a little anxious at the other's threatened withdrawal.

"Oh, that's too dead easy. You tie up my money till the voting's over; then you squeal, and say the betting's agin some State law, and where am I? I do hate to be taken for a fool. Good day."

"Hold on. No good of getting mad about it. I've made a proposition; if it don't suit you, then make another. I'm willing to do anything fair, as long's my interests are protected."

"How you talk. Interests protected! You can't have interests protected in a case like this. You either trust me or you don't. I didn't go to you; you came to me. All right. I'm a square man, and I do what I say. If you don't know enough about a man to see that, after talking with him an hour, then put the bird on your horse and go home. No use in warting my time."

"Well, then, make a proposal."

"All right, entirely on your account and to save hard feelings, I will. I'll trust you $50. You pay me $150 cash down right here, and I'll cash round at your place day after tomorrow and get the other $50."

"You don't expect that I travel 'round with that much money on me."

"If you don't, then you're lost your darned old ditch, that's all."

"What security have I that you won't take the money and still work against me?"

"None at all."

"Oh, that's not good enough."

"Nuf sed. You refuse, then?"

"No sane man could do anything else but refuse such an offer from an entire stranger."

"I expected you to refuse, and that's why I made the offer. Men who get big contracts are the men who take just such big chances. You ain't no contractor; you're some contractor's clerk. You go back home, sonny, and tell your boss to come and see me, then we'll fix this thing up in ten minutes."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you $100 down and you come for the other hundred day after tomorrow."

"No; you just think you're going to do that. You're dreaming on account of the hot weather. Now, I'll tell you what you'll do, and you'll do it within the next ten minutes or not at all. You'll pay me plump down $200, and then you'll get your ditch and no questions asked. There's two men coming down the road, and they'll be here in less than half an hour. Now when they get on the top of the next rise you'll have taken or refused my offer, and you won't get another."

"But you made me a better offer a few minutes ago."

"Yes, and you didn't have the sense to take it, and durn me if I believe you're going to have the sense to take this one, which is exactly the same offer if you only knew it. I haven't raised the price a cent, for I'd a-had the $50 that makes up the $200 within forty-eight hours, or thereabouts."

"You're sure I would have paid it, then?"

"Certain. I can see in a minute you're square, and the only thing that eats me is that you haven't the gumption to see that I am."

"Then, if you trust me as you say, why do you object to wait a couple of days for your money?"

"Simply because this is an uncertain world. That horse may throw you out and break your neck on the way home, and then I couldn't collect. There's no such danger from my horse, but you take such a long time about a deal that you make me tired, and more than that, you make me want to go right on with this contest and bust you wide open, so that you'll have more sense next time you meet a gentleman and don't know it. I'd only lost $50 by doing it, and I'd have more than the worth of that in fun. I don't even know your name, and don't want to; but I'd shout mad clear through, to the free and independents that some man with a bay horse that had a white net over it, and a new covered buggy with the cover down, slick as a whistle, a smooth-faced man, who looked as if he was up to snuff, and said he was a contractor, wanted to buy me for $200 so that he would have a free swing to make thousands out of the poor, unfortunate taxpayer. I'll bet you they wouldn't be long in telling me the name of that man, and they'd believe all I said, too."

"I doubt if they would believe you refused the two hundred. If I take this offer, what are you going to do with that cash you have in your pocket?"

"I'll turn right round and give it back to old Slade, telling him my conscience will not allow me to corrupt the free and independent voters. He's scared already of the bribery act; that's how I got the money out of him, and I'll make him scareder by saying the other side is on the lookout to get some one in State's prison on this deal. Say, them two men's disappeared down the hollow, and they will be in sight in another minute or two."

"How about the voters you've bargained with?"

"Oh, them! That's dead easy. I'll go to each of them and say that it was wrong of them to say they would take money, and that they're morally bound to vote against the ditch, anyhow, without payment."

"Against the ditch?"

"Cert. That'll make 'em so durn mad, with losing the money and all, they'll vote for it, just to throw me down. Nothing makes a man so fighting mad as to do the superior act with him and let on your conscience is a trifle bettern' his'n; then if you go on a-pointing out to him the right path and imploring him to foller it, like a preacher at a revival meeting, why he'll knock you down if he dare, or vote agin' you if you're bigger'n him."

"Well, I guess there's something in that," said the contractor, with a smile. "I'll take your offer, McGuire, and I'll trust you." Saying this he took out a broad pocketbook from an inside pocket, slipped the elastic from it and displayed a flat heap of greenbacks. Counting out the requisite number with care, slipping each bill between thumb and finger, he handed the result to McGuire, who also counted it over, found it correct, doubled it up and put it into a pocket as nonchalantly as if he completed such a transaction several times a day.

The man in the buggy gathered up his reins slowly, as if reluctant to go, being probably in some doubt regarding the wisdom of the loose and costly bargain he had made.

"I suppose you'll wait in the neighborhood till after the polling?"

"No, I don't think so. I've got no more interest in the affair, and have lost enough time on it already. I'm going east."

"...ss your business?"

"I'm doing a little peddling at present, but I don't expect to keep at that long. Not enough money in it."

"Better call around and see me at Ypsilanti. I could perhaps put you on something that would be worth while."

"I guess New York's got more loose cash lying round than Ypsilanti."

"Shouldn't wonder. Yet it might be harder to pick up."

"That's what I want to find out."

"Well, good-by."

"So long. See you later, maybe."

(To be continued.)

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# MILITARY TOPICS.

*Articles of Present Interest on Current Army and Navy Subjects.*

[COMPILED FOR THE TIMES BY A VETERAN OFFICER.]

### JACK'S QUARTERS AFLOAT.

THE American deep-water sailor has long been considered a particular ward of the nation, and as such he is vastly better cared for on shipboard than is the sailor of any other nation. Much against his will he is encouraged to save his money. Even a carefully-developed bill of fare has been worked out for him, and made a part of the shipping laws of the country. These facts have lately been impressed upon the ship owners of Great Britain by the arrival at London of the steamship Northwestern, the first vessel to enter at that port with clearance papers from Chicago.

The Northwestern is a steamer of the Great Lakes, the first of a new line which will try to establish a regular service from Chicago through the lakes, canals and St. Lawrence River and across the Atlantic to London. Her sailors are lake sailors, and lake sailors are treated like no other sailors in the world. They have much the same rights and privileges as have shore laborers. They have their labor unions and dictate, to a certain extent, their own scale of wages and the amount and nature of the work that may be required of them. Voyages on the Great Lakes are of too short duration, and the chances for deserting are too numerous for lake ship owners to dictate to their sailors or to permit the owners to impose anything like the terms which the ordinary sailor endures.

It is no wonder that London seamen have stood in open-mouthed astonishment at the good fortune of the Northwestern's crew. They have been surprised at the ease and simplicity of discipline. The comforts provided for the men have caused wonder, as well as the liberality of their wages. They have also wondered at the way the lake sailors respond to fair treatment, instead of abusing it.

Although the Northwestern is a lake boat, and is in consequence different in many respects from the deep-sea "tramp" or sailing vessel, she is not by any means the only vessel from which English, German, French and Russian shipping can learn valuable lessons. Sailors have better treated on American ships than they are on vessels flying flags of other stripes and colors.

"The quarters for sailors on American ships have not changed greatly in the last ten years," said a large owner of sea-going vessels to a Tribune reporter yesterday, "but they are still far ahead of anything foreigners have ever put up. There may not be much difference in the houses, but American captains insist on cleanliness. That the American sailor is better fed than the Britisher or any other foreigner, no one can doubt who has ever read the bill of fare prescribed by the government."

Twenty years ago a sailor would have laughed at the idea of a steam-heated forecastle. Today such quarters are common on American vessels of a certain class—the big schooners which ply in the coastwise trade. These vessels carry small crews, from seven to ten men. The spread of canvas is enormous, and the crews would be unable to handle the ship without the aid of steam. For this reason a small engine is kept running all the time, and steam for heating purposes is supplied to all parts of the ship.

There are vessels sailing out of this port which are absolutely without forecastles. The officers and crew live together in the cabin at the stern. They eat from the same table and have exactly the same fare, except for the skipper's private bottle of "sea sherry," which would be called whisky on shore. Nearly all of the fishing schooners are quartered in this way, and likewise many of the lumber vessels which ply cargoes from Nova Scotia to the lumber yards on the East River.

After all, however, the difference between the comforts of American sailors and those accorded to the seamen of other nations lies more in the food provided than in the quarters. British skippers are noted for keeping their men on short rations. An American captain would not dare go below the scale provided by law. If he did, the crew would complain at the first port. [New York Tribune.

### RUSSIA'S FLOATING FORT.

The Retsivan, which goes to the Russian navy, is the first battleship of her class to be built in America in a manner which now commands general approval. In size she is not of the largest, her total displacement in normal trim being less than 13,000 tons. But in, she is about the size of the new battleship Maine, but not so great as the Illinois or Wisconsin.

The noticeable feature of all these new ships, including the Retsivan, is their speed. That of the Retsivan is required to be at least eighteen knots an hour. That is to say, she must be able to steam at that rate for twelve consecutive hours to entitle her to acceptance. It is a recent matter to demand such speed in a battleship. It is not long ago that eighteen knots was considered a remarkable speed for a steamer. Yet cruisers now exceed that speed by a considerable number of knots.

Returning back to that revelation of naval architecture and work, the performance of the battleship Oregon in coming from the Pacific station to the east around the "Horn," it looks very much as if the speed attained there was the precursor of the high requirements exacted nowadays of battleships. Seventeen knots were once deemed almost the limit for battleships.

The length of the Retsivan on the load-water line is 394 feet. In normal trim she would draw 25 feet of water, or, given her speed, which in action is not likely to be maintained at fifteen knots per hour, and, indeed, probably in practice not exceed seven knots, how will she compare with the American battleships? Leaving personnel out of account, we turn to the dimensions of the ship. Her depth from keel to main deck is 43ft. 6in.—leaving a freeboard of more than 20ft. when she is drawing 25 feet.

The armor of the Retsivan is of the Krupp variety, the main belt at the water having a maximum thickness of 9 inches. Her armament is practically the same as that of the American battleships. She carries four 12-inch guns in elliptical turrets, paired fore and aft. She has two submerged and four above-water torpedo tubes, twelve 6-inch guns and forty-six rapid-fire guns.—[Washington Times.

### FRANCE PROUD OF THE NARVAL.*

The Narval by its recent test movements seems to have established itself in the French official mind as the best submarine boat possessed by France. The Navy of that country has two types of submarine vessels. The first, the Gustave Zede, the Morse and twenty-six other submarine boats now building depend entirely upon electricity for their motive power, which greatly restricts their radius of action. The Narval has both steam and electric motors, and these enable her to attain a radius of action of 1,500 miles. The Narval is propelled by steam on the surface, and by electric motor under water. With the latter she can recharge her accumulators. Steam is generated by the Seigel tubular boiler and the fuel used is petroleum.

The Narval is 112 feet long, and her displacement is 116 tons when on the surface, and 200 tons when submerged. She is provided with four torpedo tubes, capable of discharging four torpedoes, 16½ feet in length. Her recent test was to ascertain her capacity for endurance. She was ordered to make a cruise of forty consecutive hours from Cherbourg. The Narval covered 250 miles at an average speed of six and one-half knots an hour in a very rough sea. On the trip she remained below the surface for several hours at a time, and twice recharged her accumulators. On her return to Cherbourg she made excellent practice with her four torpedoes, showing that the torpedo mechanism, regulated five days previously, had not been put out of order by the trial. The officers and crew of the Narval suffered greatly from the discomforts of the trial trip, which was to be expected.

### BRITISH MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON.*

The British Naval League are making a vigorous assault upon the government for its neglect of the Mediterranean Squadron, the most important of those into which the commissioned fleets of the British Navy are divided. It is pointed out that there are six battleships in the Mediterranean Squadron which are today dependent, so far as their chief armament is concerned, on a set of obsolete guns firing black powder and the blunt-nosed shells of a former generation. There are also, either in commission or in the reserve, at least ten vessels possessing a certain degree of value as fighting units, and borne on the Navy list as battleships of the second class. Lord Charles Beresford has made the strongest representations to the Admiralty about the fleet, but without effect. The "Navy League Journal" cites the case of Admiral Cervera as an admonition to the British authorities. The admiral warned his government that his fleet was unable to cope with that of the United States. The laws of the Spanish Service prohibited him from publishing his remonstrances, and from the ministers he got nothing but snubs and hints not to be a "pessimist." "If we are to be ready to sacrifice for our dear country our life, must we not also be ready, if necessary, to tell it the truth?" asked the admiral, "I am most uneasy about all this," he continued. "I ask myself if it is right for me to keep silent and thereby to become the accomplice in causing my country's ruin." He kept silence. The ministry sent him with a weak fleet to the West Indies, and even ordered him to steam out of Santiago Harbor to ineffable disaster and the doom of 400 gallant officers and men. "In Spain," says the historian, "the politicians have been allowed with impunity to send brave men to wholesale massacre and torture, and no one has been punished." The historian was wrong. The innocent, heroic, faithful admiral was visited with disgrace and made the scapegoat for the sins of the politician.

### NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BOARD ON TURRET WARSHIPS.

Exceptions are taken by the majority membership of the Naval Construction Board, to strictures of the minority on the turret system proposed for the new battleships, and other features of the design agreed upon for submission to Congress.

A supplemental report has been filed in which the majority, consisting of Admiral O'Neil, Chief of Ordnance; Admiral Melville, Chief of Engineers; and Admiral Bowles, Chief Constructor, discusses with warmth and vigor the contentions of the minority, who favor the Sampson superimposed-turret class of battleship. The majority takes exception to such parts of the minority report as call in question the motives of judgment of any member of the board.

The point objected to by the majority, that there was no 7-inch gun in the navy, and that it does not seem wise to adopt on the battleship guns of an untried type, is answered by the majority that "such a line of argument might with equal propriety be applied to the proposed vessels themselves." There is no question, the majority contends, as to the ballistic and other properties of the 7-inch gun. It can be calculated with as great a degree of accuracy as could the smaller calibers, all of which have fulfilled in the highest degree the requirements designated for them; and the 7-inch gun, one of which is now ready for the proving ground, says the majority, will without doubt fulfill all that is expected of it. On this point the report says:

"It may be remarked that the new type of 8-inch guns, which is to form part of the battery of the five battleships and six armored cruisers now building, and which the minority proposes for its plan, have never yet been tried, the type of gun being not yet completed. Hence, if there is any doubt as to the efficiency of the new 7-inch gun, there is an equal doubt as to the new 8-inch gun. In point of fact, however, there is no doubt in either case."

Another point made by the minority was that the "unfortunate criticisms of the superposed turret are thus far purely theoretical." In answer to this the majority says that the advantages claimed for them are also theoretical. The majority lays great stress on the fact that, with the vessels now building, there will be, when they are completed, seven battleships having superposed turrets, which, to the majority, seems as great a number as is warranted in default of any but theoretical reasons for them. Other objections to the superposed turrets are presented by the majority as follows:

"When four guns are mounted in one turret, which is the practical result of the double turret now in use, the efficiency per gun is further reduced; and supposing for the moment that the four guns are of the same caliber, the efficiency per gun must be less than 75 per cent., and a fair assignment would be 50 per cent. Therefore the total gun efficiency of the double turret would be 200 or equivalent to two guns mounted singly. A plain comparison of the gun mounted singly and in the four-gun turret like what would be obtained by one sportsman shooting birds with a four-barrel gun and four men shooting with single-barrel guns.

"These considerations relate to the subject from the point of offense, but when the subject is considered from the view of defense the four-gun turret provides a considerable economy of weight and space yet exposes more than one-third of the total battery of the ship to disablement, either from one shot of the enemy or from some slight derangement of the mechanical device for working it. There can be no question that the placing of an 8-inch turret on the top of the 13-inch turret considerably increases the danger of disablement of the 13-inch turret and also of the 8-inch."

Appended to the report is a summary of the remarkable results obtained at target practice by the British ship Terrible at a target no larger than would be represented by the superposed turrets of a battleship. The shots striking this target would have ended probably in its complete destruction. Those hitting the top turret, if containing lyddite, would have resulted in the top of the 13-inch turret being blown in, the destruction of the crew and the disablement of both heavy guns. The target as shown in the report represents the first of four 6-inch guns during four minutes. The Terrible's record showed 104 shots and 80 hits with the 6-inch guns. Seventy-nine of the eighty hits would have struck the superposed turret of the Kentucky. Twenty-six and six-tenths per cent. are on the 8-inch turret. As these shots would have passed over a single turret and been wasted, it is clear, the report says, that the 8-inch turret in this position acts as a "save-all" for line shots going too high, and that consequently its chances of being hit are much greater than if it stood by itself.

The majority suggests that final tests to determine the value of the system on the Kearsarge and Kentucky should be held at once.—[Washington Times.

### SALE OF THE MINNESOTA.

The old wooden frigate Minnesota has been condemned, and will be sold by the Navy Department on August 13, provided a purchaser is willing to pay the appraised value of $15,000. She was built at the Washington navy yard in 1855, and was one of the finest steam war vessels of her day, mounting a battery of forty guns, and carrying a complement of over 200 officers and men. Her first appearance in the Civil War was in Hampton Roads, as Commodore Stringham's flagship, when she was saved from destruction by the timely appearance of Ericsson's Monitor, which drove back the Merrimac after the Cumberland had been burned and the other ships of Stringham's fleet had been scattered.

She rendered continuous service during hostilities on the Atlantic Coast blockade, and after the war showed the flag on peaceful cruises in most of the ports of the world. For the last fifteen years, since the new steel ships began to multiply, the Minnesota has spent most of her time in navy yards, her deck roofed over like a receiving ship, and her masts cut out. Recently she had been utilized as an armory for the Massachusetts naval militia, but with the rapid modernization of the Boston yard, and the necessity of making use of the space she occupies, the Minnesota has been formally condemned, and her name stricken from the naval register.

Intending purchasers are warned by the department that her boilers are irreparably worn out, and her engines are fit only for the scrap heap, but her hull is sound below the waterline, and she ought to make a good 3000-ton scow for coastwise towing trade. If no one will pay $15,000 for her, she will end her career ingnominously as a coal barge.—[Washington Correspondence New York Tribune.

### PARAGRAPHS.

The last gun of the insurrection in the Laguna district, Luzon, was fired on June 16, according to the Manila New American, by the gunboat Florida, when she shelled the insurgent trenches on the mountain side near Maquiling. In his work of watching over the peace and security of the lake, Capt. J. J. O'Connell, Twenty-first Infantry, her commander, located these trenches and got full bearings. He steamed into position in front of the enemy and opened fire with his artillery. The shelling lasted an hour, and then, there being no sign of life about the fortification, he steamed on to Santa Cruz and reported.

The Quartermaster's Department has finally found a khaki dye for chambray shirt material, which will withstand any perspiration test to which it may be submitted. Considerable difficulty has been experienced in obtaining a dye which was satisfactory in this regard, and complaints on this subject have been received from time to time from the troops serving in tropical countries. For the present there will not be any issue of chambray shirts of the khaki color, as the blue chambray is giving fairly good satisfaction, but it is the intention to eventually make issues entirely along this line.

A British colonel, who writes to the Army and Navy Gazette, is reconciled to the disappearance of the lance, which he thinks is inevitable, but he is not so ready to part with the bayonet or even with the sword, of which, he says: "Its entire abolition as a military weapon can hardly be conceived while armies and States continue what they are. The sword of state is one of the prized regalia of this kingdom. The sword is at once the symbol of authority, military power and justice. By it the monarch confers knightly honors. It has its time-honored place in the great ceremonies of the state, including the coronation of the sovereign, and is borne before kings, lords and governors. Nevertheless, the retention of the sword, as well as that of the bayonet, cannot conceal the truth that their value as offensive military weapons has very largely diminished, and that the opportunities for their effective employment in the field will, in future, be comparatively rare."

NOTE.—Articles denoted by a star (*) in the headline are original with that standard authority, the Army and Navy Journal, New York.

A NON-CENTS-ICAL REMARK.

"This perfume slot machine is a bunco game."
"I suppose I am expected to say 'why.'"
"You are. I dropped in a nickel and only got a scent in return."


..Another Milkman Shot..

But still alive to tell the tale, as he was shot with an

Eastman Kodak.

We have every style, so select your KODAK GUNS for any emergency.

We give a discount of 20 PER CENT. from regular prices on any KODAK.

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WEAK, WASTING, STRICTURED MEN Cured While You Sleep, IN 15 DAYS!

19,846--CURES LAST YEAR--19,846

Stricture Is Instantly Relieved and the Obstruction Dissolved Like Snow Beneath the Sun—IN FIFTEEN DAYS.

Varicocele Is Cured and Weak Men Are Restored by the Magic St. James Treatment Applied Locally and Directly to the Affected Parts

HOME TREATMENT By Mail Can Be Used by the Patient as Successfully as by Ourselves.

"ORAN-SOLVENT" DISSOLVES STRICTURE LIKE SNOW BENEATH THE SUN, CURES VARICOCELE AND ENLARGED PROSTATE, AND STRENGTHENS THE DUCTS, STOPPING DRAINS IN FIFTEEN DAYS.

NO DRUGS TO RUIN THE STOMACH, BUT A DIRECT LOCAL AND POSITIVE APPLICATION TO THE ENTIRE URETHRAL TRACT.

Every sufferer from Stricture and its offspring, Varicocele, Prostatitis and Nervous Weakness, should write to the St. James Association, 223 St. James Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, for their illustrated work showing the parts of the human system involved in Urethral Ailments, which they send to male applicants, securely wrapped in plain package, prepaid.

FREE

FREE TREATISE COUPON—Cut out this coupon and mail it to the St. James Association with your name and address plainly written, when they will send you a copy of their exhaustive treatise, accurately illustrated in half-tone, showing the parts of the male system involved in Urethral Ailments.

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Please send to me a copy of your Complete Illustrated Work upon the Male System, securely sealed, PREPAID, FREE of ALL CHARGES

Name
Address

ST. JAMES ASSN., 223 ST. JAMES BLDG., CINCINNATI, O.


### Trapped Her.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] "How old are you, Miss Carlock?" asked A. H. G. Maidment, counsel for the New York Title Guarantee Company. "Do I have to tell that?" queried the blushing witness. "Yes," the court ruled. "I am 20 years old," was the answer.

"I move for a nonsuit, your honor, on the ground that this plaintiff is a minor and should be represented by her father or a guardian," said Lawyer Maidment.

"I object, your honor, because Miss Carlock is ready to swear that she is 23 years old," protested Lawyer MacKay.

"Then, your honor, Miss Carlock would be guilty of perjury if she changed her age," added Lawyer Maidment.

In this way Miss May Carlock, a daughter of Street Superintendent Carlock of Hackensack today lost her suit for wages alleged to be due her as the stenographer of the New Jersey Title Guarantee Company.

Judge Harrison promptly allowed a nonsuit.

### Greatest of Human Cargoes.

[Pearson's Weekly:] The Kildonan Castle, when first fitted out as a transport for South Africa, carried 2700 rank and file, 110 officers in the first class, 50 in the second class, and about 300 of a crew, being 3190 in all. In addition, twelve horses were carried, and the mere fitting of the necessary accommodation occupied 2000 men for eighteen days. The Celtic, when full in its ordinary trade, slightly exceeds this, the passenger accommodation comprising room for 874 first-class, 160 second and 2352 third—a total of 2884. In addition the deck crew numbers 64, the engine room and stokehold require 92 men, and the steward's department has 179—336 in all—making the grand total 3221 souls.

### He Couldn't.

"Oh, Mr. Spooneigh, pray rise. It is not right that you should kneel at my feet. Rise, I beg of you," implored the fair lady.

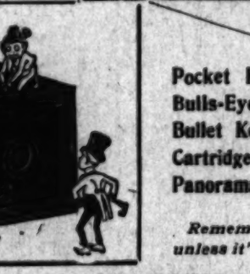
But he didn't rise. His Irish did, though, and he replied, solemnly:

"I'm afraid—er—Miss Grace—I'm afraid I'm kneeling on your—er—that is, you dropped your chewing gum, and oh, Miss Grace, I'm stuck on you."—[Denver Times.

### Proof.

He: What makes you think, dear, that I don't love you any more?

She (poutingly:) You haven't kissed me any more tonight than you ever did.—[New York Herald.

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Will bring back the natural color. Gray or faded hair restored permanently without inconvenience and with no disagreeable after effects. Not a dye; is cleanly; leaves no sediment, and does not make the hair sticky. $1.00.

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EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10, 25, and 50 cents per box. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address

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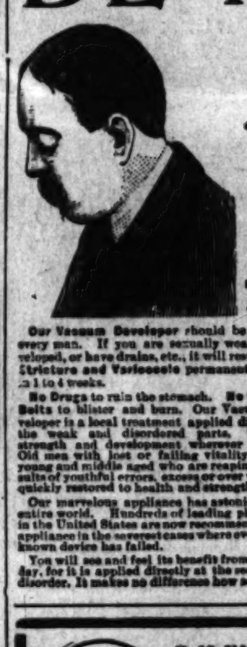
Throw Away Your Medicine—Our VACUUM ...DEVELOPER.. WILL RESTORE YOU



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Our Vacuum Developer should be used by every man. If you are sexually weak, undeveloped, or have drains, etc., it will restore you. Stricture and Varicocele permanently cured in 1 to 4 weeks.

No Drugs to ruin the stomach. No Electric Belts to blister and burn. Our Vacuum Developer is a local treatment applied directly to the weak and disordered parts. It gives strength and development wherever applied. Old men with lost or failing vitality, or the young and middle aged who are reaping the results of youthful errors, excess or over work are quickly restored to health and strength.

Our marvelous appliance has astonished the entire world. Hundreds of leading physicians in the United States are now recommending our appliance in the severest cases where every other known device has failed.

You will see and feel its benefit from the first day, for it is applied directly at the seat of the disorder. It makes no difference how severe the case or how long standing, it is no more to cure by our treatment as the case is to cure.

The blood is the life, the fertiliser of the human body. Our instrument forces the blood into circulation where most needed, giving strength and development to weak and shrunken parts.

The Vacuum Developer was first introduced in the standing armies of Europe a few years ago by the French specialists. Soon it and the remarkable success it met with in those countries led the Local Appliance Co. to secure the exclusive control of its sale on the Western Continent; and since its introduction into this country its remarkable cures have astonished the entire medical profession. It has restored thousands of cases pronounced incurable by physicians. It cures quickly, harmlessly, and without detention from business.

Remember there is no exposure, no C.O.D. or any other scheme in our dealings with the public. Write for free particulars, sent sealed in plain envelope. LOCAL APPLIANCE CO., 161 Thorpe Block, Indianapolis, Ind.

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Entirely that has brought us our very large practice, but in large part as a result of the high degree of excellence attained in our work. We do exactly as we advertise. There is no need of paying high prices for fine dental work. Our modern methods enable us to do the very best dental work of all kinds without pain, at prices within the reach of all. All our work is guaranteed to be of the very best. None better can be had anywhere, no matter how much you pay.

It is with pleasure that I state that I have had several teeth filled by Dr. Schiffman, and that he removed the nerve and filled the root of one of my teeth and put on a porcelain crown which cannot be distinguished from a natural tooth, all of which was done without pain.

JUDSON R. RUSH, Of Davis & Rush, Attorneys, 8 Rogers Block

I have had porcelain crown work and some filling done, and also had ten teeth and roots extracted by Dr. Schiffman, and take great pleasure in recommending his method to anyone wishing dental work done without pain.

MRS. C. T. W. SCHRAMM, Mother of Paloma Schramm, corner Austin and Wadsworth.

I have had teeth extracted by Dr. Schiffman without pain and recommend him to my friends. M. B. APPLE, Bailiff Police Court, City.

To Dr. Schiffman—Dear Sir: It gives me pleasure to state that you extracted fourteen teeth for me without the slightest pain, that the gums healed quickly, that the set of flexible plate teeth you fitted me with gave perfect satisfaction from the first, and after twenty-two month's wear are seemingly just as good as new.

Yours truly, J. W. GARKINS, 1013 Temple street.

I couldn't believe it was out till I saw it. "It didn't hurt a bit." GEO. L. MILLS, Mgr. Syndicate Loan Co.

Had lower back molar taken out today by Dr. Schiffman with absolutely no pain. F. L. JOHNSON, Cashier "Record."

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It will be well worth your time to see our display of up-to-date Dental Work on exhibition in show case at foot of stairs at our entrance.

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# RACY STORIES ABOUT PRIESTS.

## *Anti-Clerical Storm in City of Mexico.*

## *Indignation at Betrayal of Fair Worshipers.*

### *Newspapers Expose Shameful Crimes of Clergymen and Excite the Populace.*

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.] CITY OF MEXICO, July 25.—As all the world may know, an anti-clerical storm has of late been gathering over certain parts of Latin Europe—notably Spain—which has threatened to curtail papal power to an extent hitherto unparalleled. Without dwelling upon the merits or demerits of the movement, such as they may be, suffice to say that the outskirts of the storm have already reached Mexican territory, and are now battling, on the part of the Catholic newspapers of this capital, is a dissension now served up daily at breakfast, to the extent of many columns, whole pages; in fact, of editorial vituperation and news items, devoted to the delicious shortcomings of certain members of the local clergy, who have been called right out in meeting by name.

One of the resulting incidents of this newspaper exposure has been the actual jailing of a certain priest, Father Icaza, who, up to this time, had enjoyed, and probably will continue to enjoy, a peculiar popularity among his fair devotees. The doings of this particular padre would have thrilled the pen of a Bocaccio at their perusal, to judge by the interesting details which have thus far appeared on the front pages of the anti-clerical press. At times the populace, chafing at the slight delay between the telling of his favorite sheet from the press, and its subsequent delivery at the breakfast table, has in large numbers arisen in the wee hours of the morning, to crowd the streets adjacent to the newspaper offices, for the purpose of getting the latest thing in clerical sensation, hot and wet from the press.

NEWSPAPER EXCITEMENT.

Principally the pro-clerical organs, El País and El Tiempo (the former is the acknowledged organ of the archbishop of Mexico,) have been treated to many demonstrations of ill-will, and in one instance the government found it expedient to furnish El País with police protection, although no real danger appears to have existed therefor. To add interest to the situation, El Universal, the most rabid anti-clerical organ of them all, whose exposé of Icaza had much to do with the jailing of that individual before he had had a chance to get justice, received a signed communication demanding Icaza's release, and threatening, in the consequent event, that the property of "El Universal," as well as its editorial staff, would be mysteriously wiped from the face of mother earth, without so much as a grease mark clew to indicate how the event had occurred.

It is strange to say, the hour for the dire calamity is long past due, and "El Universal" is still dishing up the Boccaccio-like details to the sweet tune of a daily increasing circulation, which would indicate, in California, patos, that there is a "sling bloke" somewhere in the premises of the letter writer. "El Universal" published the signed letter verbatim, and the Federal District government, in its anxiety to apprehend the author of it, instituted an investigation immediately on receipt of a copy of the paper bearing the letter in its columns, and several days in advance of the receipt of "El Universal's" formal complaint accompanying the original document. The author of the epistle has thus far succeeded in maintaining a strict incognito, and in its bitterness at this and other but anonymous attacks, "El Universal" has flung to the four winds of the heavens the awful slogan of "La Iglesia Clerical."

ATTACK ON ICAZA.

At the time of Icaza's arrest this journal issued an extra edition, called an "extra" in this country, which from a newspaper standpoint is a curiosity. It measures eight inches in width by eight inches in length, is printed on one side only, and looks more like a circular or a cheap advertising dodger than the extra edition of such an important paper as "El Universal." It cost a cent, the price at which the regular edition sells, also, and an illustration with translation of the text, accompanies this article, showing the appearance of the extra edition. At the time of his arrest, as will be seen in the text, Icaza was dubbed the "Monk of Belem," Belem being the name of the local penitentiary, one of the vile and famous penal institutions of the republic of Mexico.

Icaza's arrest, an enterprising firm of brass bedstead manufacturers, with an eye to business which would have done credit to the most astute Yankee, or to the late P. T. Barnum, plastered the dead walls of the city with lurid posters reading, in Spanish, recommend the use of "Icaza's Iron Beds," etc., etc. The posters connected with the exposure of Icaza, made the advertisement doubly suggestive.

The editorials of El Universal have been daily acrimonious, one of them during the past month, stating in plain language, that relief from clerical prostitution would only come when the priesthood had been reduced to the level of eunuchs.

ATTITUDE OR DIAZ.

It is a matter of coincidence, active political preparations seem to have been started about the time of the temporary indisposition of President Porfirio Diaz, at which time, within one season, a certain Liberal and reform element asserted that the president was permitting himself to be influenced too much by the clergy, during the past few years, to be influenced too much for the country's good, by the clergy. The wife of President Diaz, it is said to be known, is a strong Catholic, by which the President himself has always enjoyed a reputation for. To the close observer, the insinuation against President Diaz seems no more than pure buncum.

The friendly relations between President Diaz and the church in the past have been of no greater import than have been warranted by his well known and established policy of toleration of all political colors and religious beliefs, and Protestantism in Mexico owes fully 90 per cent. of its present state of movement to the protection which has been extended to it. So far as the question of church and state is concerned, it need only be said that the administration, with all its tact and finesse, has so far failed to get the political lamb and the Liberal lion to lie down in peace together, nor is the political "child" that is to lead them about, in interesting peace, born as yet.

TOOK GIRL AND COIN.

The storm cloud, at its first appearance above the Mexican horizon, was a trifle larger than a man's hand—in fact, it was about the dimensions of a merry-jowelled, well-fed padre of the city of Guadalajara, in the State of Jalisco. This padre hied himself to Madrd, Spain, last March, nor did he make the journey alone, for he was accompanied by $100,000 of funds belonging to certain confiding friends, and also by a young lady, daughter of one of Guadalajara's most aristocratic families. In other words, Padre Amado, for such was his name, had penetrated the fanciful realm of absconders and abductors, and did so in a way that made the Mexican republic ring again with indignation.

Naturally, a wailing howl, with gnashing-of-teeth obligato, arose in that neck of the woods, infested by the various and sundry owners of the hundred thousand, and the family of the foolish, unfortunate young girl. The storm grew from this incident, until, through similar and cumulative events in other parts of the republic, which the Liberal organs were prompt to give notoriety, it ran into a hurricane of indignation, not against Catholicism, but against clericalism, against those who perverted the faith they predicated, and who used it as a cloak to cover a mass of filth propped on two legs.

The apex of public indignation was reached June 30, when the first gage of battle was boldly thrown into the ring by the powerful student body of the City of Mexico, who, to the number of over one thousand, in an open-air meeting held upon the Paseo de la Reforma, in this city, voiced their disapprova of clerical violations of the reform laws of the country and morality, virtually lambasting the clergy in general and certain of them in particular, the waves of reprobatory eloquence washing even unto the skirts of the good archbishop of Mexico himself, who, nice, clean man, was mildly and inoffensively referred to as being "muy incorrecto."

NIGGER IN WOODPILE.

Back of this interesting display of political scenery, in a conveniently-located woodpile, is partially visible a very black and very evident Senegambian. The colored gent in this instance is appropriately labeled "government programme." On all hands it is conceded that there is a government programme back of the student's demonstration of June 30, and that the Federal machinery was quietly used to egg on the student body to its 1000-man power protest; likewise that the gendarmerie conveniently refrained from interfering, later in the same day, when some of the enthusiastic spirits had run a trifle wild, until some church windows had been demolished, and a few padres retarded in their growth through fright.

The unusually long nasal organs of El País an El Tiempo, sniffing at the nigger in the fuel, were quick to smell a rat as well, early in the conflict, and as a result have used columns of space in upbraiding the government for its alleged criminality in permitting such things to be. The probabilities of the alleged government programme being a fact, seems sustained by an examination of the columns of El Imparcial, the organ of the administration, which not only lauded to the stars the high and pure motives of the students, but also published verbatim the fierce oratorical effusions which were delivered by them on the day in question, and while deprecating the injury done to church property, denied that it had been committed by students, placing the blame entirely upon the peon element, which is always evident in times of trouble, through just such incidents. The Clerical organs deny that any but students were responsible for the damage, however.

SIGNIFICANT APPEARANCE.

In connection with the student demonstration, an incident of more than ordinary significance, and which cannot be cloaked under the guise of coincidence, was the appearance of President Porfirio Diaz and some officials of his staff on the Paseo de la Reforma at the commencement of the demonstration. He rode down the Paseo on horseback, and on arriving at the Cuauhtemoc statue, where the affair was taking place, halted to observe the proceedings, and was greeted with wild enthusiasm, which he acknowledged in his usual courtly way. In view of the extraordinary diplomacy of Diaz, and the fact that his every action carries some significance of the great man's ideas or sympathies, in connection with his care to refrain from a single word or action which might, wrongfully or otherwise, be misconstrued, the incident must be considered one of more than ordinary significance. The President, in connection with almost every one else in the Federal district able to read the newspapers, was aware when and where the demonstration was to take place, and had he desired to discountenance the affair he would have refrained entirely from being upon the Paseo at that hour of the day.

Thus by one skillful stroke he has given a vigorous lie to the hints that he has fallen into clerical hands, and the nigger in the woodpile is by no means the flimsy fabric of a pipe dream, although it will take time to arrive at just what the government programme contemplates. The powerful aristocracy of Mexico is strongly Catholic, and probably will never be anything else, for the statistics of Protestant missions refrain from giving any prominence to the fact that a large number of their converts, when the hour of death approaches fall back upon their original faith for final consolation, and "la madre iglesia" generally receives them with open arms. The present difficulty is not anti-Catholicism, but rather anti-clericalism; the former is a thing which exists but sporadically in a Catholic country, while the latter represents the sentiment of the most powerful political body in Mexico—the Liberal element, whose chief war horse is the incumbent President of the republic.

ICAZA'S CRIMES.

The Icaza herein referred to represents a type of degenerate priesthood whose carnal pecadilloes would make Sodom and Gomorrah of the Bible appear as the playground of a kindergarten. Some of the clerical organs here have attempted to sidetrack the issue by claiming that he was guilty of nothing more serious than Protestant ministers of the gospel had been equally guilty of the world over, but the argument is rather weak, as it would imply a wealth of originality upon a Protestant minister, in such fields, that none suppose him capable of possessing. The peculiarly horrible feature of Icaza's crime against morality is that, after making a mistress of one of his daughters of confession, and keeping her as such for several years, he married her off to a highly-susceptible young man who now comes out in the public prints with the confession that as a result of his "noche de boda" he was laid up for some twenty days with an acute form of a vile disease.

El Universal secured the details a month or two ago and published them in its columns, omitting names, but calling on the Archbishop of Mexico to expel the guilty priest from the church, and threatening to make a complete exposure if this was not complied with. Archbishop Alarcon refused to take any notice of the threat, although he had been asked in other ways, and prior to this time, to make an investigation of the priest's conduct, which he had refused to do also. As a result El Universal published more prurient details, with names of all parties concerned, including two seduced daughters of confession who owed their ruin to Icaza, and as an immediate result the students' demonstration of June 30 took place.

NEWSPAPER COMMENT.

On the imprisonment of the ex-priest, El Universal got out an extra, in which it exclaimed:

"Justice has triumphed, and before the victims of 'clericalism' there opens a new horizon; vindication by law.

"As we had announced, at 10 o'clock this morning the accused Antonio Icaza, ex-curate of the parish of St. Catharine, was arraigned in accordance with the order for his appearance dictated by the judge of the criminal court.

"The accused was deathly pale, unshaven and giving tokens showing signs of great physical and moral anguish. He wore a dark blue overcoat which fell around his knees, black trousers and a high hat, with a mourning band. After a short hearing he was locked up in jail."

At the present writing Icaza is out on bail, and will probably escape with some light punishment, or get off scot free. The various incidents in connection with the anti-clerical demonstrations go to show, however, how strong and securely the government holds the reins of power in its hands, for to anyone knowing the nature of the classes which would be especially affected in a matter of this kind, serious trouble might have been looked upon as close to the surface. On the contrary, everything is quite above and below, and the interest aroused by the students' meeting is gradually dying out, it apparently being the government programme, if such a thing exists, to point out to the church that it is time to call a halt and have a general cleaning up of clerical linen. It is rumored on the streets that an emissary of the Pope is now en route to Mexico to thoroughly investigate matters and endeavor to get back for the church some of the respect that it has apparently lost beyond recovery. The church in Mexico is on the mise'on basis still, and according to the writer's understanding, is not yet considered as a regularly-constituted branch of the mother church, and probably will not get to that stage if the Liberal party can prevent it from doing so.

CAMPERDOWN.

## LUCK IN FAME.

### The Work of a Few Moments Has Sometimes Given a Man the Fame He Had Toiled Years in Vain to Reach.

[Tit-Bits:] It is one of the many odd experiences of life that, while some men in pursuit of fame write a library of books and die and are forgotten, other men under some happy inspiration, write a single line, poem or volume, and are forever ranked with the immortals.

In some cases immortality goes a begging from the modest shrinking of an author to claim his offspring, as in the case of the oracle, who penned the eloquent word "Don't" in answer to Punch's request for advice to those about to marry; but there are many cases in which men are known by the work of a few minutes or hours when all the rest of their life's work would have left in obscurity.

Very few read Congreve nowadays, and fewer still could quote half a dozen lines from any of his poems and dramas; and yet to many who have never heard his name there are few lines more familiar than the oft quoted and misquoted: "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Charles Wolfe, the Irish divine and poet, wrote many poems of excellence, but only one redeems him and all his works from obscurity, the poem which Lord Byron himself described as "the most perfect ode in the language," and of this few could get beyond the first line: "We buried him darkly at dead of night."

Thomas Gray, poet and friend of Horace Walpole, has left one legacy only from all his writings, but that is an imperishable one—his "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," the most widely-quoted poem in our language. Yet those who can recite every word of it with the infallibility of a phonograph, could probably not even give the name of a single other poem by the same writer.

Lady Anne Barnard would have no place at all in the public memory if she had not written that sweet and pathetic ballad, "Auld Robin Gray," which has brought sympathetic tears to the eyes of thousands who have not read another line by its author.

John Pomfret, the Bedfordshire poet, would have been forgotten for nearly two centuries had he not in a happy hour penned his exquisite poem, "The Choice," which is considered by many, including Southey and Johnson, the most perfect and beautiful in our language.

Of the two English poets of the name of Collins, one is only known to have attempted a single poem, but that has been sufficient to make him immortal among lovers of beautiful verse.

Nothing is known of the life of the author of "Tomorrow," but his poem has given delight to thousands who could not give his Christian name or birthplace "to save their lives."

"Single-Speech Hamilton" won oratorical fame by the very simple expedient of never speaking in the British parliament except on one occasion; although he was a man of political importance, chancellor of the exchequer in Ireland for over twenty years, and actually author of a volume of speeches. His works and writings are as dead as their author, but the memory of that single impressive speech serves to keep his memory more alive than that of many an orator famous in his lifetime.

There are many men whose memory will be seen for centuries as the consequence of having produced one successful book. Cervantes has a popularity almost as widespread as that of Shakespeare; and yet all his plays are lost, and all his writings practically nothing remains but "Don Quixote," a book which is regarded as a classic in almost every country of Europe.

Boswell will live as long as the memory of Johnson endures, solely through his life of his great friend. In the same way Scott confers immortality on his son-in-law and biographer, Lockhart; for, apart from this single valuable contribution to our knowledge of the great magician, Lockhart and all his writings would be forgotten by all but the student.

Goldsmith lives immortally in his "Vicar of Wakefield," and practically in nothing else; and Olive Schreiner would scarcely be known today outside the circle of her friends if she had not, as a girl, written "The Story of an African Farm" and "found herself famous."

### No Pipes Smoked in Cuba.

[Review of Reviews:] Cuba produces no tobacco for chewing or for pipe-smoking. The Cubans who smoke pipes might be counted on one's fingers without making a second round on the fingers. The cigar and the cigarette prevail. To what extent the Cuban cigarette might ever become popular with American smokers is a matter beyond determination. It is certain that most Americans of prolonged residence become, if they be smokers, addicted to Cuban brands, and find difficulty in weaning themselves back to American brands on their return.

### A Lucky Opportunity.

"Bruce sold his dog."

"What did he get?"

"The man offered him 50 cents for the collar and Bruce threw in the dog."—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## MR. DOOLEY

### ON LIFE AT NEWPORT.

[CONTRIBUTED BY F. P. DUNNE.]

"Great goin's on at Newport," said Mr. Dooley.

"What's Newport?" said Mr. Hennessy.

"I r-read about it ivry day in th' pa-per," said Mr. Dooley; "an' I know. 'Tis th' socyal capital iv America this here pa-aper says. 'Tis like Wash'nton on'y it costs more. 'Tis where th' socyal ligislachure meets wanst a year an' decides how long we'll wear our coats this season an' how often, an' how our yachts'll be cut an' our frinds. 'Tis there th' millyionaire meets his wife that was an' inthrajooces her to his wife that is to be if she can break away fr'm her husband that ought'nt to've been.

"Yes, sir, it must be th' gran' place. But 'tis no aisy thing livin' there. In th' first place, ye must have th' money, an' ye must have th' look iv' havin' it an' ye must look as though it belonged to ye. That last's the hardest thing iv all. No matther how much coin a man has if it hasn't been siparated fr'm th' man that arned it so long that th' man that has it can go ar-roud without th' fear iv a mechanic's lien in his eye, they tear up his ticket at th' box-office. Not f'r him th' patent midicine dance where th' nobility goes as little liver pills, not f'r him th' vigitible party where th' signs iv aristocracy appears radyantly clad as onions an' egg-plants, not f'r him th' jolt fr'm Mrs. Bilcoort or th' quick left fr'm Mrs. Rasther. He's set back to about Cooney Island an' there he stays till his money stops baggin' at the knees an' climbin' up over th' collar.

"But 'tis th' millyionaire's dhream to land there. He starts in as foreman in a can factthry. By an' by, he learns that wan iv th' men wurrukin' f'r him invinted a top that ye can opin with a pair of scissors, an' he throws him down an' takes it away fr'm him. He's a robber, says ye? He is while he's got th' other man down. But whin he gets up, he's a magnate. Thin he sells out his wurruks to a thrust an' thin he sells out th' thrust to th' thrustful, an' thin he begins his weary march to Newport. First he has a house on Mitchigan avnoo with ir'n dogs on th' lawn. Thin he builds a palachial mansion at Oconomowoc. They're beginnin' to hear about him now. Thin he moves down to th' sea shore an' roughts it with th' Purytans an' finally he lands. 'Tis a summer's mornin' as his yacht steams slowly up to Newport. Th' aged millyionaire is propped up on th' deck an' as th' sunlight strikes th' homes iv luxury an' allmony, a smile crosses his face. 'Is that th' house iv Mrs. Rasther?' he says. 'It is,' says th' weepin' fam'ly. 'An' is that where Mr. A. E. I. O. U. an' sometimes W. an' Y. Belcoort lives an' has his bein'?' 'That's the house.' 'Thin,' he says, 'put me congress gaiters under th' bed an' hide me fine cut where none can see it,' says he. 'I die contint,' he says."

"What do they do there?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, 'tis hard f'r me to make out," said Mr. Dooley. "They must have their own throubles. Ivry day I r-read in th' pa-apers iv a horrible catastrophe at Newport. Here ye ar-re today. 'Misther Willie Rankerbilt met with a most' dhreadful an' provokin accident today. While drivin' his cillybrated gasoline, Booney-Mooney five hundherd power autymobile, Purple Assassin, at a moderate rate iv wan hundherd miles an hour, accompanied be th' beautiful Countess Eckstein (who was formerly Mrs. Casey-Kelly, whose husband's marredge with her aunt was cillybrated at Saint Go-go's-on-the-Hill last week) he was r-run into be wan Thomas Sullivan, a painther employed be Mrs. Reginald Steenevant, who is soon to occupy th' handsome house, Dove Villa, which is part iv' th' settlement allowed her be th' Dakota coorts. Mr. Hankerbilt was onable to turn aside to avoid th' collision an' it was on'y be a supreme effort that he kep' fr'm bein' tipped over. He showed rare prisince iv mind on which he was congrathulioated be th' whole colony. Sullivan showed no prisince iv mind at all eyether before or afther death. Manny iv th' cottagers ar-re talkin' iv havin' a law passed compellin' pedesthreens to ring a bell an' blow a hor-rn on their way to wurruk. Otherwise they won't be a whole tire left in Newport."

"An' if it isn't bein' bumped be pedesthreens, it's bein' almost upset in a yacht or bein' almost dhrowned swimmin' or almost suffycated at a garden party. An' thin there ar-re burglars. There ar-re burglars that break into ye'er house an' there ar-re burglars that creep up behind ye an' give ye a wallop with a piece iv pipe an' steal ye'er dinner nights. Ye beerd about poor Mrs. Rasther. Well, sir, I almost cried. Ye see, whoiver it was med Newport, whin he laid out th' specifycations, set aside two days ivry week f'r Mrs. Rasther's dinner. On thim days Mrs. Rasther was to eat. I don't know what she done on th' other days. But two dinners a week ain't much f'r even a lady an' light feeder, an' ye can imagine this poor woman countin' th' days. 'Sundah, July eight, on'y two days to victuals.' 'Mondah, July nine, twinty-four hours to th' groceries.' 'Choosdah, haven't time to write me dir'ry.' 'Winsdah, in bed, docther thinks nawthin' seeryous.' Well, sir, wud ye believe it, ye won't, some onscrupylous persons, some shoplifters disgeesed as s'city leaders; some criminals, took off their shoes an' crept in an' hooked Mrs. Rasther's dinner nights. Stole thim, be hivins. Lifted thim off th' line. I don't know how they done it, but here it is in th' pa-aper: 'Newport much excited. Mrs. Rasther's dinner nights stolen.' I hope they'll get afther thim Red Learies iv Newport s'ciety an' sintince thim, an' hope th' police'll raycover Mrs. Rasther's dinner nights an' she can identify th' goods. What's it to be a s'ciety leader if ye can't eat? 'Tis an impty honor, be hivins. They'se nawthin' to it."

"Well, why do they live there if it gives thim so much throuble?" said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I guess they ain't much diff'rence between th' very rich an' th' very poor. In th' ol' counthry whin a man got th' money, he used to buy an estate an' thry to get as far away fr'm annywan else as he cud, an' th' on'y time he see annywan was whin he wint to Dublin f'r horse show week an' sold all his spavined horses to th' hated sassenach an' come back an' sobered up. But here 'tis diff'rent. Rich or poor, we want to be in sight an' sound iv neighbors or they'se no fun in life. What matte Mrs. Mulligan rayfuse las' year to go to live on th' tin acres her rich brother, th' plumber, offered her rint free? She needed comp'ny. She wanted to be where she cud get th' smell iv th' neighbors' cookin' an' brush th' clothes line aside an' talk acrost th' alley with Mrs. Schmittschmitt, an' see rollickin' Terry Duffy go by on his autymobile ringin' up fares with a glad smile. So it is with th' millyionaire. He's got to have some wan to set on th' stoop iv his yacht with him chattin' about matthers iv th' Union, while his wife has th' s'ciety iv other millyionaires' wives an' can give little Reggy or Clarissa eigt dollars an' sind thim down to th' corner f'r a pail iv champagne. As more millyionaires comes up, th' place'll be more an' more crowded. It'll be a conjisted disthrict an' we'll r-read in th' pa-apers iv a millyionaire an' fam'ly iv eight livin' in wan room with on'l about two-be-four iv oxygen f'r each person. No, sir, they ain't th' breadth iv ye'er hand's diff'rence between Mrs. Mulligan an' Mrs. Ganderbilk. If Tim Mulligan iver shovels his way into a thrust, Mrs. Mulligan'd live at Newport an' if Ganderbilk wint broke, Mrs. Ganderbilk wud be in a tinimint. 'Tis th' socyal feelin', Hinnissy."

"We're all alike," said Mr. Hennessy.

"They ain't more thin three or four hundherd millyion dollars diff'rence between us," said Mr. Dooley.

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### Where Night Shirts are Unknown.

[Mountain Echo:] In some parts of West Virginia night shirts are an unknown commodity. Recently a customer of a local store who lives far back in the woods mailed an order for some shirts. By mistake night shirts were sent him. A few days later a letter came from the man stating he liked the design of the shirts all right, but didn't think much of the style which made them so long. He said they got in a bundle around his waist and made him uncomfortable, and if it was all right he would like to exchange them for some of last year's style, with short tails. The shirts were exchanged.

### How it Happened.

[Denver Times:] "Our lecturer," said the advance agent to the theatrical manager, "is an able, conservative thinker of the day, and the subject upon which he talks is a new one in the world of letters."

"Good; I'll take him. What's his subject?"

"In the Field With the Boer Army."

A few minutes later there was a call for the ambulance, and, as they gathered up the remains of the advance agent, the manager sighed.

### Swimming Pheasants.

[London Chronicle:] The pheasant, everybody knows, is a non-aquatic bird; therefore Prof. Lloyd Morgan's observation that newly-hatched birds of the age of 30 hours swim easily, show apt leg movements and exhibit few signs of distress, is of singular interest. Is this swimming habit a throw-back or reversion to an antecedent state in the history of this land living species, or is it to be regarded as an example of a direct and sudden adaptation to a new environment? Doubtless, Prof. Lloyd Morgan will debate this question at length. It certainly has an important bearing on certain obvious biological problems.

"There is one way that King Edward can keep his chapiains busy."

"What way?"

"Praying for a long reign."—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Watkyns: I hear that young Freshleigh and Miss Simplex are going to get married.

Wilkyns: Yes; two souls without a single thought.—[Somerville Journal.


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**Motherhood**

The child depends upon the mother for strength and health. No mother can give her child what she herself does not possess. If she is weak she cannot give her child strength. If she is sick she cannot give her child health. Those propositions are self-evident. They need neither explanation nor defence. What does seem to need explanation is the fact that there are thousands of women facing the birth-hour in physical pain and mental anguish, who might, if they would, be healthy of body and happy of mind.

*Who might if they would be healthy!* What woman does not want to be healthy? What mother does not crave a strong and sturdy child? But wanting is not enough. Suppose you want to go to New York or San Francisco, will you sit down and take it out in wanting? If you do, you certainly will never get to either place. If you want to go and mean to go, you'll buy your tickets and take the train. But suppose a woman says, "How do I know this train goes to New York?" She will have to take the word of others for it. The time-card says the train goes to New York. People who have traveled on the same train say so. How foolish it would be for a woman who wanted to make the trip, to say, "Perhaps these train people are deceiving me, and the women who say the train goes to New York don't know what they are talking about."

This is just the position of the prospective mother who is weak and sickly and wants to be strong and well. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is offered to women as a means of health and strength. Thousands of women who have used the medicine affirm that it does all that is claimed for it. If the sick woman wants to be well, if the weak mother wants to be strong, she has the same means open to her in "Favorite Prescription" which have been so successfully used by thousands and tens of thousands of other women.

It would be ridiculous for a train advertised to run regularly to New York to run its passengers away out on some prairie and leave them. It would be equally ridiculous to suppose that passengers would take that train day after day and year after year and after being deceived and disappointed return home and tell their neighbors that the train is all right and does what it is scheduled to do.

It is equally absurd to suppose that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription could for nearly a third of a century deceive and disappoint women, and that these deceived and disappointed women would praise this medicine as the greatest boon to the weak and sick of their sex, affirming that it made them well and cured them after every other means had failed to give permanent benefit.

As a matter of fact and of record, nothing is more sure than that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been the means of giving perfect health to women of all ages, and all conditions of ill-health, and that the use of this medicine has robbed maternity of its pangs and given the mother strength and health to give her child.

"When I wrote to you in March asking advice as to what to do for myself," writes Mrs. Ella Reynolds, of Guffie, McLean Co., Ky., "I was expecting the baby's coming in June, and was sick all of the time. Had been sick for several months. Could not get anything to stay in my stomach, not even water. Had female weakness for several years. My hips, back and lower bowels hurt me all the time. Had numbness from my hips down. Had several hard cramping spells, and was not able to do any work at all. I received your answer in a few days, telling me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I took three bottles, and before I had taken it a week I was better, and before I had taken it a month I was able to help do my work. On the 27th of May my baby was born, and I was only sick three hours, and had an easy time. The doctor said I got along nicely. We praise Dr. Pierce's medicine for it has cured me. I am better now than I have been for thirteen years. I hope all that are afflicted will do as I have done and be cured."

Mrs. Carrie B. Donner, of Dayton, Green Co., Wis., writes: "I can highly recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—having taken it for nine months previous to confinement. I suffered scarcely any compared with what I had at other times."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is essentially a woman's medicine. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It is the best preparative for maternity and as a tonic for nursing mothers is absolutely unrivaled.

Sometimes a dealer, tempted by the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious preparations, will offer a substitute for "Favorite Prescription" as "just as good." Judged by its record of cures of womanly ills, there is no other medicine just as good as "Favorite Prescription."

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# The Broadway Department Store

## BLUE PENCIL PRICE SALE

We are facing a crisis—falling walls, brick and mortar dust threaten our entire stock. Another season's goods are crowding in on us—we're beset on every hand—the new goods cry for more room. Department managers are complaining of goods being damaged by workmen. Every piece of merchandise in this store must be moved within the next thirty days, and we prefer to move goods through the front door rather than to shift them to another portion of the store. Our chief has been very active with his blue pencil. He has cut and slashed prices with no thought of cost or profit. His one object is to get goods out of harm's way and save trouble and time in moving. No department has been spared. In some instances the blue pencil price is down to cost, in many cases far below cost. We have called all our forces to the front for this week's extraordinary selling. We've prepared an irresistible array of bargains that bow to no precedent and cannot know defeat. No store in Los Angeles can, does, or will match these blue pencil prices on dependable merchandise.

### 98c for Silk Embroidered Grenadine Worth $2.00.

Black grenadine, 45 inches wide, with neat colored figures embroidered in silk, suitable for street or evening wear; a splendid value at $2.00. Priced with Blue Pencil at, per yard, 98c.

### 53c for Black Iron Frame Grenadine Worth $1.25.

This material is pure silk, full 45 inches wide, used for suits and trimmings; there are three grades in the lot, which sell regularly at 98c, $1.35 and $1.48. All priced with Blue Pencil at, per yard, 53c.

### 39c for Black China Silks Worth 50c.

24 inches wide, Lyons finish, used for waists, suits, and trimmings; a bargain at 50c. Priced with Blue Pencil at, per yard, 39c.

### 19c for Silk Foulards Worth 50c.

A good grade of silk foulards in dots and figures, on grounds of various colors, good generous width; cheap at 50c. Blue Pencil price, per yd, 19c.

### 48c for Figured French Flannels worth 98c.

Fine French flannels, in pastel shades, with handsome Persian figures, suitable for waists, dressing jackets, and robes; splendid value at 98c. Blue Pencil price, per yard, 48c.

### 75c for Pedestrian Skirting Worth $1.25.

54 inches wide, in brown, castor, and oxford mixtures, requires no lining; well worth $1.25. Blue Pencil price, per yard, 75c.

### Blue Pencil Marks—Notions Section.

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| Machine needles, all makes and sizes. Blue Pencil price, per package | 5c | Arate buttons, 12 dozen to the card, different sizes. Blue Pencil price, per card | 3c |
| Sewing needles, assorted sizes. Blue Pencil price, per package | 1c | Bone or aluminum hairpins, crimped, large size. Blue Pencil price, per dozen | 3c |
| Knitting silk, large spools, nearly all colors, worth 5c. Marked with Blue Pencil, per spool | 2½c | Fancy hat pins, with cut jet head, worth 5c. Priced with Blue Pencil, each | 1c |
| Hooks and eyes, humps or swan bill, black or white, any size. Blue Pencil price, per card | 1c | Steel beads, large bunches, all sizes. Blue Pencil price, per bunch | 8½c |

### Blue Pencil Prices on Shirt Waists

We've taken our entire stock of shirt waists and bunched them into five lots. We've blue-penciled the price. We don't expect to have one of these waists left by next Saturday night. They're the best waist values we have ever shown. Come early and get first choice. If you come late, don't be disappointed if the goods are sold, as such prices as these will move them out in a hurry.

#### 25c for Shirt Waists worth 50c

Made of good grade percale, large variety of colors, some with white laundered collars, others with stocks, all sizes. Regular 50c waists priced with blue pencil at 25c.

#### 50c for Shirt Waists worth $1.00

Of fine grade percale, stripes and figures, handsomely made waists with Bishop sleeves. Some with white collars, others with colored stocks. Some white lawn waists in this lot with fancy stock collars; complete range of sizes; extra value at $1.00. Priced with blue pencil at 50c.

#### 75c for Stylish Shirt Waists worth $1.50

Fancy striped linens, high grade percales, plain lawns, in both black and white, a splendid assortment of new stylish waists that show all the new ideas in waist making; sizes for everybody; extra values at $1.50. Blue pencil priced at 75c.

#### $1.00 for Nobby Shirt Waists that are worth $2.00

Striped and figured lawns, mercerized chambrays, white lawns, a splendid assortment in plain and fancy colors, all new stylish goods; a complete assortment of sizes; regular $2.00 waists, priced with Blue Pencil at $1.00.

#### $1.50 for Our Finest Wash Waists worth up to $5.00

In this lot are waists of Alexandria silks—finest lawns, imported ginghams and madras cloths; some elaborately embroidered, others trimmed with tucks and hemstitching. The sizes are somewhat broken, but you will likely find your size in the lot; values up to $5.00. Priced with Blue Pencil at $1.50.

### 12½c For French Satines Worth 25c.

32 inches wide, in pretty figures and polka dots on colored grounds; they sell usually at 22½c to 25c. Blue Pencil Price, per yard, 12½c.

### 4c For Striped Bed Ticking Worth 7½c.

Blue and white striped ticking, 30 inches wide, splendid value at 7½c. Marked with Blue Pencil, per yard, 4c.

### 5c For Lawns and Dimities Worth 10c.

Neat figures and stripes, desirable colorings, lawns and dimities that never sell for less than 8½c and usually at 10c. Marked with Blue Pencil, per yard, 5c.

### 9½c For Llama Cloth Worth 15c.

This material is 38 inches wide, wool finish, elegant designs. Splendid value at 15c. Blue Pencil Price, per yard, 9½c.

### 10c For 50 Inch Muslin worth 17c.

Piquot bleached muslin, full 50 inches wide; regular price 17c. A limited quantity Blue Penciled at, per yard, 10½c.

### 5c For Cream Domet Flannel worth 8½c.

Only 29 pieces in the lot. Good grade cream domet flannel; always sells at 8½c. Blue Pencil Price, per yard, 5c.

### 7½c For Cotton Foulard Worth 12½c.

Handsome designs, 31 inches wide; always sells at 12½c. Blue Pencil Price, per yard, 7½c.

### Blue Pencil Marks—Lining Section.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mercerized satines, plain or figured, 36 inches wide, for skirts, waists and linings, 50 different shades, including black, worth 20c. Blue Pencil price, yard | 16c | Mercerized skirtings, black and white stripes, very stylish, 36 inches wide, worth 25c. Blue Pencil price, per yard | 19c |
| Black mercerized moreen, silk finish, 36 inches wide, suitable for skirts and linings, worth 25c. Blue Pencil price, per yard | 20c | Taffeta canvas, black or white, 36 inches wide, extra value 15c. Marked with Blue Pencil, per yard | 7½c |
| Black and white satin striped moreen for skirts, 35 inches wide, assorted stripes, worth 50c. Blue Pencil price, per yard | 39c | Aberdeen linen, for skirts and facings, 36 inches wide, suits regularly at 20c. Blue Pencil price, per yard | 15c |

## Men's Furnishings

### Blue Penciled.

Men's soft negligee shirts, made of fine satine, in pink, blue and heliotrope stripes, cut full in body, full 36 inches long, well finished, regular price 75c; Blue Pencil price Monday | 49c

Men's golf shirts of extra grade madras cloth, new colorings, finely finished, perfect fitting, good value at $1.25; Blue Pencil price Monday, each | 89c

Boys' suspenders of good, strong elastic web, good metal buckles, mohair ends, worth 15c; Blue Pencil price Monday, per pair | 6c

Men's leather belts, a large and varied assortment, all styles, all colors, all our 50c belts; Blue Penciled for Monday only, each | 25c

Men's plain white or fancy colored lawn string ties, full length, worth 10c a dozen; Blue Pencil Price, Monday, per dozen | 5c

### Handkerchief Specials.

Women's handkerchiefs, of sheer lawn with embroidered edges, some fine linen handkerchiefs, hemstitched, a large assortment; special values. Blue Pencil price, each | 14c

Women's pure linen handkerchiefs, half-inch hem, regular size, hemstitched, the greatest value we ever offered. Blue Pencil price, each | 5c

Fine lawn hemstitched handkerchiefs, ⅛ and ¼ inch hems; pure white, suitable for women or children; extra value at 5c. Blue Pencil price, each | 2½c

### Blue Pencil Prices--Shoes

No department in the house is suffering to any greater extent than our shoe department. The entire south wall has been torn away—the goods have been jostled and crowded in a fearful manner. Our chief says "Sell them"—we are going to. Here are his Blue Pencil Prices that we know will do it.

#### 98c for Women's Oxfords, Worth $1.50.

Fine kid or patent leather, hand turned or extension soles, round or coin toes, an assortment of heels—stylish, dressy oxfords that fit perfectly and insure comfort. Splendid values at $1.50. Sold in some stores at $2.00. Our Blue Pencil Price, 98c.

#### $1.48 for Men's Dress Shoes, Worth $2.00

Good grade calfskin uppers, oak tan soles, lace or congress, coin toes with tips or plain broad toes, never rip seams—a dressy, durable shoe that we sell regularly at $2.00. Blue Pencil Price, per pair, $1.48.

Women's extension sole shoes of fine soft kid, coin toes with patent leather tips, common sense heels, well lasted. A splendid value at $1.50. Blue Pencil Price, per pair | $1.09

Women's dress shoes, of box calf or vici kid, extension or light weight dress soles; button or lace; fit guaranteed; values up to $3.00. Blue Pencil Price, per pair | $1.98

Women's dress shoes, of bright dongola kid, medium weight bevel edge soles, coin toes with patent leather tips; sizes for everybody; splendid value at $2; Blue pencil price, per pair | $1.39

Women's sandals, made of fine, soft kid, one instep strap and bow ornament, coin toe and opera heel or broad toe with low heels; hand turned soles; an extra value at $1.50; Blue pencil price, per pair | 98c

Misses' shoes, of fine plump vici kid, lace, medium weight extension soles, coin toes, kid tips, extra backstay; a graceful, serviceable shoe. Sizes 11 to 2, worth $1.75; Blue pencil price | $1.15

Young women's high school shoes, of extra grade box calf, best quality oak tan extension soles, coin toes with straight tips, half inch common sense heels, made especially to be worn with walking skirts, dressy and serviceable; sizes 2½ to 8; good value at $2.50. Blue pencil price, per pair | $1.73

Misses' and children's patent leather sandals, made with two instep straps, satin beaded bow, extra fine grade patent leather, hand turned soles, coin toes; sizes 11 to 2, $1.23; sizes 8½ to 11 | 98c

Boys' shoes, made of solid calfskin, good oak tan soles, round toe with extra tip, solid leather throughout; all sizes; the best $1.75 shoe in town. Blue pencil price, per pair | $1.45

### Blue Pencil Marks, Household Goods.

Mrs. Potts' sad irons, nickel plated, handles and holders complete, three irons to the set, regular price $1.35; Blue Pencil price Monday, per set | 90c

Granite iron ware teapots, two-quart size, perfect in every respect, the best granite ware made, regular price 60c; Blue Pencil price for Monday, each | 19c

Willow clothes baskets, large size, strongly made, sell regularly at $1; Blue Pencil price, Monday only, per set | 59c

Sterling silver table knives, set of six, sell regularly at $1.50; Blue Pencil price, Monday only, per set | 75c

Large white meat platters, some of semi-porcelain, others of ironstone china, sell regularly at 25c; Blue Pencil price for Monday, each | 9c

Thin blown glass table tumblers, set of six, well worth 50c; Blue Pencil price, for Monday, per set | 24c

### Two Glove Specials.

Women's French chamois gloves, fine grade skin, made with over seams, gusseted, two clasps, perfect fitting; can be washed; splendid value at $1.00. Blue Pencil price, while they last, per pair | 69c

Lisle thread and taffeta gloves for women; in tan color, black or white, finished with jersey wrist or clasps; splendid value at 25c. Blue Pencil price, per pair | 19c

### 19c for Women's Lace Striped Hose Worth 25c.

Fine gauze open-work hose for women, all sizes, guaranteed fast black, worth 25c; Blue Pencil price 19c.

### 25c for Women's Fancy Hose Worth 39c.

Running stripe and polka dots on fancy colored and black grounds, a fine quality stocking, well finished, that represents an extra value at 39c; Blue Pencil price 25c.

### 25c for Women's Vests Worth 39c.

Summer weight, bleached, high neck, long sleeves, silk stitched down front, good pearl buttons, all sizes, splendid value at 39c; Blue Pencil price 25c.

### 49c for Women's Union Suits Worth 65c.

Jersey ribbed, pure white, high neck, long sleeves, ankle length, silk tape in neck, good pearl buttons, all sizes, good value at 65c; Blue Pencil price 49c.

### Black Chantilly Galloons 12c.

Floral patterns and conventional designs, widths up to 42 inches; a splendid assortment, specially priced with Blue Pencil at, per yard, 12½c.

### Handsome 4½ inch Laces 10c.

Point de Paris, imitation duchesse and Normandy val. lace, in handsome patterns; widths up to 4½ inches; insertions to match; splendid values up 15c. None worth less than 12½c. Blue Pencil price, per yard, 10c.

### New Black Velvet Ribbons.

Either satin or cotton back. There's been a shortage of velvet ribbons all over town; we are the first to show them. Here are the prices for satin back ribbons:

No. 1 Velvet Ribbon, per bolt ..... 19c
No. 1½ Velvet Ribbon, per bolt ..... 25c
No. 2 Velvet Ribbon, per bolt ..... 30c

### $1.48 for Wash Skirts worth $2.50.

Made of good linen crash, wide flounce, trimmed with white braid; some skirts of white pique, deep flounces trimmed with insertion; good values at $2.50; Blue Pencil Price, while they last, each $1.48.

### $1.98 for Linen Crash Skirts worth $3.00

Splendid grade linen crash, finished with two wide ruffles around bottom, trimmed with white braid, extra full; great value at $3.00; Blue Pencil Price, each $1.98.

### $2.39 for Linen Crash Skirts worth $3.50

Extra fine linen crash, made with three deep graduated flounces, each flounce trimmed with braid; perfect fitting; extra value at $3.50; Blue Pencil Price, each $2.39.

### $1.39 for Girls' Bathing Suits worth $2.25.

All wool flannel, blue or black, trimmed with white braid; sizes 4 to 6 only; regular price $2.25; Blue Pencil Price $1.39.

### $1.69 for Girls' Bathing Suits worth $2.75.

Made of all wool flannel, navy blue or black, handsomely trimmed with white braid, all sizes; splendid value at $2.75; Blue Pencil Price $1.69.

### $1.98 for Girls' Alpaca Suits worth $3.00.

Bathing suits for girls, made of alpaca, large fancy sailor collars of polka dot pique, also braid trimmings, all sizes, extra value at $3; Blue Pencil price $1.98.

### $3.48 for Women's Fine Bathing Suits worth $6.00

This lot represents our best bathing suits, some very elaborately trimmed. We've sold so many suits this season that the sizes are somewhat broken, so we've taken all our better grades that were marked originally at $4.50, $5 and $6 and thrown them into one lot which represents all styles and sizes; Blue Pencil price on this lot, while they last, $3.48.

### Pencilings From Hat Department.

To use a very common phrase that is more expressive than elegant, our hat department is "Getting the worst of it." We've had to crowd the hats out of their former space to give the brick workers and carpenters a chance to tear down the wall in the rear of this department. Hats are like eggs in one particular, they won't stand much crowding, and to save crowding in the shelf we are going to crowd them out at the front door. Our Chief's work with the blue pencil is very apparent in the hat department. For instance,

Any 98c man's hat in our stock for 49c
Any $1.48 man's hat in our stock for 74c
Any $2.00 man's hat in our stock for $1.00
Any $2.50 man's hat in our stock for $1.25

### $2.25 for Youths' Suits worth $5.

Broken lines of youths suits—ages up to 18. These are large enough for small men. Come early if you want them as the quality is decidedly limited. They are good values up to $5. Blue Pencil Price, while they last, $2.25.

### 75c for Boys' Long Pants worth $1.50

Odd lines of boy's pants, sizes up to 30-inch waists; good grade materials, well made, splendid value at $1.50. To get them out of the front door and save moving we've cut the price right in two in the middle. Blue Pencil Price, per pair, 75c.

### 69c for Boys' Wash Suits Worth $1.50

Broken lines; some sailor suits for little fellows from 3 to 10 years; some suits for larger boys from 8 to 15. Splendid values up to $1.50. Blue Pencil price, while they last, 69c.

### 19c for Boys' Cheviot Pants Worth 25c.

Knee pants of good grade cheviot, stitched with linen thread, good strong waist bands, ages 4 to 15 years; our regular 25c pants, equal to what you get elsewhere at 25c. Blue Pencil price, per pair, 19c.

## THE BUSY CORNER. FOURTH & BROADWAY.

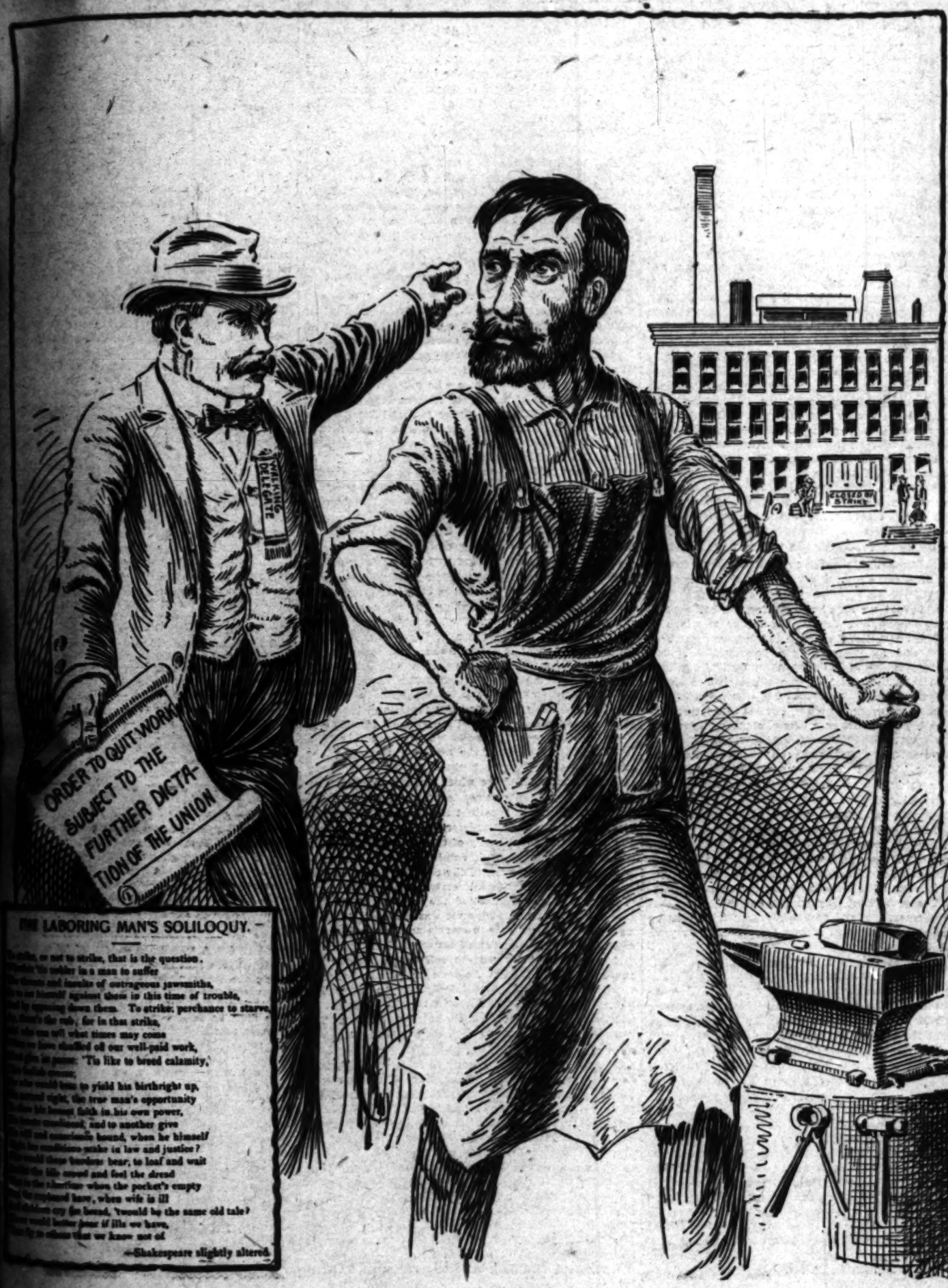
WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

AUGUST 11, 1901.

PRICE PER YEAR....$2.50
SINGLE COPY....5 CENTS

## HE SHOULD PONDER WELL.




THE LABORING MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

To strike, or not to strike, that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in a man to suffer
The threats and insults of outrageous jawsmiths,
Or to arm himself against them in this time of trouble,
And by opposing down them. To strike: perchance to starve.
Ay, there's the rub, for in that strike,
In that we will what times may come
When we have shuffled off our well-paid work,
Must give us pause: 'Tis like to breed calamity,
For who would bear to yield his birthright up,
And almost night, the true man's opportunity
Unless his honest faith in his own power,
His honest manhood, and to another give
His will and conscience bound, when he himself
Upon his manliness stake in law and justice?
Who would these burdens bear, to loaf and wait
Amidst the idle crowd and feel the dread
Of the shortage when the pocket's empty
And the cupboard bare, when wife is ill
And children cry for bread, 'twould be the same old tale?
Then would better bear it ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

—Shakespeare slightly altered.

17—MEDALS—17
should not miss the opportunity to have
taken under the most favorable con-
atmosphere in the world.
SPRING ST., Opp. Hollenbeck.
Steiel

ASPARAGUS PLUMOSUS Plants, twenty inches high, 25cents.

Empress Dowager's Funeral.
Women Pelt Nude Indian.
Fatal Explosion on Yacht.
Negro Ravisher Burned Alive.
Death of Signor Crispi.
3. Tremendous Fires in Washington.

a tame affair....Coronado Tent City crowded with visitors.....Strange idea of a condemned Mexican at San Diego. Big Sunday crowd at Santa Monica. Pasadena negro gives police trouble.

PACIFIC COAST. Tremendous for-

anywhere.

President Shaffer spent the quietly at his home in Pittsburgh. holds rather strict ideas of Sabbath servance, and throughout the , st has insisted that as little as poss

## OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

### SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

*THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, complete in itself, is served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.*

*The weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 Magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.*

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Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 4, 1897.

### FITTING HOME FOR FREEMEN.

THEY have Niagara upon our Atlantic borders, that majestic river, the voice of whose wild, tumultuous waters is like the voice of Omnipotent Power. No one can look upon this river, with its majestic falls, unmoved. Its onrushing tides seem to embody the strength of ocean billows, and man looks with awe into the vast chasm that it has plowed through the granite rock, scooping out a pathway for its tides to traverse far below the level of the surrounding land.

The fame of Niagara, girdled with rainbows, and girt with clouds of white mist, will never die. Poets will sing of it and chant its glory to the end of time, and the eastern sections of our country may triumph in its possession as one of the great marvels of the natural world.

But still the fact remains that the wide West is the Wonderland, not only of the continent, but of the world. Here are found what may be termed Nature's grandest epics—the Garden of the Gods, the Grand Cañon, and the world's one Yosemite. We talk about Alpine scenery and the grandeur of Switzerland, and yet Switzerland, with all her mountain wonders, has only four peaks above 13,000 feet high, and not more than one hundred and fifty square miles above 8000 feet, while in the grand mountain regions of California alone there are a hundred peaks above 13,000 feet and more than three hundred square miles which are over 8000 feet above the sea.

The waters of Yosemite seem to leap from the skies, and here, as at Niagara, the rainbow is forever arched above them, while the perpetual glory of light is about their feet.

This wide continent, the home of Freedom, holds everything to inspire and awaken the higher emotions of men. The marvels of the Grand Cañon have never been depicted, and no language can portray them. One writer, in speaking of it, denominates it as "An inferno swathed in soft celestial fires; a whole chaotic underworld, just emptied of primeval floods and waiting for a new creative word; a boding, terrible thing, unflinchingly real, yet spectral as a dream, eluding all sense of perspective or dimensions, oustretching the faculty of measurements, overlapping the confines of definite comprehension." It is a vast panorama hundreds of square miles in extent, no opening flower more beautiful, and none unfolding in richer color or design. It is built on a scale that is parallel with western grandeur and vastness. And like it, the Garden of the Gods overwhelms us. There the rocks seem to have been the playthings of the giant Titans and Time the unerring sculptor that has fashioned the solid rock into living farms.

The marvels of this mighty West cannot be enumerated. The great East may stretch out in billowy seas of green, where laugh plenteous harvests; it may lift up the emerald of its green forests and unroll its crystal rivers; Niagara may

"Flow on forever in its glorious robes
Of terror and of beauty,"

but still the marvels of the golden West will overshadow it and the problems of old Time seem greater as we view the Grand Cañon in its illimitable weirdness, confront the Garden of the Gods, or stand dumb with wonder at the rocky gates of Yosemite.

And here, too, upon this western verge of the New World are those giant children of the ages—the big trees of California, waving today as gloriously green in the sunlight as they waved thousands of years ago, when the earth was young. Children of yesterday are we when compared with them, and our proud nation is like the offspring of an hour. A fitting home for Freedom is this grand New World. Cradled in its wide valleys, fanned by the airs of its outer and inland seas, guarded by majestic mountain ranges, Nature here outrivals all lands and may well become the nursing mother of freemen, who, inspired by her charms and companioned forever by sublimity, shall unveil new truths of science and grow strong in their love of knowledge and enduring liberty.

### HINTS OF PROGRESS.

IN AMERICAN colleges the teachings of Ricardo, Senior, and John Stuart Mill, with a few chapters added by more modern thinkers, have been the mainstays of economic theory. But of late years there has been a growing protest against the futility of asseverations and will-o'-the-wisps of insular economic thought, the result of peculiar positions, which have been found to be inadequate to the industrial needs and development of this country. Economic writers here are more and more pointing out the shoal places in some of the old concepts and modes of action. Economy, which comes from a noble Greek word, means "the law of the house." Political economy unfolds the epic of humanity, dependent on labor and its power to coerce Nature to respond to physical need, while capital furnishes the working instruments and remuneration of labor. One has only to read over the recent journals devoted to economic study to see the preëminent ability which is evinced in the present trend of thought, and the deep sense that only from a harmonious coöperation of mental and physical labor and capital can come the triune strength of this broad republic. From the knowledge of living hearts as well as from the culture of dead books must be evolved the consistent policy of the expanding government. Religious truth has not changed, but in many ways man's standpoint changes. With all the crystalline outlooks of grace he sometimes finds that he has been gazing through the imaging faculty of another whose personality has obscured the perfect ideal. The largess of Divinity has been veiled by morbid or abnormal temperaments whose possessors have introduced discord from low zones of thought. But above the clouds of controversy the sermons are still calling from the Mount like the sunrise glimpses on these beautiful Sierras. More and more the faith is growing that to each rational human being there is given an intuitional, ethical and spiritual nature, with an increasing apprehension of the admonition, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God."

Among the number who today come in reverent mood to the churches of this city, or who seek some solitude of the soul which is divested of self, there will be those who hear that "still small voice" which links itself with universal and absolute truth. La Cordaire said in the glow of faith, "There is always a resting place for God in man's heart. The great secret is to perceive and know it." In addition to the strength which is received from the examples of one's fellow-men, and the significance of the memory of those who followed the Golden Rule in the steps of the Prince of Peace, there is given to each human being the divine material for his own house of life. The enthusiasm, the aspiration, the spirit of innocence and hope, and inquiry, wonder and love of the child heart are parts of the furnishing. The phenomenon of the rejuvenescence of the flower may be a symbol of the spiritual life with its equipment of fragrance, beauty and hospitality. America is turning from old withered husks of economic theory and quicksands of foundation that by a perennial vitality she may build up the strongholds of the future.

Clearer perception is giving to religion a widening power. A glimpse of the broadening outlooks and avenues may be afforded by a study of the marbles of the altar whose biography is making one of the wonder stories of recent discovery. Prof. Frank Dawson Adams, geological professor of the McGill University, Montreal, assisted by a corps of eminent scientists, experimented with tubes of marble, and has demonstrated the astonishing fact of the flow of rocks. The process of experiment went on until the molecules slipped, separated, and changed their granular appearance, and the questioning world was assured that rocks under pressure and high temperature with percolation of water flow like liquids. The mystery of the marble grows when one remembers that Canova, Michael Angelo and many sculptors have studied the white blocks. By their pure chiseling they have commanded the reverence of the centuries. Tradition says that Phidias received a token of approval from the Thunderer, for his great statue of Jupiter. Art is never weary of the story of the passion and sublime energy which dominated the heart of Michael Angelo when out of the cohesion of the marble he compelled his wonderful statues of "Night" and "Day." They are pronounced the climax of human genius. But the geologic secret was unknown to these men who set their ideals in marble and made them immortal by the consecration of inspired labor.

It was reserved for modern science to discover the phase of infinite power. As from an eternal lethargy, under the vision of inspired intelligence the marble has been shown following a hitherto undiscovered law of wide-reaching significance in the economy of force. The truth has been the same through the eras, but vision was wanting.

It is not the gift of the many to fulfill the high mission of the statesman, sculptor or scientist, but each earnest soul may discover that the great universe holds many unguessed phases of designing.

The best curative specific for man's unrest is to make use of the humblest of gifts to uphold "the law of the house." However limited his environment he may help to fraternize antagonisms, rationalize bigotry and soften the rigidity of harsh and uncharitable judgment.

Everyone reads with interest of the movement in London which has converted hundreds of old long closed graveyards into play grounds and parks for children in overcrowded regions of the city. In former places of silence, gloom and mildew has come the charm of flowers, trees, bird song and child laughter. St. Bartholomew's Church in New York has also [illegible] in the building of roof gardens for the poor [illegible] ements. The waste corners, vacant lots, [illegible] land of some towns have been converted [illegible] of philanthropy.

From all these hints one may see that [illegible] coming to new realizations of possibility and [illegible]

### CURRENT EDITORIAL COMM[illegible]

There is nothing in the drought to [illegible] dence in general business conditions. [illegible] people can see a reduced corn crop and be [illegible] biggest wheat crop ever grown in the United [illegible] [St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The time must come—and it cannot be [illegible] when ten days will be sufficient to land [illegible] Asia, or a total of two weeks between [illegible] Manila. This is only 600 or 700 miles a day [illegible] this speed could not be maintained except at [illegible] pense, the demands of Asia-bound travel will [illegible] rant the outlay.—[Washington Post.

Bacteriologists are warning against a [illegible] precautionary inspection to prevent the spread [illegible] berculosis through the meat and milk supply. [illegible] not be forgotten that Dr. Koch's theory is [illegible] cepted as a fact.—[Washington Star.

The most fortunate man is he who can find [illegible] in fields of art or human helpfulneses outside [illegible] ness, and who can quit his office with a conscience [illegible] time to secure for himself a vigorous and [illegible] age in such pursuits.—[Chicago Tribune.

Advice to Teutons thinking about passing a [illegible] hostile to the United States—Don't!—[Boston [illegible]

According to the very latest statement of [illegible] E. Wilkins that New Jersey doctor is now [illegible] with one of the minor leagues.—[Washington [illegible]

Quite appropriately, Porto Rico's first [illegible] ment of its actual incorporation into the United [illegible] takes the shape of a shipload of cigars.—[Philadelphia Ledger.

An Illinois man asserts that "United States should annex Canada and give England the Philippines in exchange." Very good! But what have [illegible] Canada to say about such a bargain?—[Baltimore American.

American cities are rapidly becoming a [illegible] huge fences smeared with all sorts of pictorial [illegible] ities. The way to stop the billboard nuisance [illegible] perfectly legitimate taxation.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Denver man, by the name of Charles [illegible] a platform for perfecting the race. It is this: "The weak. Build up the strong." Denison is evidently [illegible] tor. He ought to be called a fiend.—[Memphis Commercial Appeal.

### THE NIGHT.

One small white cloud within the deeps of air
Cradled in sunshine, beautifully fair,
And its bright edges, painted by the sun,
Grow golden while Day smiles, till, one by one,
The stars come out within the fields of blue,
And the great mountains, old yet ever new,
Drop their fair pearls of color and the night
Wraps them in purple, veiling them from sight.

And then such hush upon all nature falls,
The breezes sink to rest, the bird no longer calls
Unto its mate; the soft hum of the bees
We do not hear amid the many trees;
The flowers droop their heads as if asleep,
And the dew falls as if the sky did weep
For the fair Day so lately gone to rest,
In the dim chambers of the darkening West.

But O the wonder that the night reveals!
No longer earth the one great star that wheels
Through wide sky spaces—worlds on worlds
Dotting the vastness of immensity.
A little speck, an atom this world gleams,
Amid the glory of the countless beams
Of the broad star universe which lies
Filling the deep infinity of skies.

So as the darkness doth unveil the Vast,
Death shall enlarge our wisdom when we cast
The scales of flesh aside, and soul-life springs
Into full oneness with eternal things,
Drinking God's glory in until we rise—
The soul all eye, all ear—in Paradise.
Death shall bring the soul's morning as the [illegible]
Brings countless stars the daylight hides from [illegible]

ELIZA A[illegible]

### ON A RUSSIAN RAILWAY TRAIN.

[Chambers's Journal:] Toilet arrangements [illegible] satisfy the Russian are at his disposal; but [illegible] class passengers have no such luxuries. When the [illegible] halts for the breakfast interval, those who travel [illegible] class may be seen performing their ablutions [illegible] platform tap; they fill a can like a gardener's [illegible] pot, suck through the spout a mouthful of [illegible] spit it into the hollowed palms, and then rub [illegible] It is a disgusting process, performed without [illegible] towell; and, though it may be amusing to the [illegible] it is not very cleansing to the operator. Yet [illegible] method of ablution adopted by the poorer [illegible] his travels.

### SHUFFLE AND CUT.

[Detroit Journal:] Perceiving now that the [illegible] inevitable, the noble prisoner bethought him of [illegible]

"Shall I shuffle off this mortal coil?" [illegible]

But the executioner, being a man of some [illegible] divined his thought.

"You shuffle after I cut!" quoth this [illegible] briefly.

The Duke was silent at this. It was not [illegible] wont to bandy words with one from the [illegible]

ground bottom, trimmed with white braid, extra full; great value at $8.00; Blue Pencil Price, each $1.98.

$2.39 for Linen Crash Skirts worth $3.50

Extra fine linen crash, made with three deep graduated

Any 98c man's hat in our stock for 49c
Any $1.48 man's hat in our stock for 74c
Any $2.00 man's hat in our stock for $1.00
Any $2.50 man's hat in our stock for $1.25

August 11, 1901.]

World

EUROPEAN C[illegible]

HOW THE ENGLISH, DU[illegible]
INVADING THE L[illegible]

From Our Own [illegible]

SOME of the most inte[illegible] of the day are taking [illegible] great island which lie[illegible] Strait, in which this lette[illegible] been divided up among the [illegible] Germans, and each nation [illegible] elements upon it and sendi[illegible] to investigate its material an[illegible] The past year the North Ge[illegible] many has been making New [illegible] ports of call. A big syndic[illegible] Guinea Company, has been [illegible] of the island and plantations [illegible] ber are being set out. The [illegible] steamers and a number of s[illegible] trade; and it is endeavoring [illegible] many away down here in th[illegible] Dutch are governing their [illegible] and the native chiefs just [illegible] Dutch East Indies, and the [illegible] erty on the same lines [illegible] colonies the world over.

The World's Biggest Island.

Before I describe what is [illegible] Guinea I want to tell you [illegible] land. I have learned muc[illegible] als of the Australian state[illegible] land, where there are many [illegible] especially, however, I am [illegible] to the Rev. H. M. Dauncey, [illegible] of England, who has lived f[illegible] and who long before this let[illegible] at his home in the British [illegible] been traveling for several w[illegible] it is through him that I h[illegible] New Guinea and its people.

New Guinea is by far the [illegible] It exceeds Borneo by over [illegible] miles, and it is bigger than [illegible] cept Russia. It would mak[illegible] Indiana, six States the size o[illegible] thirty-seven as big as Massa[illegible] it to the other it is as long [illegible] and at places is as wide as [illegible]

Look at it as it lies upon [illegible] of Australia and right under [illegible] ten degrees south of it. Its [illegible] bird squatting on Torres S[illegible] with its island-feathered tail [illegible] Pacific Ocean, and its ragge[illegible] Philippines and Asia.

What an enormous count[illegible] It is wilder than Africa and [illegible] of South America. Only the [illegible] been trodden by white men [illegible] we know nothing and plan[illegible] just beginning to be picture[illegible]

It is a land of high mou[illegible] plains. The tallest peaks [illegible] the Andes are to be found [illegible] in Dutch New Guinea supp[illegible] high. They are covered wit[illegible] and have never been climbe[illegible] Bismarck Mountains in the Ger[illegible] at 13,000 feet, and in British [illegible] they range has several peaks [illegible] colony has one great river, [illegible] which might be called the M[illegible]

British New Guinea.

Today I write especially o[illegible] in the southeastern portion [illegible] own the most land. They h[illegible] island, including the head [illegible] of the squatting bird. The [illegible] remainder belongs to the Ger[illegible] ing the tail, to the British.

The British possessions [illegible] times as large as the State[illegible] have just about as many pe[illegible] only 250 are Europeans. T[illegible] missionaries, planters, gold mi[illegible] and government officials. T[illegible] the little town of Port Mors[illegible] just back of an excellent ha[illegible] ernment house, the store of [illegible] and about one hundred and[illegible] church is also used as a sc[illegible] by 100 native children on we[illegible]

The government uses na[illegible] a force of 124 native cons[illegible] kept.

A Valuable Colony.

Men who are posted tell [illegible] eventually be a valuable po[illegible] is very careful in leasing or[illegible] short time ago it refused to s[illegible] ish New Guinea syndicate [illegible] withstanding the syndicate [illegible] city. It is now having num[illegible] of 50,000 acres and upward[illegible] Burns of Burns, Philp & [illegible] $500,000 if he can have 100,00[illegible] easy. No land is being l[illegible] proviso that it be developed, [illegible] velopment the title does not [illegible] setting out cocoanut groves [illegible]

CARBONS—[illegible]
Visitors should not miss t[illegible] Photographs taken under t[illegible] Queen of atmosphere in th[illegible]
STUDIO 230½ S. SPRING

# World's Biggest Island. By Frank G. Carpenter.

## EUROPEAN COLONIZATION.

### HOW THE ENGLISH, DUTCH AND GERMANS ARE INVADING THE LAND OF PAPUANS.

*From Our Own Correspondent.*

SOME of the most interesting colonial experiments of the day are taking place in New Guinea, the great island which lies on the other side of the Straits, in which this letter is dated. The island has been divided up among the British, the Dutch and the Germans, and each nation is now establishing its settlements upon it and sending out exploring expeditions to investigate its material and scientific resources. Within the past year the North German Lloyd Steamship Company has been making New Guinea one of its regular ports of call. A big syndicate, called the German-New Guinea Company, has been formed to develop that part of the island and plantations of cotton, tobacco and rubber are being set out. The company has already three steamers and a number of sailing vessels engaged in its trade, and it is endeavoring to build up a little Germany away down here in the South Pacific Ocean. The Dutch are governing their territory through the Sultan and the native chiefs just as they rule the rest of the Dutch East Indies, and the British are managing their country on the same lines that they observe in their colonies the world over.

**The World's Biggest Island.**

Before I describe what is being done in British New Guinea I want to tell you something about the whole island. I have learned much concerning it at the capitals of the Australian states and here at Thursday Island, where there are many New Guinea natives. More especially, however, I am indebted for my information to the Rev. H. M. Dauncey, a missionary of the Church of England, who has lived for ten years in New Guinea, and who long before this letter is published will be back at his home in the British part of that island. I have been traveling for several weeks with Mr. Dauncey, and it is through him that I have secured photographs of New Guinea and its people.

New Guinea is by far the largest island of the globe. It exceeds Borneo by over sixteen thousand square miles, and it is bigger than any country of Europe except Russia. It would make ten States as large as Indiana, six States the size of New York and more than thirty-seven as big as Massachusetts. From one end of it to the other it is as long as from Boston to Omaha, and at places is as wide as from Boston to Washington.

Look at it as it lies upon the map. It is just north of Australia and right under the equator, extending for ten degrees south of it. Its shape is that of a gigantic bird squatting on Torres Strait and the Arafura Sea, with its blood-feathered tail spread out on the Southern Pacific Ocean, and its ragged head looking toward the Philippines and Asia.

What an enormous country and how little known! It is vaster than Africa and less explored than any part of South America. Only the smallest part of it has ever been trodden by white men. It has savages of whom we know nothing and plants and animals which are just beginning to be pictured in the scientific journals.

It is a land of high mountains and low miasmatic plains. The tallest peaks between the Himalayas and the Andes are to be found in it. There are mountains in Dutch New Guinea supposed to be over 17,000 feet high. They are covered with snow all the year around and have never been climbed. The height of the Bismarck Mountains in the German possessions is estimated at 13,000 feet, and in British New Guinea the Owen Stanley range has several peaks of over 13,000 feet. Each colony has one great river, the British having the Fly, which might be called the Mississippi of the country.

**British New Guinea.**

Today I write especially of British New Guinea. This is the southeastern portion of the country. The Dutch own the most land. They have the eastern half of the island, including the head and upper part of the body of the squatting bird. The northern section of the remainder belongs to the Germans; the southern, including the tail, to the British.

The British possessions are altogether about three times as large as the State of Indiana, and they now have just about as many people as Cincinnati, of whom only 250 are Europeans. The colony consists of missionaries, planters, gold miners, a storekeeper or two and government officials. The seat of government is at the little town of Port Moresby, on the southern coast, just back of an excellent harbor. Here there is a government house, the store of Burns, Philp & Co., a church and about one hundred and fifty native houses. The church is also used as a school room and is attended by 100 native children on week days.

The government uses native policemen, and it has a force of 134 native constables, by whom order is kept.

**A Valuable Colony.**

Men who are posted tell me that New Guinea will eventually be a valuable possession. The government is very careful in leasing or selling the lands. Only a short time ago it refused to sell 250,000 acres to the British New Guinea syndicate at 50 cents per acre, notwithstanding the syndicate offered to develop the property. It is now having numerous applications for tracts of 5,000 acres and upwards, and among others Mr. James of Burns, Philp & Co. has offered to invest $200,000 if he can have 100,000 acres of land for his company. No land is being leased or sold without the proviso that it be developed, and without continued development the title does not pass. The government is laying out cocoanut groves and rubber plantations, and there is no doubt that the colony will eventually be a self-supporting. At present its expenditures are about $77,000 a year and its revenues about $58,000. The revenues are derived entirely from customs duties, and the smallness of both expenditures and revenues shows that the colony is still in its infancy.

**The Gold Mines of New Guinea.**

There is no doubt but that there is gold in New Guinea, but the mountainous parts of the country have not been touched nor prospected, and the quartz possibilities are unknown. The most of the mining, so far, has been on some of the islands about the coast, and especially on Sudest Island in the Louisade Archipelago at the tail of the bird, where considerable placer mining is done. Some gold has been found on Woodlark Island, and quartz deposits exist along the Fly River.

There is considerable pearl fishing about the coast, and also sponge fishing. A recent industry is the cultivation of sponges and another, which is quite profitable, is the gathering of trepang or beche de mer.

**American Tobacco as Money.**

The Rev. Mr. Dauncey tells me that American tobacco is imported by New Guinea, and that it forms the chief currency of the natives. The tobacco is made up in sticks as long as a lead pencil and as big around as your little finger. It is evidently well soaked with licorice or glucose or some other such mixture, for it is as black as jet. Such tobacco is accepted in payment for goods at the store in Port Moresby, and four sticks of it are the average pay for a day's work. Among the natives themselves tobacco is the most common currency. So many sticks will buy a hatchet or a knife, a set of pottery dishes, a fish net or a necklace. The government buys its land of the natives, where it is owned by certain families, by giving them hatchets, handkerchiefs and one-half pound of tobacco for a fixed amount of land, occasionally throwing a shirt and a knife in as an extra.

**The Natives of New Guinea.**

The natives of New Guinea are of their own kind. They are of the Papuan race, which is different from the Malays, from the aborigines of Australia and from the many other races of the Pacific. The Papuans are of many varieties. They are generally of a copper color, and they range from that to almost black. Mr. Dauncey found the smallest of the natives in the eastern end of the island, and he tells me they increase in size as you go south and west, and at the same time grow darker in color and more boisterous in disposition. They have woolly hair, but not like that of the negro. Their hair stands out from the head. It is often threaded through bamboo tubes or pipes, out of which it sticks in great tassels. It has a springy nature, so that if you put your hand down on it it will be thrown up, much like when you strike a hair mattress.

**Both Women and Men Tattoo.**

In the Far East the men tattoo their faces and bodies in a hideous fashion. The women also tattoo, especially the upper parts of their bodies. In some places this tattooing is the only dress. In others the women wear petticoats of long leaves, frequently placing one layer upon another, in flounces. These leaf skirts extend from the waist almost to the knees, and in connection with a necklace of shells of beads form the entire clothing. Sometimes the skirts are made of the fiber of bark.

The tattooing of the women often covers the whole body, and among some tribes this tattooing forms

the coming-out suit of the maidens. The getting of such a suit is exceedingly painful, but Mr. Dauncey says that the girls are anxious to be in the fashion and gladly submit to it. The girl to be tattooed lies down on the ground, when the ink is pricked under her skin in the various patterns. Thorns are used for the pricking, and the thorn dipped into the ink is driven under the skin with a little mallet. Such dressmaking is slow, but a suit once made lasts a lifetime.

**Where the Married Women are All Bald.**

In some parts of the island it is possible to tell whether a woman is single or married by her hair, or rather the lack of it. The married women are all bald headed, and the sensible man does not attempt to flirt with a hairless female. A maiden wears her natural wool until the wedding, but after that shaves off every bit of it close to the scalp and keeps it so shaved for the rest of her life. The first shaving, and, indeed, all shaving of this kind is a serious matter. Until the foreigners came the razors were sharp flints, but now the natives use broken glass, and there is a steady demand for soda and beer bottles to break up for shaving utensils.

**Where the Men Lace.**

There are many New Guinea tribes, so Missionary Dauncey tells me, in which the men lace themselves in with rope in order to reduce the size of their waists and stomachs. They bind bark belts from two to ten inches wide tightly about the body, compressing them-

Empress Dowager's Funeral.
Women Pelt Nude Indian.
Fatal Explosion on Yacht.
Negro Ravisher Burned Alive.
Death of Signor Crispi.
3. Tremendous Fires in Washington.
a tame affair....Coronado Tent City crowded with visitors....Strange idea of a condemned Mexican at San Diego. Big Sunday crowd at Santa Monica. Pasadena negro gives police trouble.
PACIFIC COAST. Tremendous for-
anywhere.
President Shaffer spent the
quietly at his home in Pittsburgh.
holds rather strict ideas of Sabbath
servance, and throughout the , st
has insisted that as little as poss
H.—MEDALS—17
should not miss the opportunity to have
taken under the most favorable con-
atmosphere in the world.
& SPRING ST., Opp. Hollenbeck.
Steckel
ARABICUS PLUMOSUS.—Plants, twenty inches high. Mosaic

selves so that the full-grown men acquire waists as small as the most tightly laced of our women. It is said that the chief reason for this custom is that the men wish to persuade the women that they have small stomachs and are therefore small eaters. In New Guinea the women are the chief providers, and the young woman who is looking about for a husband is supposed to prize highest the man who will be most easily fed. A boy, on being asked why he laced himself so tightly, said:

"I shall have to get a wife some day, and if I have a big stomach no one will have me."

For this reason men seldom eat in the presence of women, and they prefer their meals in their clubhouses. The New Guinea natives do not believe in much fat. It is a disgrace to be fleshy, and the men dread extra adipose tissue as much as do our society women. Indeed, the anti-fat quacks could do a thriving business in New Guinea.

As to food, the people are chiefly vegetarians. They live on yams, bananas and sweet potatoes. They are not particular, however, and when they can get them will eat kangaroos, pigs, dogs, snakes and lizards. They are fond of grubs or larvae, and the women dig these out of the trees and cook them.

**New Guinea Clubhouse.**

In many of the New Guinea tribes the men and women live apart. The men have clubhouses in which they sleep and eat. The women live in huts off by themselves, a number of wives often being in one hut. They cook their husbands' food in their huts or on the ground outside and bring it to the clubhouse, laying it on the veranda and calling to their husbands to come and eat. Mr. Dauncey says that it would be death to a woman to enter one of these clubhouses, and that they are reserved exclusively for the men. The houses are often of great size. They look like immense hay ricks, starting from the ground and going upward until they meet in the ridge of the roof. The entrance is a hole at the front. There are no windows and the houses are built so protected with mats that they keep out the mosquitoes.

**Flat Life in New Guinea.**

In other sections of the country the men and women live together, on the apartment-house plan. In some places there are houses 500 feet long and 60 feet wide, containing sixty families or more. Such a house would be divided by little partitions into stalls or pens running out to a central hall, so that going through it would be like passing through the stalls of a cow stable. In each stall a family has its quarters, the women doing their cooking inside and the smoke finding its way out as it can through the roof. These New Guinea flats are very dark, for the walls extend almost to the floor on account of the mosquitoes, and often there is not more than two feet of wall before the roof begins. The roof, however, may reach as high as thirty feet above the floor. The material of the houses is usually poles and grass. First a framework of poles is made, and then the thatch of grass or banana leaves is tied on.

**New Guinea Babies.**

The New Guinea natives are fond of their children. They treat them well and are exceedingly affectionate. Mr. Dauncey told me that in his ten years' intercourse with the natives he had never seen a father strike his child and that mothers never whip their children.

A queer thing is the Papuan cradle. It is made of the fiber of the banana woven together in the shape of a bag. Into this the baby is dropped and the bag is then hung to one of the poles of the roof or to a tree and swung to sleep. If the mother goes out she merely unhooks or unties the string and slings the cradle on her back, carrying her baby about as the Indian squaw does her papoose.

**Fishermen and Farmers.**

It is rather remarkable that the New Guinea savages have developed special trades. On the south coast there are some tribes which do nothing but fish and others which devote themselves to farming. The farmers never fish and the fishers do not farm. The two tribes live close to each other and exchange their respective products. The farming is largely done with sharp sticks, the men standing in a row and plunging their sticks into the ground simultaneously and thus prying up the soil. The fishermen make their own canoes. Some of them gather shells and pearls. Pottery and rope making are other principal industries. Not far from Port Moresby a tribe lives which makes cooking vessels of clay, drying them in the sun and baking them with fire. They then carry these vessels from place to place and sell them.

**The Land of Birds.**

New Guinea has but few animals of note. The chief are wild pigs and small marsupials, including tree kangaroos. In birds the country is wonderfully rich. There are 400 different kinds of land birds, and among them many of most gorgeous plumage.

There are parrots and cockatoos of all colors, and pigeons, more splendid than our peacock. I have seen New Guinea pigeons as big as hen turkeys, and as small as the tiniest dove. The goura pigeon is the largest. Its body is of a brilliant light blue and its neck has all the colors of the opal. It has a crest or egret of tiny slaty-blue feathers running from the back of the head out to the front high above it, much like the curl on the head of a baby. When the sun catches this crest it shines as though it were set with jewels.

There are tiny birds here as small as the smallest humming bird, and more beautiful than any humming bird we have. There are also cassowarys which have bodies almost as big as ostriches, but which look as though they were clad in feathers of frayed clothes lines rather than ostrich plumes. The cassowary is sometimes caught by the natives when small and tamed. It is not a safe pet to have around, for it will swallow anything in sight, from a stray spoon or a pound of nails to a pup or a kitten. It is by no means certain that it may not attack the baby; and when angry a kick from it will break the skull of a ten-year-old boy.

**The Birds of Paradise.**

The king of all New Guinea birds, however, is the bird of paradise. There are forty species of this bird, and most of these are found in New Guinea. The birds are comparatively small, but their color is the most gorgeous known. Some of them are of the brightest red, with a luster like that of the opal, with yellow bills and velvet-like plumes encircling the base of the head. The feathers of the tail stand up like filigree wires. The golden bird of paradise has six long feathery tips extending from the back of its head, and a great crest or crown rising out of the middle of its back somewhat like a canopy over it. It is only the male birds that are so gorgeous, but they are hunted everywhere for their feathers.

THURSDAY ISLAND, Torres Strait.

[Copyright, 1901, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

## PROSPEROUS CATS' MEAT MEN.

### A TRADE PECULIAR TO LONDON, AND SOME OF ITS INTERESTING FEATURES.

[London Chronicle:] Two cases which have within the last few years come before different courts of law amply show how profitable a trade, in London at least, supplying cats' meat is. In one of these cases, a probate suit, a certain testator had left £20,000, every penny of which had practically been made in a little over twenty-seven years by means of a West End cats' meat round, which the testator had originally acquired for a payment of £600, from his father, who, according to one of the witnesses, spent a fortune in "following horse races." The same witness declared that the testator would have left twice as much as he did but for luckless speculations in music-hall and public-house property. The other case was one that came before the magistrate at Southwark. A comely young woman, about 25 years of age, appeared in the witness box with a profuse disply of really fine diamonds. The magistrate—at that time Mr. Fenwick—seemed astonished when the witness told him that she was "a domestic animals' butcher," and further questions elicited the fact that her father had left her the business two years before, and that she cleared out of it £10 a week regularly.

To those who have inquired into the facts of this trade, such a statement would represent but a commonplace. A cats' meat round has frequently yielded anything from £300 to £800 when it came into the market, and there is one well-known West End round that changed hands for £1200 about a couple of years ago. But this trade, like many another, is largely an hereditary one, most of the best rounds having been in the hands of the same families during three or four generations. The huge buildings let out into flats, and now so common, have increased the monetary value of cats' meat rounds to a wonderful extent. One single building of this kind is reckoned to be worth £200 a year clear to himself as the "purveyor" who has the sole right of supply, and though this is an exceptional case, other great blocks of flats are proportionately valuable. Certain public buildings, like the government ones in Whitehall, have a high value when a round comes into the market.

It must always be recollected that, although most of the purveyors buy daily in one great central market, yet are the varieties and qualities of meat they acquire almost as much diversified as in the case of meat for human beings, and the West End cats' meat provider obtains prices that would be absolutely impossible even in genteel villadom. But, in regard to the latter class, there is a Dulwich cats' meat man who is a property-owner on a very extensive scale; and another South London dealer, who still does his own buying and delivering, has given a university education to certain of his sons, one of whom is a clergyman.

Those of the public who may imagine that there is no room for initiative and ingenuity in the cats' meat trade are vastly mistaken. In Kensington an enterprising young fellow is said to be making a fortune through the happy idea of supplying, on request, fish instead of meat for the cats on his round. The pets of the prosperous can obtain meat at almost any time, and they will not look, for the most part, at the wares of the cats' meat man. But no cat can resist a tasty bit of fish, be it offered when it may, and a huge success is the result of the innovation. Again, there are certain purveyors who take trouble to obtain a close knowledge of every single animal on their rounds and its little peculiarities. This knowledge once gained, the cats' meat man buys and cuts his portions accordingly, taking care that each cat gets its favorite bit. All chance of rivalry is removed at once by this means, for a cat will not for weeks, unless driven by desperate hunger, touch the strange cuts of a new purveyor.

## HER IDEA OF AN ELEPHANT.

To qualify as a teacher of the blind years of training are required. Both teachers and pupils talk of "seeing" things. An intelligent blind person can go about using the eyes and descriptive powers of one trained to the work, and construct perfect mental pictures of what the one with the great gift of sight sees; but if the one that the blind person accompanies be not skilled at the work the blind person will build laughably crude mental pictures. With an untrained escort a little blind girl went to "see" a circus. Among the other things on exhibition was an elephant which the attendant described to the blind child as a monstrous beast, far bigger than a horse. In fact, the biggest of all the animal creations, and the only animal in the world that has a trunk. When the blind child returned to her home and told her mother what she had "seen," she described the elephant as about ten or fifteen feet high, with a tail three yards long, sixteen legs, eight on each side, and each leg as big around as a sugar barrel. She capped the climax by telling about the animal's trunk which she conceived to be a literal "Saratoga" trunk, or bigger even than that, and which she located on top of the animal's back.

## LAY SERMONS.

DO WE realize as we should the infinite nearness of God's presence? There are no more comforting words that come ringing down the ages than the tender words of our Savior's, "Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world." That does not mean a God afar off. It does not mean spiritual loneliness for the believer, but an ever-present Christ, a brooding tenderness and companionship of the Overheart to fill our lives with gladness and with love.

This is one of the great charms of a life that is in Christ; it has always the sense of a protecting presence of Infinite love and care, of moving on with Christ to that better life where we shall see Him as He is and rejoice forever in His visible presence.

But here, in this earth life, the earnest Christian has an abiding sense of the nearness of the Savior. There are no solitary places where he has to walk alone. No Sloughs of Despond that faith cannot bridge for him. No Hill Difficulty that he may not climb, and no Valley of the Shadow of Death that shall not be brightened by the angels of Love and Mercy.

Christianity is not a mere theory, but a living, a glorious reality to glorify life and to uplift humanity. It is that which keeps alive the divine spark in the soul and makes man great and enduring. It is the unfolding of man's better nature; it is the forgetting of self as the supreme object of affection. To die for the love of Christ is not hard, for this love is all compelling, and it takes the whole world into its embrace.

But how shall I become a Christian? you ask. My heart is hard and unfeeling, and I don't have the sense of sorrow for sin, and I don't believe that I shall ever be any better than I am now.

Ah, my friend, it is just here where the trouble is. It is the sin of unbelief that keeps you from Him. You do not take Him at His word when He says, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white than snow," but you say, "I must try and make myself a little better before I go; I must get into a different frame of mind before I ask Him to receive me." And all the while He is saying "Come."

"The Spirit and the Bride say 'Come,' and let him that heareth say 'Come,' and whomsoever will let him come and take of the waters of life freely."

That is all you have to do, a weary and heavy laden sinner. Listen to the voice of our Redeemer and trust His willingness and power to save. Like the returning prodigal, let the language of your heart in every hour: "I will arise and go unto my Father."

## MISTAKES OF AUTHORS.

### SOME OF THE MANY AMUSING SLIPS THAT HAVE BEEN MADE IN FAMOUS NOVELS.

[Tit-Bits:] When Anthony Trollope pictured Walter Scott as "coming whistling up the street with a cigar in his mouth," he not only proved that he had never made a personal experiment of the double feat of smoking a cigar and whistling a tune, but he was unconsciously following in the steps of still greater writers who make their heroes do amazing and impossible things.

Those who remember their Robinson Crusoe may recall a most wonderful feat of this hero of childhood. When he decided to abandon the wreck and try to reach ashore he took the precaution to remove all his clothes and yet by some strange magic, of which the secret has been lost, the author makes him, when in this condition of nature, fill his pockets with biscuits.

The great Shakespeare himself had a peculiar habit for making the impossible happen in his plays. One of the most remarkable of these feats occurs in the fifth act of "Othello," when Desdemona, after she has been duly smothered by the Moor, comes to life again, enters into conversation quite rationally, even telling a generous falsehood to shield him from the consequences of his crime, before she decides to die. The probability of a person recovering consciousness and speech after being smothered, and of dying after performing such a feat, scarcely needs pointing out.

Shakespeare, too, had a trick of introducing the most glaring anachronisms—so glaring, in fact, that there is more than a suspicion that they must have been introduced consciously for some unknown reason.

For instance, he makes a clock strike in ancient Rome at a time, more than a thousand years before clocks were invented, when such an event would certainly have been the eighth wonder of the world.

Quite regardless of the evidence of geography, he transports Bohemia to the seaside; and he introduces printing press long before the days of Guttenberg. He calmly introduces a billiard table into Cleopatra's palace and makes cannon familiar to King John and his barons.

Thackeray was no mean rival to Shakespeare. His vagaries of this kind; but in his case they appear to have been the result of pure carelessness and forgetfulness. The most flagrant case, perhaps, is where, after burying Lady Kew and effectively dismissing her from the story, he brings her to life again to help him with his plot; and in other cases his capacity for getting up the names of his characters is as confusing as it is wonderful.

Emile Zola, in spite of his carefulness, makes the astonishing statement in one of his novels ("Lourdes") that the deaf and dumb recovered their hearing and sight, an event which savors very much of the miraculous.

The moon has innocently been the cause of much blundering on the part of authors. Wilkie Collins, in a mysterious fashion, made it rise on one important occasion in the west; Rider Haggard in "King Solomon's Mines" contrives an eclipse of the new moon for the benefit of his readers, and Coleridge ingeniously places a star between the horns of the crescent moon as it rises in the east.

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# THE SEA LION.

## IN DANGER OF EXTERMINATION ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

*By a Special Contributor.*

WHETHER or not a determined effort shall be made to exterminate the sea lions along the entire Pacific Coast is a question which is just now being argued with the utmost vigor. The fishermen declare that the sea lions must go, and contend that otherwise the fishing industry will ere long be virtually ruined. On the other hand, many scientists, naturalists and others—some of them occupying prominent positions in the governmental service—declare emphatically that the sea lion is not guilty of the crime of fish destruction charged against him, and have appealed to Secretary Gage of the Treasury Department to stop the wholesale destruction of these animals, which have long been prized by lovers of nature as one of the great attractions of the coast, and which constitute one of the most interesting families in the animal kingdom.

The controversy regarding the sea lions has been in progress for a good many years, but it is only lately extermination are among the most interesting representatives of brute creation to be found on the continent. Their natural home is along the entire west coast of North America, from Alaska to the southern limit of floating ice. There are in reality two species of sea lions, the lions of the California coast, which have of late years attracted so much attention, being somewhat smaller than the species found in more northerly waters. Many of these sea dwellers, particularly of the larger species, are really leonine in appearance, and their majestic bearing is enhanced by their ferocity of appearance, the bulldog muzzle and the hard brightness of the vicious little eyes. A well-grown bull will weigh 1000 pounds. The sea lion has flippers, but he cannot begin to make as good use of them as does the fur seal. Where the latter can crawl five or six miles in twenty-four hours, the sea lion will progress barely two miles in that length of time.

The sea lions have harems, but they are not nearly so jealous as the fur seals. They are shy and wary in the extreme, and on the approach of a man stampede into the water. The bulls fight most ferociously among themselves and turn off from the breeding ground all save the largest and strongest animals. The cow sea lion is about one-half the size of the male, measuring, in the case of the larger species, eight or nine feet in length and weighing upwards of half a thousand pounds. The baby sea lions are about two feet in length and weigh perhaps twenty pounds.

FULL-GROWN CALIFORNIA SEA LIONS.

Of late it has assumed so virulent a form. Lately the fishermen of the North Pacific coast have joined their San Francisco brethren in a movement for the destruction of the sea lions, on the ground that the animals were making unpardonable inroads upon the salmon in the vicinity of the Oregon and Washington coast. At the last session of the Oregon legislature a bill was passed offering a bounty of $2.50 for each sea lion killed in the waters of the State within a league of shore, but the appropriation is not yet available, and in the meantime the fishermen have raised a fund by private subscription and have engaged men to shoot the sea lions at their landing grounds.

The California State Board of Fish Commissioners has taken steps in the past two years to kill off a large number of the sea lions on the California coast, and many have been slaughtered. In a letter to the President at Washington Alexander T. Vogelsang, the president of the California board, has explained that it is not the intention of the board to exterminate the sea lion, but merely to kill about ten thousand of the thirty thousand which he claims now infest the coast. The friends of the sea lion, on the other hand, assert that the number of animals has been greatly exaggerated, and that long before the authorities of this State have killed the contemplated ten thousand there will not be a living sea lion remaining on the entire coast.

One of the keenest men who are making a spirited defense of the sea lions is Dr. C. Hart Merriam of the Department of Agriculture. The stand which Dr. Merriam has taken is particularly significant, since he is at present through the Biological Survey in the most elaborate study of animal foods ever made, and is therefore entitled to deny authoritatively the popular impression that sea lions live exclusively on fish. The contentions of Dr. Merriam are supported by the testimony of Prof. L. L. Dyche of the University of Kansas, who visited the California coast and cut open and examined the stomachs of twenty-five sea lions which had been slaughtered in the interests of fishermen. In not one was there found so much as a trace of fish. On one occasion eight sea lions which had been shot, because, according to assertions, they were caught in the act of feeding on salmon, were cut open in the presence of the fishermen and not a fish scale or bone was detected.

The assertions of the fishermen remain unshaken, however, by the testimony presented at Washington on behalf of the sea lions. They claim that hundreds of thousands of salmon are killed each year by the lions, and assert that the animals have virtually convicted themselves by their practice of taking one bite from the choicest part of a salmon, leaving the remainder of the fish to float ashore. The fishermen are rendered still more bitter and determined in their warfare by the immense amount of fishing gear destroyed every year by the sea lions. The large males play havoc with the extensive gill and trap nets, literally tearing them into shreds.

The sea lions now seriously threatened with speedy extermination are among the most interesting representatives of brute creation to be found on the continent. Their natural home is along the entire west coast of North America, from Alaska to the southern limit of floating ice. There are in reality two species of sea lions, the lions of the California coast, which have of late years attracted so much attention, being somewhat smaller than the species found in more northerly waters. Many of these sea dwellers, particularly of the larger species, are really leonine in appearance, and their majestic bearing is enhanced by their ferocity of appearance, the bulldog muzzle and the hard brightness of the vicious little eyes. A well-grown bull will weigh 1000 pounds. The sea lion has flippers, but he cannot begin to make as good use of them as does the fur seal. Where the latter can crawl five or six miles in twenty-four hours, the sea lion will progress barely two miles in that length of time.

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Almost all the hunting of the sea lion is done at long range with guns and is about as sportsmanlike as shooting the family cow would be. But occasionally an expedition goes forth to capture some of the animals for exhibition purposes, or to sell to some seaside hotel, where the animals are wanted as the main attraction in an artificial lake. Then there is sport. The hunters usually wear bathing suits and go unshod or with rubber soled shoes, as the clatter of roles would alarm the prey. Then they either make a wide approach by water, keeping behind the shelter of an adjacent point, or contrive to lower themselves down the cliffs, at the base of which the quarry is sunning itself. If they can get half as near to the lion as the lion is to the water, unobserved, the rest is easy. They fall upon the creature with rope, tie him up and carry him in triumph. But if the capture is made at the water's edge there is likely to be trouble. Even a half-grown sea lion—and the hunters know better than to tackle an adult bull, who would probably drag them into the sea and drown them—is a hard fighter, and a particularly slippery customer. He writhes, does flip-flops, strikes out with his fins, flaps his powerful propeller, and tries to bite, but all the while he is edging nearer the water. The aim of the hunter is to get the rope around his body; but, though they throw themselves upon him, full length, a good grip is seldom gained, and still less often maintained, on that slimy body. Knees and elbows are gashed and skinned against the sharp rocks; bodies are bruised from the animal's blows, and, it may be, there are tooth marks to show. This way and that rages the battle, the lion roaring like a mad menagerie all the time. Finally one of two things happens, the men get their opponent well enmeshed in the rope or he gets them into the water. If the former happens, the sea lion is lugged off, still roaring; if the latter, he shakes his oppressors off, dives and is next seen wearing a sardonic smile several hundred yards out at sea.

It is comparatively easy to distinguish the California sea lions from the species found farther north, for the reason that the northern animal never barks or howls, as does the California lion. The Alaskan sea lions, of both sexes and of all ages, have a deep, base growl and prolonged, steady roar, while those off the coast of this State break out repeatedly with barks or howls, and never give a call that could be mistaken for the roar of one of their northern brethren. The old males often roar so loudly as to completely drown the sound of the surf, and the sounds given forth by the pups might well be compared to the barking of dogs.

The California lions are very timid and fearful of human beings. At the approach of a man they will roll or tumble into the sea, or, if necessary, even make frightful leaps from high precipices. On one occasion a party of hunters at the Santa Barbara Islands drove twenty sea lions from the brink of a precipitous cliff, and when they went to the rocks, which shelved from the beach sixty feet below, expecting to find all the lions mutilated or killed outright, they were astonished to see the last of the animals crawling off into the water.

In the interval from May to August males and females along the entire coast combine their efforts to exercise a close guard over the pups, meanwhile teaching the youngsters how to move over the broken, slimy, rock-bound shore. The pups are at first averse to the water, but after a few plunges become most active and playful in it, and take keen delight in diving and gamboling in the surf.

There is little royalty or self-sacrifice in the sea lion's make-up. The females do show some affection for the young, but if alarmed on land the cows will instantly abandon their babies and take to the water. The cubs are fractious and savage, and the males begin early training for the great battles which will come later, when they seek to secure harems in the 'colony." The battles of the old males for the control of the harems have, in so far as endurance and determination is concerned, few counterparts in the animal world. Frequently the fights will last for days, the bulls desisting now and then from sheer exhaustion, only to renew the struggle as soon as they have recovered somewhat. The defeated animals slink off to some secluded spot, as though disgraced forever.

At the close of the season, which lasts but three months in California, the great herds of males return to the sea and roam in all directions in search of food. Sea gulls constitute one of the delicacies of which the sea lions are very fond, and the cunning and ingenuity displayed by the lions in capturing the birds is little short of marvelous. The animals, after sighting a gull, will dive deeply for some distance under water. Rising slowly, the lion exposes the tip of his nose and gives the water a rotary motion, as might be imparted by a fish at play. The gull, seeing this, alights to capture the supposed morsel, when the sea lion, at a bound, seizes the bird in its extended jaws and instantly devours it.

A factor which makes the present crusade against the sea lions quite expensive is found in the circumstance that there is little profit in killing the animals. They take to the water immediately upon being shot, and thus many of the carcasses are lost altogether, whereas three or four sea lions are required to produce a barrel of oil. The only market for the skins is at the glue factories. The national government has been drawn into the present controversy in a double sense, for the reason that fishermen who are conducting the warfare are indignant because the government lighthouse reservations have not been thrown open to the slaughter. Seal Rock lighthouse, near the mouth of the Columbia River, is one of the greatest places of rendezvous for sea lions, and thousands of them gather there during the breeding season. If the hunters can secure permission to engage in an onslaught at this point the massacre will reach far greater proportions than it has yet attained.

SEA LIONS RUSHING INTO THE SEA.

The Denver weather clerk has a scheme for making artificial glaciers for irrigation purposes. While they are about it a few for climatic refrigeration would be handy to have in the house.—[Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

It is a good year to study the result in irrigated crops. A statement of exact facts is what will count in presenting the subject for popular consideration.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

# THE CITY OF AMOY.

## ITS INHABITANTS, CAUCASIAN AND ORIENTAL, AND THEIR CUSTOMS.

*From a Special Correspondent.*

AMOY (China) June, 1901.—There is much comfort in traveling in China to the man who does not hurry, for the steamers—travel being of necessity mostly on the water—are well fitted up, and the hotels in the coast cities equipped with modern conveniences. If one is hard put for time he sees little of the real China, for means of getting quickly from place to place do not exist, and the time one could devote in Europe or America to intelligent observation would be given here to supplying deficiencies in transportation. No quick excursions are ever advertised, and no Chinaman in his own country ever heard of a personally-conducted tour. One needs to be a bit of a philosopher to get about in any part of the Far East without bumping considerably.

And what is the Far East? It isn't progressive, forceful, battle-sniffing Japan. It can hardly be compared with the Philippines, with their hundred thousand American residents. Hongkong and Shanghai are as west as San Francisco or St. Petersburg. Amoy is out of it, for the Chinese women ride bicycles here; the men race horses, and there is a personal column on the front page of the daily newspaper. This is all the Near East, in so far as the word means active and enlivening contact with the rest of the world. The white man has jumbled geography a good deal lately, and the far country is no longer near this coast. Perhaps it is in Thibet.

### In the Tea Country.

Amoy is in the land of tea and fruit and flowers. This sounds pleasant, and it is pleasant, but the city itself is commonplace. A visitor's chief interest concerns the methods adopted by the white residents to pass the time, for after a day or two here, one notes sharply that time does pass. There are quite a number of Caucasian residents, and they live pretty much as the whites live everywhere in China. They have a club and a hotel. Twice a year there are racing meets, which attract ponies from all the cities in the circuit. Most of the men own yachts—centerboard sloops in the main—and these meet in occasional matches. There is a cricket field, too, and a progressive Englishman is laying out a golf course, the links crossing an ancient cemetery site.

But about the only thing in Amoy that would interest the American reader very much is the fact that the flag of his country flies over the best building in the city. The consulate is a very pleasant place, big and cool, and one can see the Stars and Stripes waving over it as the steamer comes to anchor in the bay. The Consul sends some few emigrants and a great deal of tea to the United States, and receives in return a great variety of manufactured goods. Amoy is a good customer of Uncle Sam. Vast quantities of fruit from here are shipped to all the near-by ports, and its price is so low that one cannot express it well in figures.

Last Sunday morning we sent our room boy out of the hotel for oranges.

"Get half a dollar's worth," said the colonel, giving the boy an American 50-cent piece.

He brought back the first installment of the order in fifteen minutes, and then kept bringing in wicker-wrapped bundles until our room looked like a fruit shop. As he started out on the sixth or seventh trip, the colonel said:

"Are there more?"

"Ver' plenty."

"Don't bring 'em"

So we never learned just how many oranges 50 cents would buy, but it must be somewhere near a carload. Yet with all the cheapness of its fruit Amoy will never be able to compete with Southern California, whose single orange is worth a box of this variety.

### Heavy Drinking in the Orient.

It is a little unfair to say this under an Amoy date line, but I am reminded just here that this great East—Near or Far—is the land of the hardest, tallest and stiffest drinking in the world. The statement is not made recklessly, but is the result of some months' of observation and of reckoning on a basis of real facts. The white resident in the Orient, from Port Said to Colombo, from Colombo to Singapore and from Singapore to Yokahama, is a hard and steady drinker. He consumes more firewater in one year than the average man in any other country. Whether this is the result of the heat of the tropics or is inspired by the lonesomeness of his life may be a matter of dispute, but the bald statement itself is susceptible of proof.

Your Englishman drinks Scotch whisky and a glass of club soda whenever he is thirsty, and he is often a-thirst. The American usually has red liquors at his home, but he, too, takes Scotch at the club and in the café of the hotel. The day's work here means the taking of many drinks, for when two or three whites foregather, one is certain to lead the way to the nearest bottle. It is produced at every house you visit. The business man has a small refrigerator and bar boy in his office. But, remarkable as it may seem, intoxication is rare. Here is a truthful story which may throw a little light on a very interesting subject:

### A Guest from Hongkong.

The colonel tells the story—told it to me at the Intramuras Palace in Manila, one morning, for the first time. It is enough of him to say that he commands a regiment of cavalry and was born in Missouri, for there are still some living who have tried to put a Missourian chivalryman under the table.

"I am not well this morning, young man. The gentleman who called for me yesterday is Mr. Brownwood of Hongkong, and because he showed me some courtesies when I was over there last spring, I felt that I should do the right thing by him here. He is English and has been in Hongkong for thirty years, but I did not stop to think of that when I set out to show him the little we have here to show. We had a few drinks in Peabody's office, and then we drove about the town, stopping a time or two. We went to the Oriente and there we stayed so long that I began to get a bit nervous about Brownwood, but he showed up like a new pin when we walked back to the carriage.

"We took in the Luneta,, and dropped in at Hamilton's. 'Where the deuce does he put it?' I wondered, but I said nothing. Then we went to the Army and Navy Club, and—and there they came pretty frequent. I was just saying to myself that I'd have to carry the little man home with me, when he said he wanted to play billiards. We accommodated him, but I retired after thirteen games, and Brownwood wore out three husky young officers from a volunteer regiment. I kind of dozed off, but they shook me up when the drinks came, and you bet I didn't slumber much. Finally we had cocktails, and then a dinner with twenty-two courses of wine. I guess it was a good dinner. I remember Brownwood's making a speech, and when I woke up I was in my room in the hotel. A racket in the hall had aroused me, and I heard that Englishman's voice. He was kicking because the bar had closed."

### Hotels and Their Service.

Most of the hotels along the Chinese coast are patterned after the modern European hostelry, and, although owned in most cases by Chinese corporations, have an English manager and matron. The hotel here is a good one, and from Hing Kee's on the Praya Grande in Macao to the handsome Astor House in Shanghai, all are comfortable stopping places, with excellent cooking, portable bathtubs, slow service, and a free-and-easy way about them that delights the leisurely traveler and maddens the man who is in a hurry. The hotel bar-room is a gathering place for everybody save the private British soldier—Tommy Atkins having resorts of his own—and each hotel is well-furnished in the matter of pool and billiard tables.

### A Special Service Required.

We have said that the hotel service here is execrably slow, and it may be well, if the reader will forgive another story in point, to illustrate it. The man concerned is Dr. Edward Bedloe of Philadelphia, who has been the United States Consul both at Canton and Amoy. He was a guest at the Hongkong Hotel one winter, and occupied a room on the seventh floor, but just over the wide rotunda in which the office is situated. A court takes up the center of the hotel, and there is nothing between the marble-tiled floor of the rotunda and the roof save air. The floors are simply railed about the openings, and a man on any floor can stare down on the tiles and the people standing about the office. This much description of the place is necessary to the tale.

The doctor was entertaining guests in his room, and several times he pushed the electric button set in the wall without any sort of response. He had suffered a similar experience before, and felt annoyed, but did not show it at all. Excusing himself to his friends for a few minutes, he put on his tall hat, went down to the office, and said placidly to the youthful English clerk:

"I am in room so-and-so, just where you see that opening above you on the seventh floor."

"Yes sir, doctor, I know it. Very pleasant room."

"It's all right. Now Mr.—I forget your name?"

"Haney, sir."

"Now Mr. Haney, we'll arrange it this way, so that I won't have to come down often. If I throw over a chair it'll smash right here, and that'll mean I just want a boy. Two chairs will mean a waiter, and the washstand is to indicate ice water. If the coal scuttle comes it will tell you I need a fire, and when the bed——"

"Doctor, I beg your pardon, but——"

"The bed will indicate that I'm about to leave and need my bill and a porter to take out my trunk. Should any——"

"Really you mustn't——"

"Should anything really serious happen I'll heave over the piano, and then it'll be up to you to get the police and turn in a fire alarm. Is it all plain?"

The clerk leaned against his desk and looked feebly at the bland and genial doctor.

"We can't hear of such things," he said, feebly, too. "What is the matter with the bell?"

"Really I don't know. If I thought you expected your guests to find that out, I would have brought tools. As it is——"

"Tell me, doctor, don't it work?"

"No," said the doctor, solemnly.

The clerk straightened up and reached for his handkerchief.

"I'll see to it at once," he said, brokenly.

And the genial Clover Club man went back to his room and to a brand new experience in Chinese hotel life—the prompt attendance of his room boy.

### Life at the Consulates.

At all the coast cities in China the entire world is represented in consulates, and these are usually grouped together. The Consul with a family has something to occupy his time besides his official duties, but they are lonesome posts for bachelors. There is much social intercourse, naturally, but what really keeps a Consul alive is the hour or so a day he spends in a judicial capacity. Take this away from him and he would return to his shop, or his office, or his newspaper, or his factory back home. As a judge he catches glimpses of the real and strenuous life of the world, and it revitalizes him from day to day. I wish I could picture the court scene—the wide, open room, with its waving punkahs, the native clerks and interpreters, the Consul in pure white back of his big desk, and the familiar faces hung on the walls amid most unfamiliar pictures.

The first case is a charge of desertion preferred against a husky-voiced sailor by the captain of a brig from Maine. He signed for six months, left the ship and was found drunk in a Chinese drink-shop. He had no defense, but says he only remembers taking the first drink. This is not material, and he suffers a setback of $15. Another sailor is accused of mate with a tin of tomatoes. Much wrangling testimony is given concerning the tomatoes, which all agree were fat, and A. B. is discharged. A Chinaman is next in court, charged with petty larceny and claiming American citizenship. He talks at great length, papers, and is remanded until they come. sailors line up, and there is much testimony made merry, the night before, and did not rickshaw boys when it was over. Their and they are held until the captain of their Then appears a delegation of able seamen of the food served on the barkentine Seattle, and later—but so it goes, morning ing, for an hour or more every day.

### Travel in the Interior.

The Consul, too, has a stable of ponies, regular race meetings there is something of national struggle for honors, albeit the selves are native-born. Throughout the year races are held—those curious Indian contests man wheels for a hundred yards on a bicycle, boil and eat an egg, pulls a lady in a rickshaw quarter of a mile, changes his clothes, and horseback, carrying a parasol. The late Wildman, United States Consul at Hongkong, drowned in the wreck of the steamer Rio San Francisco Harbor, had a string of excellent among them "Thistle," the winner of the Colonial in '99. A big box of trophies were among his here, and have been sent to his brother.

But when a Consul—or any other white resident—time hanging with unendurable weight in a he does not seek solace at home. He plans a the interior, equips himself with the comforts and disappears for a time from this skirt of tion. These brief journeys into the Chinese do not involve hardship, for almost anything packed along, and were it not for the interest present peering Celestial eye, they would be pleasant. But a Chinaman within the walls of interior municipality regards a white visitor what can only be described as hostile curiosity carries it so far that one would almost prefer to intrenched behind his big-bore rifle.

### Mandarin Hospitality.

When one strikes inland, his first hundred least, is by boat—up the Canton or the Yang-tse and he so arranges his schedule that he sleeps the vessel as many nights as he can. The best fact, floating hotels, equipped for this purpose, fairly bulge with staterooms. But when he goes into the interior he has to seek lodgings in private dences, for a hotel then is a hotel for Chinamen place in which the beds are strips of matting, lows blocks of wood, and the partitions only tive screens. And the food, were he to eat bring his trip to an immediate conclusion, him to the coast on the back of a camel. The hotels have most extravagant names, and I read of one: "The Place of All Delight, Silence, Sweet Things." We went by this resort, and he said later that the title contained 436 lines, a hasty calculation.

The traveler, owing to this state of affairs, stops over night at a mission, but it is no rare him to be hospitably received and most royally tained by some local mandarin. If he is known he is pretty sure of an invitation of some sort, it be only to a minor function, he will do well cept. For the Chinese mandarin is a splendid is even an extravagant one. It is not his habit a friend or a stranger within his gates and, with on the back, insist on taking him home to dinner on the other hand, does he ever give house party strikes a sort of happy medium, fixing the date little affair some way off, and then arranging for an elaborateness of detail that leaves nothing wished for when the day comes.

### A Rich Chinaman's Home.

Dinner-giving is a popular feature of society China, but one cannot write intelligently on the except in so far as the entertainment of the concerned, for a Chinaman's dinner to his own men is an affair to be guessed at. His European American guest is received politely by the host neither upon his arrival nor afterward is any of the female household presented. It is seldom that even a glimpse is caught of a woman, but times a mandarin host will introduce what he knows as his No. 1 wife. The others are of her, and she is the head of the domestic establishment. Almost always she is a "small-foot" woman of cratic birth. The feet of the concubines do not

The guest finds a reception room that is so cool and handsome that he seems to have stepped another world from the noisy, narrow, jostling through which he came. The floor is of highly hardwood, and the chairs are arranged in two lines along the sides. At dinner he occupies the table, and dishes are brought to him in confusion of courses that he exhausts his appetite fore the menu is exhausted. He does not get soup or sharks' fins, or any other sort of Chinese delicacy, either, for the dinner has been especially for him. The fish is delicious, the young duck livers just to his taste, the bread a dish to dream about, and the white crab meat in old sherry, will linger in his memory when important incidents of his journey are forgotten. he has a taste in wines and liquors, he will be to linger long at the table with his smiling able host.

### Much to See and to Learn.

One must admit, though, that all Chinese too much alike to sustain interest in prolonged There is much to see and much to learn, but when a place as Canton or Hankow has been visited leisurely tourist, he encounters a sameness places, thereafter, that takes the edge off. This ticularly true of one who makes observations may write afterward. For each Chinese city temples, and its pagodas, and its courts, and its business center, and the simple truth is that as much alike as the Chinamen themselves. will come when, into this great human dough

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STUDIO 320½ S. SPRING

Any $2.50 man's hat in our stock for 49c
Any $1.48 man's hat in our stock for 74c
Any $2.00 man's hat in our stock for $1.00
Any $2.50 man's hat in our stock for $1.25
...ground bottom, trimmed with white braid, extra full; great value at $3.00; Blue Pencil Price, each $1.98.
$2.39 for Linen Crash Skirts worth $3.50
Extra fine linen crash, made with three deep graduated

from the native heaven of modern thought, science, communication, invention and freedom of thought, speech and religion.

And of native power. From the lithe rickshaw boy to the ugly-tempered dromedary, China is in a bad way as regards transportation. That railroads will stretch their glistening lengths throughout all the broad empire some day is tolerably certain, but it must be remembered that they not only have yet to be constructed, but that the Chinese have yet to be taught to use them. To attempt to build them now would be to create a war. Twenty years hence they might only provoke provincial outbreaks, and later nothing more serious than an occasional riot. Then the day will come when John will slouch aboard, throw his valise into the rack, hand out his ticket to be punched, and kick because the train was seven minutes late.

### The Imperial Custom Servic

Perhaps the system of collecting customs in China, which was invented and put in force by Sir Robert Hart, is doing more than any other one thing to show the people what they are losing by lack of quick communication. Goods are brought from San Francisco and New York and London in quicker time than they can be distributed within a radius of land territory ridiculously small in comparison. China can export perishable goods, but she cannot import them. Sir Robert has fringed the empire with his customhouses, and he watches every part of it with an eagle eye that has not added to his personal popularity, but has showed the Chinese an example of rigid, intelligent, comprehensive business methods. Those near the fringe have begun to profit by it.

The collection of customs is entirely in white hands, and Sir Robert Hart has surrounded himself with excellent assistants—to which fact a large measure of his success is due. The men in charge at the various ports receive salaries of from $7500 to $15,000—Mexican currency—a year, and promotion is made on merit alone. Most of the officials are Englishmen, but there are some Americans. Francis A. Carl of Memphis, Tenn., is the collector at Mukden, and two California young men hold subordinate places at Canton. But this bright example of commercial enterprise shows only on the coast, and not a ray from it penetrates the interior.

Nothing seems to do that save a proclamation from the Empress Dowager touching the missionary question.

# MEXICAN LOST MINES.

## RICH ORES AND PURE METALS HIDDEN IN EARLIER DAYS.

*From a Special Correspondent.*

IF ALL the lost gold and silver mines Mexico possesses, or is said to possess, were suddenly put in operation, the rest of the mining world would have to quit business or there would be such a slump in the price of the precious metals that the money market would be completely upset. For there is hardly a district in the Republic that does not have its legendary mine of fabulous value. Many of these, too, really exist. They are entered on the old government records with the amount of taxes—and in most cases these were huge sums—that they formerly paid. Now they are lost. They are not worked out; in fact, probably not one-tenth of their real value was known to their old owners, for when they were operated it was in such a crude way that only a small per cent. of the value of the ore was gained. But they have been deliberately concealed, and all records of them destroyed, or so hidden that they are now as thoroughly lost as if they had never been discovered.

It was the unhappy fate which made Mexico the scene of almost continual wars for nearly three centuries that has caused this hiding and loss of mines. When Cortes and his knights came for the source of the great quantities of gold and silver which the natives had. These natives, and their conqueror, hid their mines and did what they could to prevent his finding them. Usually their efforts were fruitless, but now and then they succeeded, and these old mines are on the list of the lost ones.

Later on, it was the Spaniards themselves who were forced to hide their mines. But they left records of their property, for all of it had to pay tithes to the king and to the church, and though the knowledge of the exact location of the mines is gone the proof of their existence is there. From those old days down to seventy-five years ago mines were opened and developed only to be carefully concealed and deserted when one of the numerous wars of war swept across the country. How many of these are really lost and would be worth working now, it is impossible to tell. But that there are hundreds of them is rendered certain by the Spanish government and church records.

That such great wealth should be lost seems almost impossible, yet the case of La Naranjal mine proves that it is true. La Naranjal was one of the grop of six mines not far from the city of Mazatlan. The other mines were of small value compared with the great one. They were, in fact, shafts sunk in prospecting, before the rich lode of rich ore was found. Yet they were worth working in the old days when only very rich ore could be successfully handled.

Only eighty years ago, La Naranjal was making its owner rich. Then came the disorders of the uprising against Spanish rule. Nowhere was property safe. If the revolutionists did not seize it to provide funds for carrying on the war, the Spanish would confiscate it to themselves. So La Naranjal and its smaller sister mines were shut down. In the main shaft of La Naranjal were placed more than $6,000,000 in gold and silver bullion, which had been prepared for shipment to the city of the mines because of the fighting bands that filled the country. With the bullion were hidden many of the treasures of the cathedral at Mazatlan. Then the shaft was partially filled up and the entrance carefully covered and hidden. All the buildings near the mine were burned or destroyed, and even the grove of orange trees (naranjas) near the shaft, from which the mine took its name, was uprooted, so that nothing should be left to disclose the location of the treasure.

Long before the war was over, those who could have found the mine were dead, and only the story of its fabulous value, corroborated by the records at Mazatlan, were left. Until ten years ago, bandits infested that part of the country and but few desultory attempts were made to find the mine. Recently, however, these have become more systematic. A company of Americans has worked for three years and has spent thousands of dollars in the search. From scattered documents they have succeeded in locating four of the five smaller mines. These they are now working at a profit. But so far, La Naranjal has escaped them. They believe it is located within a circle three leagues in diameter, which they have marked out. But where in that circle they do not know.

Last summer they thought they were surely about to succeed in their long quest. For some time they had been publishing in El Correo de la Tarde of Mazatlan, an advertisement offering a reward of $1,000,000 for information which should enable them to discover the mine. In October an Indian walked into the newspaper office. He brought with him a piece of silver bullion and some rotted but richly embroidered church vestments. He said that he had been driving a burro train across the mountains, in which the mine is known to be, when one of the burros stumbled and fell, the ground caving away beneath it. The Indian examined the hole and crawled in some distance. He found timbers and other evidence which made him sure it was the shaft of the lost mine. After some search he picked up the piece of bullion and the bit of cloth. Then he carefully covered up the hole and hurried to Mazatlan to claim the reward.

When his story was told, a party led by the Americans was made up and started for the spot, which the Indian promised to show them. On the second day out from Mazatlan, the Indian, who was riding alone in advance of the others, was shot from ambush. The assassin was never discovered, and the motive for the crime is unknown.

The treasure seekers hoped to be able to locate the mine from the description of the country the Indian had given. So they went on, and for two months remained in the mountains, carrying on their search. But it was fruitless, and La Naranjal is still numbered among the lost mines.

Another of these lost mines exists in the Guadalupe y Calve district near Parral. It is believed that the vein from which its wealth was taken has just been rediscovered, through the old shaft in which the work was done has never been found. This mine, too, has its tragedy. Its early history is like that of most others. Developed and worked for some time it was finally hidden during war times. Then came peace and the continued search for it. In 1884 an Indian girl found this one. She was foolish enough to tell the other Indians of her discovery. They at once wanted to be shown the shaft. The girl would not disclose it. The discovery, she said, was hers and no one should know of it until the lover, to whom she was soon to be married, should return. She would tell him the secret and he could do as he pleased. This did not satisfy the Indians. They wanted information at once and started for the mountains, taking the girl with them. She was steadfast and would tell them nothing. Then they led her to the edge of a precipice and said, if she did not disclose her secret, they would throw her to the bottom of the cañon. She persisted in her silence, and they carried out their threat. When her betrothed returned, a lively neighborhood war was begun, which for some time interfered with prospecting. Finally the principals in it were killed off, and American miners began to go into the mountains. All of them had the lost mine in mind, though they did not limit themselves to a search for it. Not long ago two miners, Bowles and Ivery, who have many claims in that district, came into Parral bringing specimens which answer the description of the ore taken from the lost mine.

San Luis Potosi, too, has its lost mine. It was located not far from the city, and from the record of the taxes, must have been a wonderfully rich one. The ore from it was worked at a smelter in the city, and the bullion sent to Spain, being carried on trains of pack burros to Vera Cruz by way of the City of Mexico. With big escorts of armed men, this plan was successful for a time. But toward the end of the rule of the Spanish viceroys, even the soldiers could not always protect the treasure from the raids of bandits. So it was decided to close the mine for a time. The shaft was carefully concealed and all the chief landmarks obliterated. Then, with the last of the bullion, which was worth nearly a million dollars, the managers of the mine started for the City of Mexico.

But their plans had been discovered by the bandits and an ambush prepared for them. On the first day out from San Luis, the miners heard they were to be attacked. Determined to save the treasure if possible, they turned aside from the main trail and entered one of the cañoncitos of the mountains. There they buried the treasure, filling the empty sacks with rocks. They then tried to keep on over the mountains on the path they had chosen. But the bandits found them, and in the battle which followed got the better of the miners and their escort. When the robbers opened the treasure sacks and found that they were to get no booty, they promptly revenged themselves by murdering all the members of the party. With the death of these men was lost the secret of the location of the mine. About a year ago three Americans who thought they had a key to the situation went into the mountains, and spent three months and several thousand dollars looking for the mine and treasure. They did not find either.

The actions of an uneasy ghost, in the last few weeks, have called attention to still another lost mine. This one was near Montemorelos and was owned by an old Spaniard who had an extensive hacienda of which it formed a part. During the troublous days of a century ago, he closed the mine, buried much of his gold and valuables, and prepared to go to Spain and stay until better times came. Before he could start, bandits seized his son, a boy of fourteen, and demanded a ransom. The father refused to submit to the extortion, and led a band of his servants in a hunt for the robbers. Before he could find them, they sent to him the corpse of his boy whom they had murdered. The father continued his hunt for the bandits, caught them, tortured them with red-hot branding irons as they had tortured his son, and killed them. Then he returned home and buried the body of his child in the mouth of the mine where he had concealed his treasure, and started for Spain. What became of him is not known. The lost mine and treasure were half-forgotten, and the immense old hacienda passed into other hands and was cut up into several smaller estates.

A few weeks ago two men were driving along the road from La Virginia to La Carlota haciendas, a part of the old Spaniard's estate, when they were startled by the appearance of what seemed to be the ghost of a boy. It came toward them until the horse they were driving snorted in terror and ran away. A week later, two laborers employed on La Virginia were walking across a field, when the ghost appeared to them. They say it was surrounded by a phosphorescent halo and seemed to rise out of a hole in the ground. The men ran, but one of them tripped and fell. Before he could rise, he says, the ghost caught him and stood on his back its feet feeling like balls of fire. Strange as it may appear, two large red spots, which seemed to be almost blistered, were found on the man's back.

These stories thoroughly frightened the Indians, but they resulted in recalling the tale of the old Spaniard and of the son whose body had been buried over the hidden treasure in the mouth of the lost mine. So much credence is given to the stories that some men in Monterey, among them several Americans, began an investigation. The result of this is that they have made an offer to the owner of the place where the ghost is said to have appeared, to pay him a considerable sum of money for the right to search for the hidden treasure and the lost mine.

But a mine, the loss of which seems the most remarkable of all, though its value was not so great as that of many others, was the one belonging to the cathedral of Nuestra Senora de la Guadalupe in Ciudad Juarez. This old cathedral has undoubtedly been visited by more Americans than any other, for, standing on the frontier, just across the Rio Grande from El Paso, it is inspected by thousands of tourists who pass through El Paso every year and stop over to make a few hours' visit to Mexico.

In its old age this cathedral is poor and bare, but its records show that, until less than one hundred years ago, it owned and operated a silver mine. These records also show that the mine was on the "western slope of the mountain to the north," and that the works at the mouth of the shaft could be seen from the main door of the church, as well as from the priest's house adjoining. The "mountain to the north" is Mt. Franklin, at whose very foot El Paso is built. To search the west slope would be no great task, but no one has attempted it with any degree of thoroughness. The fact that the records of the church show that the ore of the mine was not a very high grade may account for the lack of systematic search for the lost property. But that it paid to work it one hundred years ago, when smelters were mere experiments and transportation was dangerous and expensive, would seem to indicate that the ore would still be a paying proposition. Not long ago a quarryman in blasting on the mountain, found traces of the workings of an old shaft. But he made no search for the mine. Neither have the priests, though if they could now stand in the doorway of the church and see a silver mine belonging to them, they would not have to dwell in the poverty which afflicts them.

F. F. THOMPSON.

City of Mexico.

## STICKING PINS.

### A FEMININE PRACTICE THAT HAS BEEN THE CAUSE OF MUCH TROUBLE.

[London Truth:] Woman's proneness to stick a pin wherever convenient has proved a serious matter to one steamship company. The line decided some time ago to place the most modern air-filled rubber mattresses in the berths of the best rooms on two of its biggest ships. Recently the stewards were kept busy at the completion of each trip with blowing up with air dozens of mattresses that had collapsed from some unknown cause. It took the officials of the line some hours to discover the cause of the failure of the mattresses to maintain their proper condition. Hat pins, breast pins, safety pins, stick pins, every known kind of pin had done the mischief.

"One advantage of these mattresses," said the manufacturer, "was that they were intended as life-preservers or small rafts should the emergency arise. Give me a decent-sized hat pin if you want to see me knock the ambition out of the average life-preserver that depends upon air. The woman tourists simply stabbed those mattresses to death."

The steamship company now has this notice attached to the door of every stateroom: "Please do not stick pins in the berth cushions and mattresses. Pins are injurious to them."

### DENMARK BEATS US AT BUTTER MAKING.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] The butter of Denmark is considered superior to that of all other countries. It brings the highest price in fancy markets, and can be found all over the world in shops where luxuries are sold. In South America, South Africa, in the East and West Indies, in India, Egypt and the tropical countries generally it is used by epicures, who pay $1 a pound for it in tins of one, two and three pounds' weight. No other country has been able to produce butter that will stand changes of climate so well. In Holland and Sweden attempts are made to compete with the Danish dairymen, but the butter from these countries is worth only half as much and does not keep half as well, while the efforts of dairymen in the United States have practically failed, with a few isolated exceptions.

Stickel
17—MEDALS—17

# NATURE'S MEDICINE.

## THE STORY OF A TRIP IN SEARCH OF HEALTH.

*By a Special Contributor.*

THAT fell destroyer grippe had laid us low, and when, after many weary days of racking pain, we were at length able to drag our listless bodies about the house, we determined to throw our drugs away and seek health from beneficent Nature. Our minds naturally reverted to a beautiful spot high up in the matchless Sierras, where once before we had sought that priceless boon and found it. Our objective point was Fresno, which we reached upon a perfect June day. For once the mercury was sufficiently accommodating to allow us to spend a few days in sightseeing and to make necessary arrangements for departure. Securing a stage, driver, and provisions, and with a well-filled hamper for the road, we left Fresno at 6 o'clock one morning, for our hundred-mile trip.

Was ever a day so perfect, or did ever birds sing so sweetly as on that June morning? Oleanders, deep pink oleanders, gave us a merry good morning as we sped past the well-kept lawns, while the graceful umbrella tree threw its grateful shade for the early pedestrian. And now we are out in the open, the homes grow farther and farther apart, the San Joaquin is left behind, and at last, when we are a good twenty-five miles upon our journey, we seek a shady spot to lunch and rest our tired horses. The two men of our party gather wood, and soon the aroma of coffee greets our nostrils, and we unpack our hamper and set up our folding table. Ham, delicious bread, pickles, cheese, and last but not least, strawberries, great, luscious red balls, such as are only found in Fresno. As I drew them forth from their leafy bed, I triumphantly exclaimed, "I told you so!"

There they were, sound and fresh as when we packed them in the morning. The other members of our party had scouted the idea of my carrying berries, declaring they would be reduced to a liquid state before we were well started, but I was insistent, and they yielded. After a rest of a couple of hours, the horses were again harnessed and we resumed our journey. We were to make ten or twelve miles farther before we pitched our camp for the night. The afternoon was without incident. About 7 o'clock we reached a farmhouse, and selecting a spot accessible to water, we built our fire, had supper, and afterward arranging our blankets, lay down to rest.

The long ride had completely tired us, and though our bed could hardly be called downy, we were soon fast asleep. You who have always been hemmed in by the four walls of a room can never know the joy it is to sleep in the open—to lie and watch the countless stars, and listen to the unbroken stillness, while Nature rests. Then, indeed, the mind is lifted from its earthly tenement and reaches out to the unknown. We were up betimes, and after a hearty breakfast we started, just as the sun threw its first glint over the mountains.

Another forty miles was accomplished the second day, another night spent under the stars, and we rose the third morning with the pleasant consciousness that our journey was nearing its end.

Higher and higher we climbed until at last we were among the real pines. How erect and proud they stood, lifting their tall heads to the skies! Oh! the pungent piney scent that filled our lungs and made us draw in deep, life-giving breaths! What a feeling of exhilaration possessed us! We had found not the Fountain of Youth, but the Tree of Life among the Sierras.

The morning of the third day we reached Wawona, that garden spot of the earth which was to be our abiding place for many weeks. It lay like an emerald, sparkling in the sunshine, and on all sides rose the high peaks of the Sierras, with their thickly-wooded sides. Our camp was upon a hill, and below us on one side ran the south fork of the Merced River, whose crystal waters now foamed over giant boulders and now slept in quiet pools. On the other side stretched four miles of matchless meadow, whose velvety surface was in strong contrast to the brilliant patches of color formed by thousands of wild flowers on the adjacent hillside.

Mr. Washburn, the genial host of the Wawona Hotel, has provided substantial platforms for the use of campers, and the rough couch of unplaned boards was soon transformed into a thing of beauty by the aid of an Indian blanket and some comfortable pillows. We had come to this delightful place to breathe pure air, and we did not intend to be cheated out of one whiff of it. Others might enjoy camp life in a tent, but no such cramped affair for us. A large canvas was securely stretched overhead, to protect us from the sun's rays, but the sides were free of any covering whatever. A dressing room was soon improvised, with a few uprights and cross pieces, and lined with newspapers. An Indian blanket did service at the entrance for a portiere. Our bed, a work of art, something after the fashion of a steamer berth, was about two and a half feet from the ground, and consisted of boards nailed to young pines. This, lined with sweet meadow hay, proved an ideal bed, and was the envy of less fortunate campers.

Oh! the sweet sense of rest and absolute freedom from care, as night after night we watched the moon shed her silvery radiance on the tall tops of noble pine trees, or noted the fantastic shadows play hide and seek with each other!

The "hoo, hoo!" of the night owl, the shrill cry of the coyote in the distance, mingled with the gurgling of the rushing river, but never disturbed the sweet slumber which kind Nature vouchsafed us. It is a novel experience to awaken and find a little gray squirrel perched above our heads and looking saucily into our eyes, and see a bushy tail swish just out of reach, and then to find that the sun is up and it is time for you, too, to rise. Was it any wonder that care dropped like a mantle from our shoulders, that we forgot time was sowing silver threads among our locks, and that we romped and played like young children?

Our southern wild flowers pale beside the brilliant-hued flowers of this region. We reveled in them, and from every walk and ramble returned laden with them. Nowhere in the country can you find finer trout streams and our fisherman, having early learned their retreat, furnished us many an appetizing breakfast. Fresh milk, butter, and eggs, pastry, if desired, can be obtained at the hotel, and meat at the store, all at reasonable rates, so that the camper finds few wants unsupplied.

And now, our holiday is over. We have taken our last boat ride on the lake; we have gathered around the campfire, and with song and story have made the parting night merry; early in the morning we shall be homeward bound.

Back again to conventions, to household cares and worries! Yet from Mother Nature we have learned the useful lesson that in simplicity of living lies happiness.

ELIZABETH COMSTOCK.

[Illustrations to this article will be found on page 9.]

# HANGTOWN.

## HOW PLACERVILLE, CAL., RECEIVED ITS FIRST NAME.

*By a Special Contributor.*

HIDDEN in the fir-clad hills and ravines of El Dorado county, at the base of the first grand rise of the Sierras, there is a little town. Round-topped hills wall it securely in, as if protecting it from the outside world, and up over them, and across the dark green sea of tree tops, through the clear mountain air, the white-crested Sierras raise their rugged heights. Placerville, they call it. Erstwhile a mining camp, and formerly of great importance as a town, it now leads the quiet existence of the governmental seat of a mountain county, which has been left a trifle to one side by the exhaustion of its gold deposits and the demands of commercial life. It gives no indication today of the prominence which once was its own, and of the "strenuous life" it led as a mining camp. There is now little about it that would attract the attention of the uninformed stranger to its previous history or suggest to him anything of the days when the place was the center of the mining industry in the State and was the third largest town in California. It is charmingly picturesque, with its irregular streets following the contour of the land and lending it a quiet air of unconventionality and convenience that is not soon forgotten.

Though the place is not widely known as "Placerville," there are few people in America today who have not at least heard of it as "Hangtown." Certainly there are none in California to whom the name is unfamiliar. There is not one of these, however, who without previous information would recognize in the Placerville of today the Hangtown of fifty years ago. To most people the mention of the name brings memories, either personal or otherwise, of the most romantic period of western history, when the men of the East sought their fortunes in "El Dorado of '49." There was a time when Placerville was a mass of board and cloth houses, and when "Emigrant Ravine Road" was constantly filled with the teams of incoming pioneers and freighters; when "Shirt-tail Bend," now deserted, was a busy mining center; when gold could be easily taken from mother earth, and fortunes made in a day were often squandered in an hour; when Judge Lynch's court was the highest legal tribunal, and before that bar swift and sure justice was meted out to public offenders. To those who saw this flourishing camp in its early days, wild and careless of its future, there will always come a memory, when Placerville is mentioned, of those times when money was plenty, the excitement of the gold fever was raging, and old "Hangtown" was in its prime.

That name is probably one of the most famous of all those words which, coined and applied as nicknames, have become an interesting part of our western geography. It has been used for effect on "tenderfeet," and would-be portrayers of western life have made it part of their principal stock in trade, as sounding typically and lawlessly western. It is perhaps cruel to disillusionize those people who have a more or less hazy idea of old Hangtown as the scene of daily murders and bloodshed and of all the other immoralities which are attributed to the ultra-tough mining camp. The place was of course not a model in those respects, and came by its name honestly enough. But it was no worse than any other camp of any importance at that time. Perhaps the reputation which its name gained for it had something to do with the fact that no extraordinary number of crimes occurred there. Nevertheless the fact remains that a few were committed early in the history of the town, and that these and others were speedily punished, and to this fact is attributed the origin of one of the most unique, as well as one of the most famous, of our western names.

There have been, of course, many theories as to the origin of the name "Hangtown," as is perfectly natural in the case of unwritten history such as this, but there are three stories, more or less authentic, which purport to contain the true history of how it happened. They all sound reasonable, and it is probable that all three are founded on the same fact. The camp originated in 1848 as "Old Dry Diggings," and by this name it was known until January, 1849, and, according to the first story, in that month the event occurred which informally christened the place "Hangtown."

One night three men were playing poker in a saloon, probably a tent or hut, when one of the party "went broke." That in itself was probably not extraordinary, but what followed was enough out of the common to affect the little camp to no slight degree. The proprietor of the place had fallen asleep in the room, and as it was known that he had some dust in his possession, it occurred to the gentleman who had lost that a glorious opportunity of replenishing purses was at hand. Needless to say, the proposition found favor in the eyes of the others. The sleeper was [illegible] requested over a gun barrel to "ante!" A [illegible] in such terms was not to be refused, and he [illegible] with alacrity. The accompanying threats of [illegible] if he "blew," were disregarded by the victim, [illegible] and he "blew" as promptly as he had "anted" [illegible] previous evening. The camp was wild and [illegible] tice done. No time was wasted, and the [illegible] arrested before they had time to escape, a [illegible] convened, and flogging and exile chosen as a [illegible] in keeping with the enormity of the crime. The [illegible] ness with which the whole procedure was [illegible] with might have served as a warning to wiser [illegible] this was not the case with our gambler-robbers, [illegible] day they reappeared in camp very drunk and [illegible] vowing dire vengeance on their punishers. [illegible] rogance and insolence was too much to ask [illegible] able '49er to stand, and at a mass meeting of [illegible] ously indignant miners, hastily convened, [illegible] cision to hang the men was made. This [illegible] carried out as promptly as was the previous [illegible] crowd marched down the street to a big oak [illegible] there, with a dozen husky pioneers at the [illegible] each rope, the bad men met their fate. The [illegible] miners said "Hangtown" when they referred to [illegible] Sierra camp.

Then there is another story which differs [illegible] preceding one in the romantic detail that the [illegible] laid at the door of an organized gang of [illegible] several of which infested the country. The [illegible] are said to have been of the genuine dime novel [illegible] with grips, signs and pass words. It is quite [illegible] that the robbers were members of such an [illegible] as that known as the "Owls." The story goes [illegible] night they raided a trading post belonging to a [illegible] man, in Log Cabin Ravine. He was known [illegible] dust in considerable quantities in his possession, [illegible] his fortune proved his ruin. The despoiled [illegible] gave the alarm as soon as possible, and it was [illegible] until the miscreants were in the hands of the [illegible] and the same white oak tree that served as a [illegible] according to the first story was made use of in [illegible] the death sentence of the four desperadoes. It is [illegible] however, in behalf of the pioneers, that word had [illegible] received from a camp further south that the men [illegible] were wanted there for murder, and that this had [illegible] much to do with the imposing of the death sentence.

A third story has it that the men were arrested [illegible] highway robbery on the old Georgetown road, and [illegible] hanging was not contemplated until an officer [illegible] from toward San Francisco and identified the [illegible] the perpetrators of a brutal murder in his [illegible] Again the oak tree figures as gibbet.

These three stories may be but different versions [illegible] the same affair, and perhaps no one of them is [illegible] lutely correct in detail. It is safe to assume, [illegible] that among the three the true story of the first [illegible] is found. It is noticeable that the hanging had [illegible] for its immediate cause and not murder. Not [illegible] one man was ever afterward lynched in Hangtown [illegible] he for a killing.

Thus, then, came into being the name of "Hangtown," [illegible] not through the fact that lynchings were common, [illegible] from one and only one hanging. The nickname [illegible] and the result is that many people have a false [illegible] sion of the character of the old camp. There [illegible] many towns in the east and south that are fully [illegible] serving of the title as was this little western [illegible] But eastern and southern tongues are not as [illegible] nicknames as were the laconic and blunt-speaking [illegible] of '49."

The corner of Main and Coloma streets is now [illegible] was then, the center of town, and business [illegible] each of its four angles deprive it of any suggestion [illegible] what happened there one day, a half a century ago. [illegible] white oak is only a memory, as a big brick block [illegible] years stood over its stump. But down at the rear [illegible] stores, the waters of a little mountain creek ripple [illegible] the rocks in its bed. On its north bank, they say, [illegible] which would be in full view from the Coloma [illegible] bridge, if a newspaper office had not been erected [illegible] some thirty years ago, the lynchers buried their victims. [illegible] There are a few willows growing along there and [illegible] the stream babbles along under them entirely [illegible] of the tragedy it witnessed when the town was [illegible] Now and then you see a Chinaman, with old-time [illegible] rocker, making a half-hearted attempt to coax [illegible] grains of gold from the already exhausted gravel, but [illegible] usually it is the quiet, rippling stream, playing [illegible] boulders, and deepening into dark pools under [illegible] lows, suggesting all that is cool, beautiful and [illegible] only a mountain stream, straight from the melting [illegible] can. Yet they still call it "Hangtown Creek."

G. [illegible]

### MACHINE TO FLY 600 MILES AN HOUR.

Adolph Brodbeck, professor of Greek in the [illegible] of Nashville, Tenn., is at work upon a design for [illegible] car which he proposes shall make 600 miles an hour, [illegible] making the flight from New York to San Francisco in [illegible] eight hours, including stops. He has been at work [illegible] the machine for several years, and hopes to perfect it [illegible] soon. His ideas are between those of the flying machine [illegible] and the locomotive, and he purposes to avoid the drawbacks in both of them.

In brief, the air car which Prof. Brodbeck will [illegible] to be cigar-shaped, and made of hardwood, [illegible] and glass. All round the air car is an aeroplane, [illegible] ing at right angles to its center, and designed to [illegible] tain its equilibrium after the manner of the [illegible] soaring bird. At the rear of the car and between [illegible] the inner edge of the aeroplane are to be the [illegible] propelled by electricity, one lifting and the other [illegible] ing.

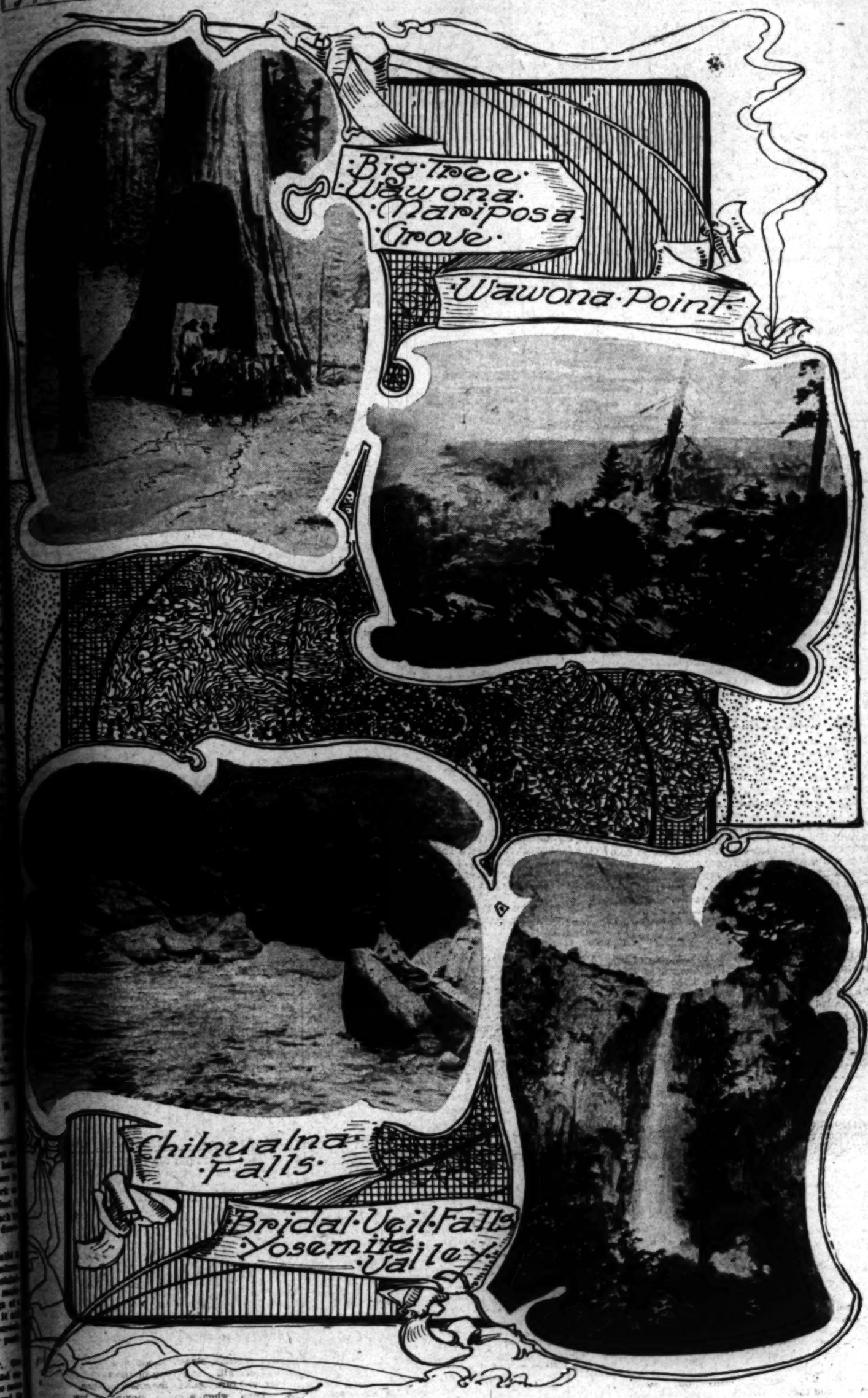
A light, elevated structure will support the [illegible] set of wheels will rest on top of the twin rails [illegible] other set will turn against the under surface of the [illegible] rails. Thus when a car is moving at low speed [illegible] weight will be on top of the rails, and when going [illegible] rapid rate it will be held to place by the under [illegible] wheels.

ground bottom, trimmed with white braid, extra full; great value at $5.00; Blue Pencil Price, each $1.98.

$2.39 for Linen Crash Skirts worth $3.50

Any 50c man's hat in our stock for 49c
Any $1.48 man's hat in our stock for 74c
Any $2.00 man's hat in our stock for $1.00
Any $2.50 man's hat in our stock for $1.25

# Scenes in One of Nature's Health Resorts.




Steel

# SUBMARINE BOATS.

## HISTORY OF THE FIRST ATTEMPTS MADE IN THEIR CONSTRUCTION.

*By a Special Contributor.*

THE late performance of the French submarine boat, the Gustave Zédé, which went from Toulon to Ajaccio and successfully torpedoed two battleships in the last-named port, has added new fuel to the interest felt in this branch of naval construction, and the interest felt in these latest productions of naval science reverts even to the first promoters.

The first attempt to build a submarine boat was made in America by Fulton. The celebrated inventor, emulating Archimedes, wished to devise some new force that could be used in the defense of his country. Fulton's efforts were, however, doomed to fail, not on account of lack of enterprise or inventive genius, but merely on account of the fact that science in general had not yet progressed far enough to make the enterprise possible. Electricity and chemistry were yet in their infancy; and these two forces are the principal agents that the French inventors have used to obtain the highly satisfactory results of the last naval maneuvers in the Mediterranean. Fulton's efforts, however, carried on at Havre after they had been unsuccessfully tried in America first, struck the imagination of the first Napoleon, and prompted by him, several French engineers set about devising some way of propelling boats under the water.

In 1823, Capt. Montgery published a report about the Nautilus, a submarine boat ordered by Napoleon at Coessin Bros., Havre. The boat was the most rudimentary thing that could be thought of. It did not even realize any of the two most essential desiderata of a boat, means of propulsion, and inhabitability for the men who were to handle it. Messrs. Coessin's Nautilus could be propelled only by rowing, and the air to be breathed was simply renewed by leathern pipes, whose ends floated on the surface of the water, where they were maintained by means of floaters.

A little later, Dr. Payerne suggested steam as the motive power for the new contrivance. The fuel to be used was a certain pyrotechnic compound which embodied the oxygen necessary for combustion. The new fuel, unfortunately, had not the virtue of renewing the breathable atmosphere, and had, besides, a tendency to explode that was rather uncomfortable. So the unfortunate Nautilus had a sad end and never accomplished anything of note, except in the powerful imagination of Jules Verne.

It is only in 1858 that a French naval captain, M. Bourgeois, caused submarine navigation to take another step forward. He apparently solved the two-fold problem of propulsion and inhabitability under the water. Preliminary tests were made at the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers, at Paris; and then, a few years later, a naval engineer, M. Brun, was detailed to build a 420-ton boat of iron at Rochefort.

The first submarine boat measured 44½ meters in length, and 3 meters and 60 centimeters in height. When it floated, its gauge was 2 meters and 80 centimeters, 80 centimeters only being visible above water. The boat carried two reservoirs, one for water, which permitted the engineer to regulate the submersion of the boat, the other, for compressed air, supplied the crew with breathing air and the furnaces of the boiler with oxygen. The new boat was launched in 1863, at Rochefort, and was called by its promoters, Le Plongeur—the Diver. Its first trial, in the docks of Rochefort, and then in the harbor, was not successful; the compressed air burst one of the lenticular glasses that were devised to give a better lookout through the water when submerged, and the crew was nearly all drowned. The only thing that saved them was a large iron chimney which protruded over the water and up which all the members of the crew had to climb out.

The speed of the craft seemed to be sufficient; but the stability during immersion was not as satisfactory. The Plongeur suffered very severe variations of equilibrium during the operations of the introduction and expulsion of water. Its elongated and narrow form made its equilibrium dependent on the relative positions of its center of gravity and the center of its careen; so that, when it dived, its trim was very much endangered.

By the month of September of the same year, this defect was remedied and the tall chimney was done away with. The Plongeur could dive in perfect equilibrium; and nothing but a small turret could be seen above water. As, however, provision had to be made for the possibility of grave accident, the superior carapace could be unfastened and transformed into a lifeboat large enough for the twelve men of the crew.

The following year, new improvements were made; among others, the compass was sheltered from the influence of the enormous mass of iron surrounding it. Then new experiments were made with the craft, on the high seas, between the island of Oloron and the coast of Charente.

The Plongeur was towed out of the port of La Palisse by the steam aviso, La Vigie; and, as the compressed air reservoir was not capacious enough to store air for long time trials, a lighter from the port of Rochefort was added to the expedition. This lighter was to pump air into the storage tanks every two hours.

In February, 1864, the Plongeur dived several times in the channel between the island of Re and the continent; but rough weather and other causes obliged the flotilla to take refuge several times in the port of La Rochelle or at Port-des-Basques; the inhabitants on the coast followed the experiments with the utmost interest. the flag pole of the submarine was always above water; and the bright colors of the French flag pointed at all times in the direction of the invisible boat. The newspapers of Rochefort and La Rochelle spoke in glowing terms of the success attending the experiments; and of the possibilities it revealed for the future. The Plongeur, however, had not as yet any destructive power. The torpedo and the powerful explosives so common nowadays were not yet invented; so that the only offensive weapon was a short prow.

Since the days of the Plongeur, great results have been obtained. It would be difficult to speak intelligently of them, however, as the French naval authorities are very reticent concerning the detail of the work done. It is evident, nevertheless, that the new French submarine boats are perfectly reliable sea-going machines; for if it were not so, the French President would not have been allowed to make a trip under water in one of those boats, as he did on the occasion of his last visit to Toulon. As for the offensive qualities of these boats, the experiment of Ajaccio seems to be quite conclusive.

Since the above was written, a dispatch from France conveys the information that the French naval authorities propose to have a large number of new submarines, after the pattern of the Gustave Zédé, built during the coming year.

JEAN TREBAOL.

# THE FINEST OF LANDSCAPES.

*By a Special Contributor.*

SANDSTORMS, alkali and desolation rise in the mind of many at the name of desert and, judging from the description of travelers hastening through, few believe there is anything else. But those who have spent more time on it know that the worse the desert—the greater the heat and dryness of the air—the grander the landscape. And if tints of infinite variety, brilliant yet tender, beaming ever in perfect harmony, be part of the beauty of a landscape, then the deserts of Eastern California, Arizona and Sonora have no equals in North America.

Heat and dryness so play with light vibrations that even the few clouds that fleck the brilliant blue of the almost eternal summer that makes these deserts so dangerous to the untrained traveler are more charming in outline, purity of color and depth, with more novelty in action, than any ever seen in the lands of rain. Now they may be cumuli, gathering along the horizon and trooping toward the zenith in all the tints of opal and pearl or great rolling masses of neutral tint that, in the nominal "rainy season," may make a vast display for an hour and then fade into the boundless blue. Possibly they may drop a misty veil, wavering toward earth and vanishing in evaporation long before reaching it; though they may also change into tumbling black, tangled in a net of glittering light, from which thunder bellows as if earth were riven to its core. And sometimes some strange affinity makes two clouds move together, and from the line of contact streams a dark gray line, in which huge drops jostle each other in the race to earth, and down the gully that a moment ago was so dry and safe a wall of foaming water, may march at terrific pace upon your peaceful camp.

One knows nothing of mirage before seeing the flatter portions of these deserts. Dry air and dry, flat ground are the three essentials, and nowhere do they exist as at the mouth of the Colorado River and those portions of the Colorado Desert that have been built from the deposits of the river. At the mouth of the river are leagues of ground perfectly level, yet perfectly dry and bare, while the air within a stone's throw of the Gulf of California seems still as dry as in the middle of the desert. When the morning light first strikes these flats it widens in silvery lines that expand into lakes whose waters seem as real as the trees that nod along their shores or stud the islands that dot their shining faces. This may be seen in most any of the flat parts of the deserts, but generally far away. But at the mouth of the Gulf there are not only distant lakes rising out of the ground, but brooks and ponds close by you with connecting sloughs, on whose shores the slightest spear of vegetation leaps into a waving tree, the least stick mounts into a tall bittern or solemn crane; while trifling irregularities in the surface of the plain turn into ducks that float with such easy grace on water shimmering but a few yards ahead, that you can scarcely resist the temptation to shoot.

The land of heavy vegetation is the last place to study color, for in summer the subtler tones are overwhelmed in a sea of green and in autumn drowned in the glare of violent tints that, beside those of the desert, are like the blast of the trumpet to the tenderest breathings of the human voice. You should go where the rainfall is so light that there is no vegetation to bind the soil, so that as fast as formed from the decomposition of the rocks, it is carried by the winds and occasional cloudbursts to the plains below. This allows all the minerals of the towering hills to beam with power undimmed, while the air is so clear with dryness that mountains vanish only in the curvature of the earth with the gulches that seam their rugged sides, showing depth and outline plainly at fifty miles or more. Then, when intense heat makes the dry air quiver so far above the plain that everything distant is seen through its rapid vibrations, then is the time to study color harmony wrapping all earth in gradations and blendings more subtle than even the setting sun can weave upon the most fleecy clouds, all in infinite softness, yet allowing every cliff and crag to retain its distinctness of outline.

All this is at its best in summer's noon, when the sun swings like a ball of fire over the rim of the eastern hills to find the higher peaks already aglow with brilliant light, quartz ledges glittering like the angles of an iceberg, red oxide of copper brightening into old gold, with the green of the carbonate shifting into the pale olive that often tinges the evening sky. Meanwhile the thousand tints of iron run the scale from deepest carmine to palest rose, as the sunlight leaps from crag to crag on its way down the mountain side, while ever-brightening lights chase each other over cliff and scaur until the whole is glowing with celestial fire.

Still charged with heat from the day before the dry surface of the plain begins to gleam with the [illegible] of sunshine and the air to dance in wavy [illegible] which the thousand hues of the hills begin [illegible] high reds of iron and copper are softened [illegible] sulphur, lime and the green carbonate [illegible] change into olive and clouded gold; quartz [illegible] like faded snow; while cobalt, antimony [illegible] minerals begin to weave a varied skein of [illegible] the whole. And as the air vibrates more and [illegible] the ascending sun a golden haze steals over [illegible] until, at noon, it seems the land of dreams [illegible] neath the guard of a thousand enchanted [illegible]

As the sun declines, the minarets and [illegible] mark afar the ranges of porphyry move [illegible] slumbrous veil of noon while light hues of [illegible] begin to beam on every rugged angle of the [illegible] flood the cañons with rosy mist. The great [illegible] that stud the ends of projecting ridges [illegible] tints of mild violet, while lime and quartz [illegible] with tints of rose and other minerals begin [illegible] from crimson to purple. And when the last [illegible] faded on the loftiest cliff and deep blue [illegible] tumbling hills, with the last tinge of lemon [illegible] dying on the dome above, it is still a lovely [illegible] such as can be seen nowhere except in the [illegible] air.

The delicacy of the grandeur, the softness [illegible] sweep of distance, the purity and clearness of [illegible] with the almost endless chain of brilliant days [illegible] cile many a one to the loneliness of vast [illegible] desolation that gleam with ghastly intensity [illegible] dazzling sunlight. Many a one actually learns [illegible] the desert and no one of artistic sense can fail [illegible] in spite of the angularities one must inevitably [illegible] Nor is it all desolation, though there are places [illegible] there is scarcely a living thing of the animal, [illegible] or insect world for many a blazing league. Yet [illegible] there is vegetation that at first seems but a [illegible] tempt of nature to atone for her great failure, yet [illegible] one learns to love as much as the more impressive [illegible] plays of the rainy lands. Few greens surpass [illegible] feathery delicacy of the ever-living mesquite, [illegible] rosy flower that tips the straggling arms of the [illegible] would be an attraction in any garden. No green [illegible] favored lands is more refreshing than that of [illegible] verde illumined with the golden bloom of [illegible] the deep cool verdure of the chapuli that, with [illegible] grace and massiveness of the live oak, nods [illegible] dryest slopes of Sonora. Waving afar like a [illegible] torch through the dancing heat, the towering [illegible] the stately mescal opens new views of life to [illegible] thinks he has seen it all, while, among the blazing [illegible] that almost rival the sun with their fiery [illegible] radiant heat, the fan-like leaves and drooping [illegible] of fruit on the palm, the many green arms of the [illegible] all pointing skyward, or the great sahuaro, [illegible] above all other vegetation like a giant candelabra [illegible] him the folly of pinning artistic faith to the land [illegible] he was born.

In like manner he will find new friends in other [illegible] for in many places there is still plenty of animal [illegible] on the desert. The swift angles of the brilliant [illegible] that flash from rock to rock, are scarcely less [illegible] than the varied curves of the delicate little [illegible] thrushes that flit about the bristling spines [illegible] prickly pear. One soon learns to love the cruel [illegible] of the desert, so fertile in devices of escape [illegible] dexterous in putting them into execution, that [illegible] fails to win the heart of those who love game that [illegible] how to get away. Even from disappointment [illegible] draw pleasure when he sees this bright cousin [illegible] blue, chestnut and black, that can live in the [illegible] sun without ever a drop of water, ply his wonderful [illegible] over scorching rocks at a pace few sportsmen [illegible] low without special training. The same with the [illegible] that runs the sun a race out of bed, sits all day [illegible] burning shade of something little better than a [illegible] net, and skips gayly forth at evening to play [illegible] another match to bed.

And who would suppose the dove was a lover of the desert? Yet he is even more in love with its [illegible] barrenness than of the summer green of the river [illegible] though he drinks water and goes many a league for it. And in Sonora his fair cousin of white-tipped wing, and the delicate little Inca dove in soft gray and ashes of roses, marked with shell-shaped [illegible] helps his whistling wing enliven the silence of the summer noons. Nowhere does the antelope so [illegible] with those strange sensations that only the spirit knows, as when through the glimmering heat of the plain, he looms forty feet high in the mirage, a stilted ghost and perhaps with legs turned [illegible] And nowhere is the heavy thump, with which the feet of the mule deer spurn the ground at [illegible] stroke, more startling than on the ground that is hard and dry as the rocks that cover it where [illegible] leaves them a chance; and nowhere more characteristic avalanche the plunging feet of the bighorn than his wavy course than on the ragged hills, where [illegible] needles blaze with such intensity in the morning and beam at evening with such tender hues of purple and rose.

T. S. VAN [illegible]

## SHOPPING WITHOUT HATS.

[New York Sun:] Last week's hot weather [illegible] eral women shopping without their hats. [illegible] known, they were the first on record, in this [illegible] least. It it looked a trifle queer to see a [illegible] in hand and bareheaded, walking calmly [illegible] avenue and Broadway, now and then diving [illegible] but all the time keeping her hat off, it [illegible] gested independence and possible comfort. [illegible] could not, at all events, be any warmer than [illegible] kept their hats on, for that was impossible. And [illegible] thought they were any cooler with their [illegible] likely they were cooler. It was more a [illegible] weight of our present style of hat than to the [illegible] ture, anyway. Most of us would be more [illegible] dead of winter minus the heavyweight millinery [illegible] dictates we must cover ourselves with. Will [illegible] mer ever come, we wonder, when it will be [illegible] for women to shop bareheaded? The women [illegible] looked like it.

Any 90c man's hat in our stock for 49c
Any $1.48 man's hat in our stock for 74c
Any $2.00 man's hat in our stock for $1.00
$2.39 for Linen Crash Skirts worth $3.50
CARBONS—"Every

# TARS IN WAR WORK.

## ADVANCED BASE ESTABLISHED AT NANTUCKET AS IF IN ACTUAL WARFARE.

*By a Special Contributor.*

WHERE the narrow sand spit, called Great Point, bends away to the west from its trend northward from Nantucket, Admiral Higginson, in command of the North Atlantic Squadron, chose the spot for a practice camp. Half a mile below the Great Point light the strip of sand narrows to less than a hundred yards in width, and there, a year or so ago, the howling surf from the ocean broke across the spit and left the level space, which has recently been occupied for a week by the tents and guns of Camp Higginson. It is a dreary place, the long sweep of bare sand being broken only by the beach grass that rises in straggling bunches along the higher ground in the center of the strip, and by the occasional duck hunters' shack that shares with the life-saving station and the lighthouse the tenancy of Great Point. But if it is dreary of aspect, it has the merit as a camp location of being free from the distractions of town possibilities. Nothing was there to interest the men in camp but their work and such amusements as their own ingenuity could devise.

The camp was made in the furtherance of the plans of the General Board of the Navy, of which Admiral Dewey is at the head. It is well recognized among naval officers that the training which both officers and men get from such work will be of the greatest value in case of war with a strong naval power. The plans of the General Board contemplate the study of the waters of the inner line of defense all along the Atlantic coast. Vessels of such great draft as those of Admiral Higginson's squadron have never before been maneuvered about the Massachusetts shoals. Able naval authorities estimate that the advantage which will result from the knowledge thus gained will be worth thirty per cent. of the enemy's force in battleships in case of war with a power having a strong navy.

Nantucket weather was responsible for the failure of a part of the plan for work at Camp Higginson, but the results achieved gave great satisfaction to the admiral and his officers. It was intended to simulate the establishment of an advanced base. Men and stores were landed and guns were mounted for land defense. Mine fields were to have been planted, and then there was to have been practice at countermining and clearing the fields by other means which have never been tried by our service. When the camp was located it was not known that the great peculiarity of Nantucket is that from whichever direction the wind comes it brings heavy fog with it. If by chance there happens to be a little spell of clear weather it is almost certain to be too rough to undertake to practice with such expensive and dangerous instruments as mines. And as fog or rough weather prevailed during nearly the entire stay of the squadron at Camp Higginson, the drill with mines was almost completely prevented. The other work was put through, however, with a snap and energy that was of the highest value.

Two five-inch rifles were landed. One belonged to the Kearsarge and the other had been sent from Washington, along with two six and two three-pounder guns, two Gatling tubes, from the Newport station, and a lot of stores. The big gun from Washington was put on board the Alabama for transportation. There is great rivalry between the men and officers of the Kearsarge and the Alabama. Those of each ship think their own big fighting machine the best that ever mounted a gun. As a result there is a race of the hottest sort whenever they meet. The squadron anchored off Great Point light at four o'clock in the afternoon, and as soon as the anchors were down the boats were called away for the landing. The 84 marines who were to occupy the camp were under the command of Capt. C. G. Long, who was brevetted major for his gallantry in the Chinese campaign of last summer. Half the blue jackets of the squadron and nearly all the officers of the three ships were charged with landing and mounting the guns. The men from the Massachusetts took care of the six and three-pounders, so that the Kearsarge and Alabama men had nothing to distract them from their task with the big guns. And that was a plenty for them.

The Alabama's gun, not being in position on the ship, was more easily loaded into the sailing launch that was to transport it to the beach than that from the flagship, which had to be taken from its position in the battery. Alabama had another advantage which finally won her the race. She had prepared a great skid, after the fashion of launching ways in use at a shipyard, to assist in getting the gun from the beach to its position in the battery. Kearsarge had ordered a pair of regulation gun wheels, but the contractor was not able to deliver them in time, and she had to get along without them, depending on pure muscle to pull the gun into place.

The tents of the marines were pitched on the flat, open space where the storm had knocked down the ridge that runs along the center of the point. Just to the southward of them the big guns were posted, on the edge of the ridge facing the open sea. The ridge there is about twenty-five feet high, breaking sharply toward the outside beach, and rising gradually from the inside. To the north of the camp the six-pounders were set up and the little three-pounders were mounted south of the five-inch rifles. It was an easy matter comparatively to mount the smaller guns, and the marines had nothing unusual to do in making their camp. The great race was with the big guns.

Two methods of mounting were employed. Alabama used a double platform of oak. The lower platform was built of solid planking, six or eight inches in thickness, and was sunk in the sand to a depth of three feet or more. Through this ran a number of long bolts an inch and a half in diameter. Sand was tamped solidly in on top of this platform for about three feet, and then the upper platform, also of heavy planking, was set over the bolts. The tie piece, a disk of steel, that fitted the bottom of the gun pedestal, came next, and on that the pedestal was set up, the long bolts from the lower platform passing through the tie piece and the pedestal, and being set up as tight as possible.

Kearsarge's platform was also sunk about three feet in the sand. It was made of timbers seventeen inches square. First there was a flooring of planks, on which rested the tie piece. Above the tie piece were three of the huge timbers. The bolts from the tie piece ran through these timbers and the pedestal, which rested upon them. Outside the three lower timbers were two others of the same size, but longer, which helped to anchor the whole platform. Across the ends of these five timbers and on top of them ran two more, which extended into the sand and served to steady the mount. The tie piece being at the bottom of the whole platform and bolted through the timbers to the pedestal, served to distribute the strain from the recoil of the gun, after firing, evenly throughout the whole structure. For a temporary mounting such as this Kearsarge's platform had an apparent advantage in stability. The design of the Alabama mount contemplated filling the space between the lower and upper platforms with concrete, a manifest impossibility in the sand of Great Point, where the stay was to be only a week.

Alabama's platforms were taken ashore and bolted together and ready to set up. Kearsarge's were in the timbers, to be set up at the battery. The difference in ease in getting them up the incline to the position of the guns was in favor of Alabama.

At the beach line two pairs of huge shears were set up, one for Kearsarge and one for Alabama. Each was made of two booms carried aboard ship for just such purposes. On the outside beach, across the ridge where the guns were to be mounted, two sand anchors were buried. Heavy tackle was rigged to the sand anchors and the shears and the work of hoisting the guns out of the boats that had brought them ashore was begun. Each gun was lifted up and dropped into an improvised cradle on the beach. Alabama ran her cradle upon the skid she had brought, and rolled it up to its position with comparative ease. Kearsarge, having no skid, was compelled to improvise one out of the biggest timbers she could get.

It was slow work all around, and very hard. The afternoon wore away and the sailormen were still hard at it. The marines had their tents up and the place began to look like a camp. Stores were coming ashore rapidly, and blue jackets and marines together were getting

PITCHING CAMP.

them out of the boats and up on the beach. When it grew dark signal was made to turn their searchlights on the camp, and after a little rest for supper all hands fell to again.

Without other rest than that obtained when meals were served the whole force kept at it all night. Alabama got her gun into position and ready to fire soon after ten o'clock, and Kearsarge followed half an hour later. Then there was the magazine to finish and all the protective work about the batteries. Four thousand bags were filled with sand and placed about the guns and over the magazine, which was constructed of heavy plankings and well covered with sand on the inside beach in the rear of the big guns. Trenches were opened clear across the strip from beach to beach on each side of the camp, and pitfalls were dug at various places. Both sides were also protected by rows of sharp stakes and wires were stretched outside these. The signal service wire leading from the lighthouse to the town was tapped and connection made by telephone with Nantucket. It was not until 10 o'clock in the morning that the work was finished and the tired jackies went back to their ships. All the guns had been fired and it was proved that the mountings were secure.

Then came several days' of anticipation of attack on the part of the marines in camp. They took great precaution to keep out spies, but in spite of them Lieutenant Clark of the Alabama got past their sentries in the thick of the fog one night and made himself known to them by firing rockets from inside their lines. Lieut. George of the Kearsarge, who also tried it, was caught. He made a hard sneak along the beach, but looked up just as he thought he had won, to find himself confronted by a sentry with a rifle aimed at his head.

Days of fog and rough weather followed one another, when little or no work was possible, until the time came for breaking camp. Then Kearsarge got her revenge on Alabama. When the big guns were dismounted it was found that the tamping of sand in Alabama's mounting had not stood the strain well and the great bolts were twisted and bent, so that it was difficult to take the platforms apart. Kearsarge got her gun and all the gear down to the beach and most of the gear stowed in boats ready to go back to the ship before Alabama got her platform down. It was clear that the form of mounting used by Kearsarge was more satisfactory for such work than that used by Alabama.

It was delightful to see the sailormen at work. They went at it as if it were the most fun they ever had. Everything was done on the jump. If a shovel was needed half a dozen were after it at a run. Wherever they went the pace was the best they could make. It was as if each man's life depended on his speed. The water was rough at embarking time and the men had to wade to their necks, but they enjoyed it hugely. If the fate of the nation had been at stake, instead of a mere drill, they could not have showed greater enthusiasm or energy. Admiral Higginson and his officers were enthusiastic over the success of the experiment.

OSCAR KING DAVIS.

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# ODD THINGS ABOUT INDIANS.

## INDIAN POPULATION HAS NOT DECREASED MUCH SINCE THE DAYS OF COLUMBUS.

*By a Special Contributor.*

North Carolina's Croatans, who claim to be descendants of Raleigh's lost colony, are not the only peculiar people among the red inhabitants of these United States. The claim is not new. It has been more or less exploited these thirty years, along with that of the still more curious Melungeons of East Tennessee. Their name, said to come from the French melange, a mixture, must be preëminently fit, since they show racial characteristics of the Cherokees, the negroes, the Portuguese, and the plain, ordinary poor whites. Their language is as mixed as their blood, and their civilization is in somewhat the same condition.

Over against them set their neighbors, the Eastern Cherokees, who live in Qualla Boundary in Western North Carolina, and are so up-to-date they have formed themselves into a regular corporation, so as to share in the government benefits which were in danger of monopoly by the rich and outreaching western Cherokee nation. Right here it may be proper to say that after the outcry against Indian management, cold figures show that the Indian population of today is not so very much less than that which Columbus found here, and that the so-called Five Civilized Nations of the Indian Territory, have quintupled in numbers since crossing the Mississippi.

Roughly speaking, Columbus found some half million red folk within the limits of what are now the United States. Their latest estimated number is between three and four hundred thousand. And wherever a tribe becomes self-sustaining, as in case of the Navajoes, it very quickly attains to the normal rate of human increase. Still it must be admitted that of the fifty-three separate parent stocks, once existent, but thirty-two now have a living representation. Admixture with the whites has proved poison to some tribes, yet to other has meant new life. This is notably the case with the Cherokees and Choctaws, many of whose leaders are Indian in name only. Not a few of their chiefs can trace to the best blood of Scotland and England. The way that happens is one of the romances of history.

After the '45, the flower of the young Jacobites who had been "out with the Young Chevalier," fled for asylum to Western North Carolina. Not so long after, when the revolution came, they thought they had had enough of rebellion, so espoused the side of the crown against the colonies. When again they found themselves losers, visions of hanging for high treason sent them scattering away still deeper in the wilderness. They brought up at the Cherokee head village, in the southern Appalachians, or the Creek town not so far off, or in the Choctaw lodges. Tarrying there, they married Indian wives, took Indian names, and became to all intents and purposes Indians. But many of their children have reverted to the Scotch patronymics. The famous Chief John Ross is a case in point.

It was in those same mountain villages that the Cherokee alphabet was invented. Its inventor taught it first to his daughter. He cut letters out of bark and with them spelled words. Both he and his pupil came near being burnt as sorcerers, because those about them feared those who could in their own phrase "make chips talk."

The Pamunkey and the Chickahomini now number a scant 200. The woods were full of them in Capt. John Smith's time. They live still in Virginia and keep very much to themselves, neither voting, bearing arms, nor working, if they can help it. But every Christmas they send to His Excellency, the Governor of the State, tribute of furs, game and fish, fruit of their bows and spears. They live upon the rivers of their own name, which were made familiar to all the people by certain events of the Civil War.

The Chippewas believe that every human being was either a bird or beast, or fish, just before it was born. They put rude effigies of the supposed antecedent animal upon the stakes they drive at the head of a grave. If the death seems untimely, or in any way mysterious, they watch the grave for nine nights, sure that whatever witch has worked bad medicine against the dead, will come to gloat over the grave in shape of that which was formerly the dead. Thus a maiden who had been an owl or a sparrowhawk, would have a sparrowhawk or owl shriek delight over her grave; a brave who had been a big wolf, would find a brother wolf howling joy at his destruction. Killing the disguised witch does not, of course, bring the dead to life, but may be, in a degree, soothing to the feelings of the mourners.

MARTHA M'CULLOCH WILLIAMS.

### SARAH'S ALCOHOL BATH.

[Kansas City Journal:] Since Sarah Bernhardt's return to Paris, the great tragedienne has confided to an American friend that she finds much aid for the preservation of her perennial youth in a certain kind of sponge bath. It consists of half a pint of alcohol, two ounces of spirits of camphor, two ounces of spirits of ammonia, five ounces of sea salt, and enough boiling water to make one quart. The whole should be agitated thoroughly, then rubbed into the skin with the bare hands. The result is exquisite refreshment to tired muscles and jaded spirit.

CANVONS—"Every Picture a work of Art." 17—MEDALS—17 You should not miss the opportunity to have your photograph taken under the most favorable conditions of atmosphere in the world. 235½ S. SPRING ST., Opp. Hotel Nadeau. Steckel

1. Kruger Not Coming to America.
Empress Dowager's Funeral.
Women Pelt Nude Indian.
Fatal Explosion on Yacht.
Negro Ravisher Burned Alive.
Death of Signor Crispi.
Tremendous Fires in Washington.

to race....San Diego "spook" meeting a tame affair....Coronado Tent City crowded with visitors....Strange idea of a condemned Mexican at San Diego. Big Sunday crowd at Santa Monica. Pasadena negro gives police trouble.

there was not a suggestion of disord anywhere.

President Shaffer spent the d quietly at his home in Pittsburgh. holds rather strict ideas of Sabbath o servance, and throughout the strik has insisted that as little as possi

# Stories of the Firing Line ✣ Animal Stories.

### One Pair of Gloves for Two Men.

A. E. RANDLE of Congress Heights, visited the District Commissioners yesterday, escorting Gen. Charles E. Hooker of Mississippi.

"Gen. Hooker," remarked Mr. Randle, "was a gallant Confederate officer. At Vicksburg a cannon ball cut off his left arm and at the same time blew off the head of his servant, who was kneeling by his side. A Union officer in the same battle, who shall be nameless, lost his right arm during the same siege. In after years the two officers became close friends. As one of them lost the right arm and the other the left one, they send each other the odd glove every time either purchases a pair of gloves.—[Washington Post.

* * *

### A Surprised Colonel.

FORMER Gov. Peter Turney of Tennessee had a peculiar experience with Gen. Stonewall Jackson. It was in Virginia, of course. Col. Turney had never seen the general, but about midnight received orders to prepare three-days' rations and be ready to move at a moment's notice. Two hours later came an order to proceed in a certain direction, and that at a certain point on the road he would find a guide. At the point a citizen rode up, and, merely indicating the direction, rode along with the colonel in silence. Before day they came upon a plain-looking man wearing a small cap and mounted on a little pony. He fell in with the head of the column and along they rode, still in silence. Soon after daybreak the newcomer said: "Colonel, had you not better halt your men for breakfast?"

"I will before long," was the reply. The silence was only broken half an hour later by a similar suggestion and a similar reply. Finally the newcomer stopped, glancing around at the sky and landscape, and said: "Colonel, halt your men for breakfast."

Col. Turney, thinking that this was a plain countryman who felt oversorry for the men, did so. When the march was resumed the stranger remarked that the regiment was straggling a good deal, and when Col. Turney gave a command for the head of the column to "shortstep" the stranger said: "No, that will throw your men all out. It should be slow step." This was a command to which the Tennesseeans were not accustomed, and, putting a private on his pony, the stranger took the head of the column on foot and showed the men how to march.

While this was going on, Col. Turney asked his adjutant who the stranger was, and when the reply came, "Stonewall Jackson," you could have bought the colonel for a nickel.

He was on foot, the very head man, in such proximity to the enemy that the battle was on in half an hour, and yet teaching the soldiers how to march.

By this night movement he flanked the enemy and the Tennessee regiment struck from the rear just as the main command struck in front, making a complete rout for the enemy.—[Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

* * *

### Deserters' Remarkable Feats.

TO DESERT from either the army or navy is not the easiest thing in the world, and even when accomplished the culprit lives in daily fear of being recaptured and sentenced to a heavy term of imprisonment. Therefore, the devices employed by some deserters are as ingenious as they are exciting, although they cannot be said to be always crowned with success. For sheer audacity the case of an Irish soldier who deserted in a south coast town some years ago would be hard to beat. Just at that time a number of desertions had occurred in the neighborhood, and the authorities were therefore unusually sharp to prevent further offenses of this nature. But the man in question was dissatisfied with soldiering, and having a number of friends in the town who were disposed to help him, and being possessed of an unusually large modicum of pluck, resolved to delay his return to civil life no longer. One morning early he slipped out of barracks and made his way to a friend's house without being seen. Arriving there he shaved off his mustache, and, donning a policeman's uniform, boldly promenaded the main streets of the town. He was of course missed in barracks, and knew that the surrounding country was being scoured in the hopes of finding him. On one occasion his sergeant came up to him and asked him if he had seen or heard anything of the missing man, and he of course replied that he had not, but he would keep his eyes open. For more than a fortnight he preserved his disguise without it being penetrated even by the police themselves, and he then calmly left the town when the hue and cry had subsided somewhat. Nevertheless, his enterprise came to naught, for he was arrested in trying to work his passage back to Ireland.

Scarcely less audacious was the ruse employed by another dissatisfied son of Mars, and in this case, likewise, it proved futile. He happened to know that a certain publican in the town was in anything but affluent circumstances, for he visited the house regularly, and from remarks dropped at odd times discovered that the publican was heavily in debt to a Scotch spirit merchant. One morning, as soon as the publican opened his doors, the soldier arrived, after having disguised himself with a beard and wig and donned civilian attire. With him came a friend, who agreed to act as a representative of the law, and he promptly told the astonished publican that he had orders to leave a man in possession unless the sum owing to the Scotch spirit merchant was paid to him there and then. The publican, of course, could not pay, so the deserter was quartered upon him and lived in his house and at his expense for more than a week before the deception was discovered. Perhaps the most successful deserter—for a time—was William Conrad. Through one of his comrades he heard of a man whose son had gone to Australia gold mining, and had apparently disappeared, for nothing more had been heard of him, though the parent still believed he would see him again. Conrad therefore hit upon the ingenious idea of leaving the army by stealth, and, going to the man, informing him that he was the missing son. As his knowledge of Australia was considerable, he lost no time in putting his plan into execution, and the parent, believing in him despite the supposed alteration in his appearance, provided him with a home and money galore, a commodity he confessed he lacked. But, unfortunately for him, at the end of eighteen months the real son turned up, and what followed can better be imagined than described.—[Regiment.

* * *

### "Bobs" and the American.

THE bark Obed Baxter came to port from South Africa this week with a story about Lord Roberts that Capt. Sinclair tells with pardonable pride. At Port Elizabeth, while Obed Baxter lay at anchor there, a reception was given to Lord Roberts, which the captain was invited to attend. He went—a tall, broad-shouldered man, straight as his mainmast and muscular as the god Hercules. In due course he was presented to "Bobs," and the small, slim English general said to him, looking up in his brown face: "Capt. Sinclair, are you an American?"

"I am that, sir," the captain replied, "and a native Philadelphian to boot. That makes me an American twice over."

"Well," resumed Lord Roberts, "if all the Americans are as big and broad-shouldered as you, it is no wonder that they have carried away the world's trade."—[Philadelphia Record.

* * *

### Delighted the Spectators.

THE little Filipinos admire the powerful big Western soldiers, whose frequent feats of strength fill the natives with awe. Patrolman John D. League, an ex-volunteer, who is doing duty on the Bridge of Spain, stands 6 feet 2½ inches in height and tips the beam at the 200 pounds notch. The other day, while some cattle were being taken across the bridge, a vicious cow got loose and pounced upon a native. The big fellow went to the rescue. The enraged animal saw him coming and left the Filipino and made for the officer, who grabbed the cow by the horns and quickly floored her, to the surprise and delight of the spectators.—[Army and Navy Journal.

## ANIMAL STORIES.

### A Mule's Intelligence.

A READER of the Times contributes the following: Some years ago, while stopping in Martin Park, Colo., I witnessed a demonstration of intelligence in the case of a common, every-day sort of a mule, that I believe is worth recording. This mule was used at the lower end of the little railroad for the purpose of rolling, or skidding saw logs on the flat cars to be manufactured into lumber at the mill at the upper end of the park. The driver of the mule was very abusive, and beat him shamefully; so seeing an opportunity to get away from his cruel driver, as he thought, the mule bolted and ran away. Now it happened that the roll-way was inside of an inclosure or pasture of forty to sixty acres, with a gate at each end.

The mule ran first to the lower gate, and finding it closed, proceeded directly to the other. To his dismay it was closed also. Then he stopped a moment as if to think it over, and finally came back to the skidway and backed up ready for the next log. It was needless to say, that Jack, the driver, was called down and treated the mule with kindness after that.

* * *

### An Elephant Thief.

THE biggest elephant in the country is owned by the Ringling Brothers' circus. He is known as "Old Baldy." All the elephants in the Ringling herd look up to "Old Baldy" as a sort of adviser and protector. He seems to feel this, and has quite as much to do with bringing to book any of the family who go out of the way of right doing, as the trainer, Edward Souder.

An African girl of the family, old enough to know better, with big, fan-shaped ears and a little head, had a great habit of stealing. The keepers tried every way to cure her. During the performances she would reach out her trunk and deftly take handkerchiefs, belt buckles, hat ornaments, etc., from unsuspecting visitors. She would run away every chance she got, when in winter quarters, and steal everything she could from the villagers, and hide the stolen articles in obscure places about the animal quarters. When "Old Baldy" was called upon to take the wrong doer in hand, he let her escape two or three times, and then furtively watched what was done with the things purloined.

One frosty morning after the culprit had returned from her sinning trip, "Old Baldy" ran her into a corner and beat her fiercely with a small stake. Then he took her by the ear to the places where the stolen articles were hidden, and made her take each in turn back to the place from where it was stolen. Children's toys, parasols, garden seed, fruit, handkerchiefs, hosiery and all sorts of odds and ends where in the hidden collection. After that "Old Baldy" refused to let her eat for several days any of the bran, of which elephants are so fond.

Since this heroic treatment the African elephant knows the difference between "mine and thine" ... not even indulge the little dishonesty of ... her neighbor's luncheon.—[Cleveland Leader.

* * *

### Daniel Webster's Bird's Nest.

WHO ever heard of Daniel Webster, in ... part, being used for a bird's nest? That ... statesman was ever a lover of nature is amply ... by the goodly array of fish stories told ... patience and luck in hooking trout and other ... the finny tribe, but that the birds of the ... build a nest in his hand is a decidely new ... immortal Webster to appear in.

The critical observer, however, will ... truth of the bird's nest story if he looks ... heroic statue of Daniel Webster which ... circle in Central Park, New York, on the ... from West Seventy-second street to the Mall. ... arm hangs at his side, the fingers turned ... ward. The cavity thus formed makes an ... nest, and a pair of sparrows, those birds ... never allowing anything good in birddom ... their vigilance, have taken possession of the ... hand of Webster. They have lined it with dried ... and the ends of the wisps hang down between ... gers like bits of fringe, and there, according to ... fallible word of the mounted policeman on ... row family has been reared. It is a curious ... tion of nature and art, and has caused much ... during the past week among persons who keep ... open as they move through the world.—[Pittsburg ... patch.

* * *

### A Pet Monkey's Tricks.

JACK, my pet monkey, was full of mischief, but ... so entertaining that I didn't mind his mischief ... times, it is true, I had to keep him caged, but ... a difficult matter, for he would find a way to ... most any fastening. He was very sociable with ... itors, and if I would allow him, he would ... investigate the contents of their pockets.

He would stow away pennies and buttons in his ... and would then eat candy and nuts, afterward ... out the pennies and the buttons that I thought ... swallowed. He tried on gloves, opened letters, ... flowers, wiped his mouth on a handkerchief, ... tried to put on a pair of spectacles. I have ... try to put hairpins in his hair, and when he ... would straighten them out into toothpicks.

One day he got into the kitchen, and when ... was not paying particular attention to him, he ... up on the table, seized a pan of water that was ... there, and emptied the contents on the ... He never lost an opportunity to play a joke on ... or on the younger cats, either, for that ... often succeeded, when he was caged, in enticing ... close to the bars, when he would seize their ears ... them until the victims fairly squalled.

This habit of his was well known to a ... mine, and once, when she was visiting me with ... the little one, unnoticed for the moment, crept ... the cage to have a good look at Jack. The ... it, and rushed to rescue the child, but Jack ... quick for her, and had grasped it by the ... fore she could reach the spot. He had no ... pulling its ears, however, for he drew it ... bars, and kissed it right on the face.—[Philadelphia Times.

* * *

### Collies and Trolleys.

ON THE other side of Penrose Ferry bridge, ... trolley cars go down to Essington, there is ... stretch of macadamized road over which the ... speed their cars for about a mile. Here every ... be witnessed an exciting race between a trolley ... two beautiful collie dogs. The dogs lie in wait ... yond "Abe" Thompson's hotel, and select a car ... will only race with the motormen who are known ... An encouraging word from the motorman is all ... needed, and off they go, side by side, and straining ... muscle to get ahead of the car. The passengers ... fail to get wrought up over the novel race, and ... words of encouragement to the dogs. About ... from the bridge is a large tree, and here the race ... ends. The dogs then trot slowly back and wait ... other car. Some of the new motormen have tried ... a race with them, but the dogs won't have it. ... They stick to their old friends.—[Philadelphia ...

* * *

### A Happy Family.

JACOB MITCHELL of Chloride, Ariz., writes ... Times:

Leona Thurman, a miss of twelve years, of ... is the possessor of a unique family of household ... which she is very proud.

First, the old pet tabby cat gave birth to a ... four kittens, perfect beauties. They became ... popular members of the Thurman home.

When the kits were a few weeks old, a friend ... sented the owner of the feline family with a ... cottontail rabbit that had been picked up in the ... in the suburbs of town. The bunnie was ... about the same age as the kittens, and all were ... loose in the house together and allowed to roam ... will and pleasure in every room.

For a time after the arrival of the cottontail ... watched and quite carefully guarded, for fear ... mother of the kittens might take it into her ... fall upon him and devour him. But the young ... was pleased to observe a growing friendliness ... varied assortment of pets, and it was soon ... the rabbit had been regularly admitted into the ... family and enjoyed all the privileges as if of the ... blood and nature. Since then they have all ... slept together, and the bunnie receives as much ... ling and caressing from the mother cat as does ... children.


...trousers bottom, trimmed with white braid, extra full; great value at $3.00; Blue Pencil Price, each $1.98.

$2.39 for Linen Crash Skirts worth $3.50

Extra fine linen crash, made with three deep graduated

Any 50c man's hat in our stock for 49c
Any $1.48 man's hat in our stock for 74c
Any $2.00 man's hat in our stock for $1.00
Any $2.50 man's hat in our stock for $1.25




## GOOD SHO...

*Compiled ...*

### Paid—With Interest.

MAN will show his ... only tend to encou... portunity often lu... titiously patting that w... in summing up the brea... often these abettors are ... it is a fact, as old Abe W... ton, Pa., well knows. Ab... ago. Times had been h... hadn't contributed anyth... any. Ground hogs were ... getting a little old to ca...

Abe did all the whitew... as he depended on this ... sweet potatoes, the adv... somewhat his anticipatio...

Well, work or no work ... somehow. One morning ... of stealing two sheep. T... is a serious crime and th... show of being provided ... years.

When his case came up ... was all against him. It wa... Abe would be convicted. ... to defend him saw no use ... viction was a sure thing ... best way.

And still old Abe was ... knew he'd be convicted, ... that miscellaneous gathe... The jury was out about ... court. The judge went t... and asked for the verdic...

"Not guilty as indicted, ...

The judge was indign... every one there was surp... and old Abe walked out ...

His lawyer button-holed ... how ever he could accou... man glanced furtively ab...

"Count foh it!" he exc... Lowering his voice he co... dem yere jurors done owe... dey pay de bill—er, haw, ...

### She Turned the Faucet.

A DAUGHTER of Eve ... learned a valuable less... she profits by it remains ... the house of a friend, and ... go out one afternoon. Be... bowl in the dressing-roo... house is a large one, and ... marble, with a formidabl... There was one strange fea... They were those at the ex... bowl, and they were tied ... unwary against touching ... could be no reason, when ... bowl, for not using it, so ... curiosity aroused, turned o... right-hand faucet.

Probably Eve herself ha... rewarded. As the young ... she leaned well over the ... center of the bowl there ... in her eyes, her nose, her ... her collar a strong, fine sp... it touched. It did not take ... a very wet young woman w... up again to recurl her hair, ... and put on a fresh collar. ... and do the complexion no ... be taken in homeopathic d... lar.—[New York Times.

### When a "Hunch" Paid.

A NEW YORKER in Lond... excitement on the stock ... tunate issue from a series ... accident that was connecte... and supernatural than a pl... ner when the recent crisis ... was vermicelli, with the cu... In the conversation the N... against the general argume... prices were not likely to d... ness basis which made it ... tained. He was lifting the ... very spirited utterance on t... the four letters in his spoon...

He is not a superstitious ... thinking. He swallowed th... it. He continued to eat, an... chiefly to the condition of t... When he dipped his spoon ... mouthful the New York op... the flour letters remained ... the word "unload."

This coincidence was too ... stock broker, who excused ... went to the cable office of ... his broker here to close ou... and the difference in time b... the opening of the market ... His broker followed his dir... heavy winner. It is not su...

CARBONS—"Every P... Visitors should not miss the ... Photograph: taken under the ... effects of atmosphere in the ...

# GOOD SHORT STORIES.

*Compiled for The Times.*

**Paid—With Interest.**

MAN will show his gratitude if circumstances will only tend to encourage him. Conditions and opportunity often lurk behind benevolence, surreptitiously pitting that worthy quality on the back; but in summing up the breadth of a good action, it is not often these abettors are recognized. This is strange, but it is a fact, as old Abe White, an old negro of Washington, Pa., well knows. Abe needed meat badly a few days ago. Times had been hard for him and the neighbors hadn't contributed anything toward easing up his mind any. Ground hogs were scarce, but maybe Abe was getting a little old to capture these little grunts.

Abe did all the whitewashing about Washington and as he depended on this occupation for his pork and sweet potatoes, the advent of papered ceilings chilled somewhat his anticipations for the future.

Well, pork or no work, Abe managed to scrape along somehow. One morning he was arrested on a charge of stealing two sheep. This, in sheep-growing districts, is a serious crime and the old darkey stood a pretty fair show of being provided for in prison for about five years.

When his case came up in criminal court, the evidence was all against him. It was molasses drops to mud pies old Abe would be convicted. In fact, the attorney appointed to defend him saw no use in making an argument—conviction was a sure thing, and the easiest way was the best way.

And still old Abe was confident. The prosecution knew he'd be convicted, told the jury so, and allowed that miscellaneous gathering to retire.

The jury was out about ten minutes and then filed in court. The judge went through the usual preliminaries and asked for the verdict.

"Not guilty as indicted," solemnly said the foreman.

The judge was indignant, the lawyers equally so; every one there was surprised. The jury was lectured and old Abe walked out of court.

His lawyer button-holed him in the corridor and asked how ever he could account for the acquittal. The old man glanced furtively about.

"Count foh it!" he exclaimed, "why, dat's easy." Lowering his voice he continued, "Yo' see, boss, ten ob dem yere jurors done owe me old whitewash bills and—dey pay de bill—er, haw, haw!"—[Pittsburg Press.

* * *

**She Turned the Faucet.**

A DAUGHTER of Eve who is visiting in New York learned a valuable lesson the other day, but whether she profits by it remains to be seen. She is visiting at the house of a friend, and with her hat on was about to go out one afternoon. But first she went to a big set bowl in the dressing-room to wash her hands. The house is a large one, and the bowl sets in a big slab of marble, with a formidable array of faucets above it. There was one strange feature about two of these faucets. They were those at the extreme ends of each side of the bowl, and they were tied with strings as if to warn the unwary against touching them. But of course there could be no reason, when there was a faucet over a set bowl, for not using it, so the young woman, with her curiosity aroused, turned on the water from the extreme right-hand faucet.

Probably Eve herself had not her curiosity so quickly satisfied. As the young woman reached for the faucet she leaned well over the bowl, when whist! from the side of the bowl there came straight up in her face, in her eyes, her nose, her mouth, over her hat, and over her collar a strong, fine spray which soaked everything it touched. It did not take long to get out of, but it was a very wet young woman who sat down to gasp and rose again to recurl her hair, dry her bedraggled feathers, and put on a fresh collar. Those are delightful sprays and do the complexion no end of good, but they must be taken in homeopathic doses and without hat or collar.—[New York Times.

* * *

**When a "Bunch" Paid.**

A NEW YORKER in London during the recent time of excitement on the stock exchange attributes his fortunate issue from a series of heavy speculations to an incident that was connected with nothing more occult and supernatural than a plate of soup. He was at dinner when the recent crisis was at its height. The soup was vermicelli, with the customary letters floating in it. In the conversation the New Yorker was contending against the general argument that the existing high prices were not likely to decline, but rested on a business basis which made it certain they would be maintained. He was lifting the spoon to his lips after a very spirited utterance on the subject when he saw that the four letters in his spoon spelt the word "Sell."

He is not a superstitious man, but the incident set him thinking. He swallowed the omen without mentioning it. He continued to eat, and the party confined its talk chiefly to the condition of the stock market in this city. When he dipped his spoon in the soup for the last mouthful the New York operator saw that only six of the four letters remained in the plate, but they spelt the word "unload."

This coincidence was too much even for the doubting stock broker, who excused himself from the table and went to the cable office of the hotel. He sent word to his broker here to close out all his railroad holdings, and the difference in time brought the message here for the opening of the market on the day of the panic. His broker followed his directions and he came out a heavy winner. It is not surprising that his favorite soup is now vermicelli, especially when he is operating heavily in stocks.—[New York Sun.

* * *

**Effect of a Guilty Conscience.**

"I HEARD Dr. Conan Doyle tell a good story during a trip I made to London last winter. He said that at a dinner party he had attended the guests began discussing the daily discoveries made to the detriment of people occupying high stations in life and enjoying the confidence of the business world. Dr. Doyle said that it had always been his opinion that there was a skeleton in the closet of every man who had reached the age of forty. This led to a lot of discussion, some of the guests resenting the idea that there was no one who had not in the past something that were better concealed.

"As a result of the controversy, Dr. Doyle said, it was suggested that his views as to family skeletons be put to the test. The diners selected a man of their acquaintance who all knew only as an upright Christian gentleman, whose word was accepted as quickly as his bond and who stood with the highest in every respect. 'We wrote a telegram, saying: "All is discovered; flee at once," to this pillar of society,' said Dr. Doyle, 'and sent it. He disappeared the next day and has never been heard from since.'"—[Washington Post.

* * *

**A Warning to Preachers.**

"I THOUGHT it would be easy enough to convert the lay people of the town, but realized, of course, that the ministers would be a harder task. I remember one of the first sermons I preached with that idea before me. It was a hot summer day, and a gentleman very much under the influence of liquor slid into the rear part of the church and went to sleep. It was somewhat disquieting at first, but I soon warmed up to the subject and forgot him. What happened has always been a warning to me against very loud preaching—I waked him up. My vehemence so disturbed him that he arose, walked unsteadily up the aisle, and stopped in front of the pulpit. I was dreadfully embarrassed, I remember, but I retained sufficient presence of mind to take what I thought was an efficient and brilliant means of bridging over the gap, for, of course. I had stopped preaching when he stood still and looked at me. Leaning over the pulpit I remarked suavely:

"'I perceive that my good brother is ill. Will some—'

"Before anyone could move, however, he lifted his head and, fixing his blinking eyes upon me, remarked in perfectly distinct tones heard throughout the church—

"'I sh'd think such preachin' 'ud make everybody ill!'"—[Cyrus Townsend Brady, in Lippincott.

* * *

**How Nathan Proposed to the Widow.**

NATHAN saw that his time had come. He sighed, cleared his throat, and began: "Widder, I been thinkin' a good deal lately, an' I been talkin' some with a friend o mine." He felt guiltily conscious of what that friend had counselled him to keep back. "I've been greatly prospered in my day; in fact, 'my cup runneth over.'"

"You have been prospered, Nathan."

"Seem's ef—seem's ef I'd ought to sheer it with somebody, don't it?"

"Well, Nathan, I do' know nobody that's more generous in givin' to the poor than you air."

"I don't mean jest exactly that way; I mean—widder, you're the morti—I mean the salvation of my soul. Could you—would you—er—do you think you'd keer to sheer my blessin's with me—an' add another one to 'em?"

The Widow Young looked at him in astonishment; then, as she perceived his drift, the tears filled her eyes and she asked, "Do you mean it, Nathan?"

"I wouldn't 'a' spent so much labor on a joke, widder."

"No, it don't seem like you would, Nathan. Well, it's sudden, mighty sudden, but I can't say no."

"Fur these an' all other blessin's make us truly thankful, oh Lord, we ask for His name's sake—Amen!" said Nathan devoutly. And he sat another hour with the widow, making plans for the early marriage, on which he insisted.—[Paul Laurence Dunbar, in Lippincott.

* * *

**He Wanted "Sheeps."**

A YOUNG Frenchman, recently arrived in this country, found himself a pleasant boarding place in East Blank street, where most of the boarders were of long residence and were well acquainted—almost as members of a family. The Frenchman was a bright, intelligent, gentlemanly fellow, and was taken into full fellowship very soon. One night a little poker game was started—a "penny ante" game, or something of the kind. The Frenchman took to it very quickly and found it very fascinating. The next day he determined to purchase for himself a poker outfit to take back with him to France when he should return. So he went to a large department store and asked if they had some "sheeps."

"Upstairs," said the polite clerk, "in the toy department."

The young man went up two floors, and again asked for "sheeps."

"Over in the far corner," said the floor walker.

When he reached the counter to which he had been directed a young woman to whom he had made known his wants showed him a number of wooden sheep, with wool fastened on them.

"Pardon; set ees not zese I want. I weesh 'sheeps.'"

"Well, these are certainly sheep," said the young woman, "and they are very good sheep." Then a new idea came to her, and she added. "Of course, if you want something cheaper, you will find some tin animals over at that other counter," pointing across the room.

"But it is not 'sheeps' I want, but 'sheeps.' I want not 'sheeps' so animals, but 'sheeps' to play wiz."

"My dear sir, these are 'sheep to play with!'"

The poor man was growing distressed, when a second girl came to the rescue. "I know what you want," she said. "Come with me."

He went with her, and she piloted him over to a counter on which were piled miniature ships, yachts and so forth.

"There you are!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

"But it is no, not zis! It is 'sheeps' zat I want."

By this time it began to be the general impression on the floor that the man was crazy, and this was strengthened by his explanation that he wanted the 'sheeps' for his 'aunties!'

"They must keep a boarding house," whispered one girl to another, "and he has mistaken this for a grocery."

But a sophisticated man overheard the Frenchman's remarks, and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but I think I understand what you want—poker chips, isn't it?"

"Surelee! Sheeps for pokeair! Zat ees eet!"—[Kansas City Star.

* * *

**The Value of Silence.**

"I HAVE the reputation of being reserved," said a well-known Detroit business man with a smile. "I think that a lesson I learned in my early youth is responsible for most of it. I was born and brought up on a farm, living the so-called free and easy life that the poets rave over. In my own case I cannot recall that I ever enthused over the life. There was altogether too much work for a small boy who knew where the old swimming hole was located and where the fish bit the best.

"Our cows were pastured in a back lot, and it was the duty of an elder brother to take them there every morning and bring them home at night. But one day he chanced to be away, and my father brought up the question of going after them.

"Why not let Henry go?" said my mother.

"That meant me, and I was about to exhibit a painful stone bruise as proof of my utter inability to attend to the matter, when my father, after looking me over critically, said doubtfully:

"'I'm afraid he isn't big enough.'

"'I be, too!' I answered indignantly.

"'Well, son,' said he, 'you may try, but I fear it is too much for a small boy like you.'

"Stone bruise or no stone bruise, I am certain that I broke the record that night in bringing the cows home, and I faced my father flushed and triumphant.

"'There they are!' I cried exultantly.

"'Very well, son,' my father answered, drily, 'you may go after them every day hereafter.'

"It was a long, long walk to that back pasture, and many a time while I walked did I reflect upon the danger of saying too much."—[Detroit Free Press.

* * *

**Irving's Realism.**

THE piercing eyes and intense expression of Henry Irving once had the effect of making a fellow-actor altogether forget that he was on the stage at all. It occurred in Manchester during a performance of "Macbeth," and in the scene where Macbeth says to one of the murderers "There's blood upon thy face!" Irving put so much earnestness into his words that the murderer forgot his proper answer, ("'Tis Banquo's, then,") and replied, in a startled voice:

"Is there? Great Scot!"

He fancied, as he afterward said, that he had broken a blood vessel.—[Ledger Monthly.

* * *

**Bogus Lords Met With Every Day.**

ONE of the most unconventional of English noblemen is Lord Ranfurly, Governor of New Zealand. When in London his lordship was one of the earliest risers and might be seen every morning, wet or fine, clad in a most careless fashion, walking briskly through Oxford street, Regent street and sometimes Bond street. Over and over again has Lord Ranfurly, a bit fagged by his long walk, stopped at a certain coffee stall and enjoyed a cup of tea or coffee. Once his lordship entered into conversation with the owner.

"All sorts and conditions of men stop here at times, I dare say," said Lord Ranfurly, smiling. "I wonder, now, if any Dukes or Lords ever pull up and have a cup of tea?"

"Maybe they do and maybe they don't," said the proprietor curtly.

"Supposing now, I told you that I was a Lord? What would you think of it?" continued his lordship.

"I shouldn't think nothing of it," replied the coffee gentleman; "I gets so many liars and loungers a-hanging round this 'ere stall that I ain't surprised at what they says or what they does!"

As Lord Ranfurly afterward remarked to a friend: "I hurried away quickly, but I noticed the gentleman did not call me 'my lord' as I disappeared."—[Chicago Chronicle.

* * *

**Easily Earned.**

AN ELECTION petition was being tried, and witness was called to prove "bribery."

"One of the gentlemen says to me, 'Hodge, you must vote for the Tories,'" said the witness.

"And what did you answer to that?" asked the counsel.

"Well, says I, 'How much?'"

"And what did the agent say?"

"He didn't say nothin'. The other gentleman comes to me, and says, 'You must vote for the Liberals, Hodge.'"

"And what did you answer?"

"I said, 'How much?' So he arst me what t'other gentlemen offered, and I told him five shillings."

"And what did the liberal agent do?"

"He gave me 10."

Counsel sits down triumphant, and up starts the other side.

"Did you vote for the Liberals?"

"No."

"Did you vote for the Tories?"

"No. I ain't got a vote!"—[London Spare Moments.

CARBONS—"Every Picture a work of Art." II—MEDALS—If you should not miss the opportunity to have your photograph taken under the most favorable conditions of atmosphere in the world. Steckel 344 & SPRING ST., Opp. Hollenbeck.

1. Kruger Not Coming to America.
Empress Dowager's Funeral.
Women Pelt Nude Indian.
Fatal Explosion on Yacht.
Negro Ravisher Burned Alive.
Death of Signor Crispi.

....San Diego "spook" meeting a tame affair....Coronado Tent City crowded with visitors....Strange idea of a condemned Mexican at San Diego. Big Sunday crowd at Santa Monica. Pasadena negro gives police trouble.

there was not a suggestion of disor anywhere.

President Shaffer spent the quietly at his home in Pittsburgh. holds rather strict ideas of Sabbath servance, and throughout the

# A MODERN EAR OF DIONYSIUS.

*By a Special Contributor.*

THOMPSON'S friends were not agreed in the view they took of his career. Some pronounced him a a genius in his way and others thought he was simply one of those fortunate ones who are "born lucky." Be that as it may, during the five years in which he had acted as private detective, he had failed but twice in bagging his game. True, of the many cases that had been given him, none had been especially difficult until within the last year, when it was coming to be recognized that if unfaltering courage, persistent determination, and a quick eye for discovering clues where none seemed to exist, were needed, Thompson was the man, and of late he was somewhat in demand. As eccentric as he was gifted, he held firmly to the idea that first impressions were the correct ones and believed in following the guidance of a strong impulse. This, I have often thought was the real source of his enthusiasm and the mainspring of his success. Anyhow, it was my good fortune to be detailed by the press association for which I was working at the time, to go to New York and write up some matters of political and biographical import, and incidentally to do some reporting, just when Thompson was employed on a case that became famous because of the mystery that surrounded it. The clever way in which Thompson finally succeeded in catching the criminals was never published in detail, because he hoped to use the same method again and pledged me to secrecy. Now that he has struck it rich in the Klondike and has giving up hunting criminals, I propose to give the whole story to the public.

The papers had been full of the case, the main points of which were as follows: A wealthy westerner had been in New York for a month; he was known to carry valuables and large sums of money on his person; it was further known that he drank and gambled heavily and lost frequently, yet no one knew where he had spent this particular evening. It was only known that just at midnight, he had been found dead in a back street. A vial, clinched in his hand, bore the word, "laudanum." Whether he had put an end to his own life or had been murdered was the question to be solved. Such were the meager details that Thompson had to work upon when he took the case, and only one more point was added when the ground had been thoroughly studied—two suspicious characters had been seen in that region, an hour before, but the place was full of toughs and this did not necessarily mean anything, although it might mean everything. The murderers, if murderers they were, had left absolutely no trace behind them, and when the weeks had lengthened into a month, there was still no clue whatever to be found, but Thompson never seemed to lose hope for a moment.

Another man would have given up, but he assured me that he felt impelled to keep on; that he had every inward assurance that he had reached the high tide in his affairs, and must take it if he would go on to fortune. This thought inspired him with unbounded enthusiasm and filled him with all sorts of schemes. Nothing was too daring for him to undertake and no effort, too wearing or difficult. He followed the slightest suggestion of a clue and shadowed men by the score. One night he came in with a black eye.

"Trailed the wrong man," he explained laconically as he bathed the injured organ, splashing more water upon the floor than he got in his eye.

Another time he had me go out and get him a new coat. His was besmeared with mud and torn in a dozen places.

"What's the matter this time?" I asked.

"Guarding a house that a fellow I was trailing went into and didn't see the bulldog."

His abbreviated style had come with the frequency of these episodes, which he met with unruffled good nature; but I grew to think him visionary and hinted that he'd better give it up and go home with me. My work was finished and I was to leave on the next evening's express, much to Thompson's disgust.

"There'll be a big write-up for somebody, and you ought to stay and keep the cinch," he argued, and I assured him that the chief was a tyrant to call me back and warned him never to give up hunting criminals for the pen—a joke that his excited state of mind made it hard for him to appreciate.

"Not much danger of that," was his emphatic reply. "After I ferret out this case, I'll have work from sea to sea and can employ you to go along and write me up. Why, man alive, if it wasn't hard to solve, it wouldn't be a mystery and there'd be no glory in it."

That was at lunch. At dinner the next day, he swallowed a few mouthfuls and left the table, saying to me in an undertone as he left:

"Come up to my room when you are through. Got 'em bagged now or I am mightily off."

When he got well out of the room, the rest of the boarders roared. They supposed he was in trouble again and I didn't enlighten them. A man hates to see his friend made a fool of and although I had no more faith in this last flight than I had had in the last fifty, I wasn't going to say so. I was hungry—reporters do have an enormous assimilating capacity anyhow—and I took my time, for I had given Thompson up for a crank and I wasn't going to give up a good dinner to hear about his four hundred and fifty-first suspect. When I got to the room, I found him walking the floor excitedly.

"You're a daisy reporter, you are! Must be anxious for news," was the indignant outburst that met me like a volley from one of Dewey's battleships.

"Oh, come now, don't jack a fellow up when he eats his first square meal at 7 in the evening. That sandwich I swallowed on the fly at lunch is all I've had today. I've been on the go all day, ever since I rushed off before breakfast to get that fire off," I replied meekly and he cooled off.

"Well, I am going home with you, Hart." He paused to study the effect of his statement.

"Now, you are talking sense," I began, but with his left hand he waved me into silence, while with his right he drew two pictures from his inner coat pocket.

"See these? They are the escaped bank robbers. You know the story. The very night of this murder, here in New York, these fellows were caught at X, but succeeded in slipping their cuffs and escaping. Now!" His attitude was dramatic. "I've trailed two men for three days. Don't know a thing about them except that they have been known to gamble with Moore and last night when I trailed them past the street where Moore was found, one of them quickened his steps and I heard the other mutter something that sounded like 'fool.' The robbery and the murder were committed on the same night at about the same hour, and over 400 miles apart; therefore these fellows are not responsible for both crimes. I have arrested them as the robbers on a supposed resemblance to the photos and so far they have not denied the charge. They are cuffed together and a guard sits by their side, with instructions not to give them a chance to say a word that he does not hear. He will be relieved tonight by a fresh man, so that waking or sleeping they will be under close surveillance. Listen." His voice fell to a whisper, as if he feared that the very walls might prove traitor. "I shall not wire the arrest and immediately upon our arrival at X., I shall take them to Anderson's Whispering Gallery. You will go with me. We shall sit in one focus and they in another, fifty feet apart. Do you see?"

Yes, I saw, and his scheme was a magnificent one. Left alone in one focus for the first time since their arrest, they would quickly formulate their plans, agree on the same story, and we in the other focus would hear even their slightest whisper.

As to the trip, the sullenness of the two men, Thompson's excitement, and my renewed interest, it is not necessary to speak. The first part of the plan carried as we expected it to. We drove to the gallery just as it was opened for the morning and entered by a rear door. While Thompson explained his purpose to Mr. Anderson, I strolled to the front focus and busied myself, reading some copy. Presently Thompson joined me, took out a cigar and the morning paper and became intent, apparently, on some article. It had been prearranged that we should become thoroughly settled before the prisoners were seated, and then should maintain the strictest silence, as so slight a sound as the rustle of the paper or a deep breath might serve to put them on their guard.

The men were brought to a bench in the rear focus and the guard strolled away. Presently one of them spoke in a low mutter. The words came so distinctly to our ears that I would have started to my feet, but for the quick pressure of Thompson's arm, placed conveniently over mine with a motive, no doubt.

"What does this mean?" were the words that I caught.

"It means courage or we are lost," came from between the other's teeth. "Listen. We are arrested as bank robbers. I know the affair. It occurred here in X, 400 miles from the city, on the same night as the murder. If we are the robbers, we are not the murderers. An alibi is established and we are saved. Once out, we will skip the country and the Moore mystery will continue to be the nightmare of this baby detective."

"But his dying groans haunt me. I'd rather die than hear them, over and over, till——"

"Curse you for a coward," muttered the other. "You were willing enough to bring the laudanum from your medicine chest, after you had seen the color of his gold. Besides, I put it into the wine. I am the murderer if you choose, so brace yourself, fool, and act the part of the robber."

"Beware! I, the spirit of Allan Moore, declare that my blood is upon you both and retribution awaits you."

It was Thompson's intense whisper that fell upon my ear this time.

The two men started, as the first sound reached them. When the sentence was finished, they sat like men paralyzed. A moment later, Thompson stood beside them.

"On your own confession, I arrest you as the murderers of Allan Moore," he said.

## ARTISTIC DRESS FOR MEN.

[New York Sun:] Artists, writers and musicians at Berlin have formed a men's dress reform club, of which Herman Widmer, the painter, is president. The object of the club is to devise and popularize a dress for men which, while being equally comfortable, will be more artistic than that now worn in everyday life.

The committee appointed for this purpose has submitted designs of a new dress, which has been approved. The short coat or jacket is a modified form of the uniform worn by a Hussar regiment of Germany. It is tight to the waist and indicates the graceful curve of the spinal column by braids on the back.

The trousers are also tight-fitting, loosening somewhat below the knee, and have buttons on the sides of the legs. The waistcoat is likewise a reminder of the military style and shows off to great advantage the manly chest of the wearer.

These garments are to be manufactured of gay-colored cloths, varied in tones, the idea being to give the portrait painters a relief from the dull monotony of the present colors. The club has written to artists all over Europe soliciting further designs.

## EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] "Colonel," she said when they were alone on the stairway, "father tells me you are a man who never fails. He says when you undertake to carry a point you carry it; that if you are sent to raise a siege, you raise it, and he says he believes if you were sent out to find the North Pole you would hoist the flag on it."

"Yes," the bluff old soldier replied, "that's me, and when I want to get out of a corner I escape. Excuse me, over there's a friend of mine that I want to see on particular business."

# CHINESE ENGLISH.

*By a Special Contributor.*

IT IS a curious circumstance and one which [illegible] how extensive has been the commercial intercourse between America and England with China, that [illegible] English-speaking people carry on their business with the natives of China, at most of the large trading centers, such as Canton and Shanghai, through the medium of the English tongue. Few foreigners study Chinese to any extent, and these few are chiefly to be found among the interpreters attached to the foreign legations, consulates or missionaries. But the Chinese have found it to their interest to pick up a smattering of English. They pervert the language, however, into a strange jargon, made up of words grievously mispronounced, often entirely perverted from their proper meaning, and always arranged according to the Chinese idiom. So extraordinary is the dialect thus produced, that an American on his arrival at Canton or elsewhere, understands no more of it than if it were Choctaw. It requires quite a few weeks' practice to place him on a level with the natives with which he will be able to utter a jargon quite as intelligible as that of any Chinaman. Indeed, we need not go as far as Canton to acquire this strange tongue, for we can accustom ourselves to some of it right here in San Francisco or Hop Lee's stuffy laundry.

To facilitate the acquisition of this language, the Chinese themselves have actually compiled vocabularies in which every Chinese word is accompanied by a corresponding English term. As the Chinese have no alphabet, they are unable to communicate correctly the sound of any foreign word, unless such sound is identical with that of some word in their own language. The coincidence is very rare, and they are, in consequence, reduced to take any word which appears to them in sound something like the one which they wish to represent. Thus, the word change is represented by the Chinese words pronounced cheen-che. The word glass comes kaw-lang. Dirty becomes tah-te, and dress becomes tik-lik-ke. Husband and wife are ha-semun and wife, the first being probably meant for house-man.

The numbers from one to twelve are wun, tu, san, saw, fie, sik-she, sum-wun, oot, ni, tang, lee-te-tup.

In addition to this copious source of vain ambiguity, a Chinaman's English vocabulary [illegible] contains expressions picked up from sailors, who, as we know, are apt to speak purposely in a broken jargon to orientals. Thus young gentleman is converted into meet-che-mun, tailor into tai-le-mun, and cook into chow-mun. The first is plainly "midshipman." The word "alike" is rendered a-loo-sum, being intended to mean "all the same."

A few Portuguese words may be discovered in the Chinaman's unique vocabulary. Thus "great" becomes kah-lan-te, signifying grande, and "orange" becomes loo-lan-che for "laranja." To "know" is sha-pe for [illegible] a word which seems to be understood all over the world. Then, again, you will come across some very odd combinations. For example, "far" is long-wi, a long way. "Leisure" is hap-teen, have time. "Enter" is he-yop, go inside.

Perhaps the best possible commentary upon the method of speech is to convey some idea as to the manner in which it is spoken, say at Canton. An hour's dialogue in a store will serve our purpose.

"Chin, chin (good day,) any news?"

"Nelly few, you had hear that gobnor hab to die? Last day, he hab die." (He died yesterday.)

"Yes, my hab hear. Just now which si your hab go? Two time before my come no hab see he."

"Just now he go country; stop two day more, he come back. Stop littee time, I sendee callum."

The Chinese do not depend solely upon their vocabularies for the use of this tongue. They have their schoolmasters, some of whom have resided here in England, and can speak real English, though imperfectly. But the majority of the people in the large trading centers know the jargon only. This dialect has been built by its long use, established in its idioms, etymology and the definitions attached to words; Canton being the place for its exhibition.

Of course, the schools of the various Christian missions established in many sections of the mysterious and occult Celestial Empire have, until the present time, been able to do something toward diffusing a knowledge of English. Again, some of the more enlightened officials—men like Minister Wu, who have mingled with foreigners, can speak English tolerably; but to the great bulk of Chinamen, the language proves a hard philological nut to crack, and is mostly attempted to be cracked through the agency of a phonetic system which is particularly Chinese.

J. MARTIN MILLER.

## GLASS IS NOISY.

[Architects' and Builders' Journal:] The glass pavement which is making its way in Paris is exciting the interest of the curious. Its inventor is a Mr. [illegible] who manufactures his product from finely-crushed glass which is subjected to great heat and heavy pressure. The result is a substance which is said to be less affected by wear than the best and hardest granite, and to support a pressure of over 10,000 pounds to the square inch. To break a slab of the material a weight of several tons falling from the height of three feet was necessary. This glass pavement is being laid down at the works of its inventor in several test places, where the traffic is exceptionally heavy. If at the end of five years the pavement has worn well, the municipality has decided to take to adopt it on a large scale. If not, Mr. [illegible] who evidently has confidence in his material, is under contract to replace the old pavement at his own cost. The new pavement is said to be noisy.

Any 50c man's hat in our stock for 49c
Any $1.48 man's hat in our stock for 74c
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Extra fine linen crash, made with three deep graduated

# AUSTRALIA'S WOES.

## WHY THE ISLAND CONTINENT IS SLOW IN ITS DEVELOPMENT.

*By a Special Contributor.*

"WHAT'S the matter with Australia?"

This is the question frequently asked by commercial and other progressive people. Australians who go there with the intention of setting up in business return home. Immigration, commenced 113 years ago, ceased in 1891; and now that all the good agricultural and pastoral land is bought up and mostly mortgaged to the London capitalist, it is unlikely to start afresh. Yet Australia, with scarcely five million people, is as large as the United States. The tersest answer to the foregoing question is—"want of rain." The climate is so irregular, a regular supply of commodities to English or foreign markets cannot be depended upon. South America (the Platte) is now supersailing Australia in supplying mutton to the English market; and Italy exports millions of oranges to Australia annually. Up to the moment of writing, there are many parts in that too sunny land that not one drop of rain has blessed for over six years. One can mention, for instance, 79,000,000 acres, known as the "Western District" of New South Wales—a torrid, dust-up wilderness—once owned by squatters (sheep monarchs) and now by land syndicates and banks. People call this "The Land of Dumb Despair."

It is a Saharan glebe, where lie scattered the bleached bones of animals, even of men, driven insane at last by awful thirst. This region, like many others, spells bankruptcy in big letters. To redeem it, to make it a garden, necessitates irrigation, canals, and water conservation; but the artesian water must not be used, except for watering stock, because on evaporation, saline material is deposited, which absolutely prevents vegetation.

Here, at present, Chinese only are employed. Follow the thirtieth parallel of latitude from Bourke to the town of Hay, and you will find the awful conditions caused by the drought scarcely mitigated. The bare stretches of plain have nothing to recommend them but an occasional thin belt of gaunt, leafless timber and mirages. The desert is strewn with skeletons (remember we are only 250 miles from the Pacific Coast.) The dry is pallid blue, and the breathless air shimmers in the dry, intense heat. Not a sound, not a murmur in the vast solitude. The picturesque mirage rises a couple of hundred yards before you. You think it is water, but your horses know better. As you advance, the illusion vanishes. The scene is an extensive, scorched panorama. The bleached skeletons of sheep, cattle, and horses are everywhere, and the poor, dumb brutes that still exist stand near the well-nigh empty muddy water holes. If the drought continues, they, too, will be harvest for the crows and ants—truly a harvest of death in the Land of Dumb Despair. The writer drove eighty miles across a plain of baked, black soil which, after plenty of rain, yields bountiful supplies of capital herbage.

Isabella, 1000 miles west of Brisbane, is a town on the South Australian border in a "purely pastoral district, rather thinly grassed, but principally stony hills and mallulla." The water holes are filled with dead and dying stock, and the roaring of bogged cattle can be heard for great distances. Any one traveling out there must climb over the dead beasts to get a drink of water from a "hole" in which thousands must have perished. Birdsville, called so because birds can't live within 100 miles near there, once had seventy-seven white inhabitants. It has now about one dozen, including eight blacks. Rain, however, is comparatively more plentiful on the 100-mile margin of the Pacific Coast, and the Anti-German farming settlements within the 125-mile radius of Brisbane, in Southern Queensland, are among the most successful and richest in Australia. The uncertainty of rain is the only but constant anxiety. The district is dotted with homesteads, averaging fifty acres, over the slopes and ridges. It was formerly scrub land, so-called from the rich undergrowth. It is very badly watered. Water is conserved in dams, and wells with pumps are scattered everywhere, particularly along the roadsides.

A typical German-Australian village is Marburg, a few miles from Brisbane. It nestles among the ridges and besides the many farms and dairies which closely surround it, has a sugar mill which turns out about four hundred and fifty tons of sugar in the season. It could turn out 20,000 tons, but the settlers prefer dairying. Kanaka labor, at about $2 per week, with food and accommodation, is employed at the mill, in connection with which is a rum distillery—8000 gallons annually; the government receiving $24,000 duty for the same. Most of the Germans grow grapes and make wine for their own use, and, unless they sell it, pay no license. They depend on corn, wheat, cream, hogs, butter, potatoes.

Only 600,500 acres out of the 423,493,000 acres constituting the area of Queensland are under cultivation. One hundred and eleven thousand acres are devoted to the sugar cane; 103,000 to corn; 12,000 to potatoes; 46,000 to wheat. The remaining producing area is given over to arrowroot, oranges, barley, tobacco, vines, arrowroot. Droughts discourage further settlement.

Land Syndicates.

The South Welshman, on the whole, do not enjoy the same privileges of close settlement as the Queensland farmers. The area of New South Wales is 320,000 square miles. There are 656 holdings, averaging 31,000 acres each. From the town of Hay to Narsandera, with seventy miles of railroad, there are estates averaging 46,100 acres. In Central New South Wales there are sixty-two estates, averaging 23,481 acres each. In Tamworth and Armidale districts there are seventy-four estates, totaling 1,884,000 acres. Therefore, under the present set of affairs, persons who want land for agricultural purposes must go far back into the very dry interior, far away from a railroad, or purchase from the syndicates or banks land which, owing to the drought, has been mortgaged to them. The banks want 6 to 8 per cent. on time payment. Mostly all the agricultural and pastoral land is now in the hands of syndicates or banks. The terms they exact from farmers who might be enterprising enough to "break the soil" are too high at the risk of disastrous droughts. At the best, New South Wales produces only nine bushels of wheat per acre on ground under cultivation—not nearly sufficient to feed itself. Closer settlement is needed, but how to make the land capitalists give up their property is the question which baffles the government. Many suggest that the government should buy back these enormous estates, cut them up into homesteads, and rent them to tenants who are qualified farmers, and who, in their turn, must work the land.

### The Sugar Industry.

That great monopoly known as "the Colonial Sugar Refining Company," is the rival in the Pacific of Spreckel's Hawaiian sugar world. Its operations extend through Middle and Northern Queensland and the Fijis. The company is heavily mortgaged to the government (in other words, the English capitalist;) the interest on the loan being £7 2s and 7d per £100 annually. Australia, it must not be forgotten, is mortgaged to England, to the extent of $2,000,000,000, that is to say, the daily labor of each Australian is mortgaged to John Bull, who, of course, reserves his imperial veto, by which colonial legislation can be forbidden. Consequently, taxation, direct and indirect, is the order of the day. One is hardly surprised to learn, considering the financial side of the question, if not the climatic aspect, that the Queensland-Fijian sugar industry is carried on by Kanaka slavery.

### Kanaka Slavery.

The Northern Queensland towns are full of Kanakas and Asiatics. Here we encounter the mongrel of humanity, with all his vices. Rockhampton is known as the town of the three S's—sin, sweat, sorrow. The Kanakas are designated "blackbirds," and in the Southern Pacific Ocean "blackbird catching" is a little game sanctioned not only by missionaries, but by the government as well. The business is done in the following manner. The captain of the slave schooner, or other sort of "wind-jamber," steers direct for a "missionary island"—the other islands in the South Pacific being inhabited by stubborn cannibals, are severely left alone by civilized beings. Arrived at the island, a decoy, in the person of a Kanaka who "knows the game," is sent ashore by the captain, with the necessary instructions and paraphernalia required to charm the natives. Mirrors, gleaming jewelry, brass rings, beads, highly-colored pieces of cloth, proffered by the sable ambassador from the imposing schooner, himself adorned with paint and wearing jewels and a highly-colored sooloo, are all sufficient to win over the blackbird. Then the worthy and tactful ambassador promptly promises to make them chiefs and grinningly invites them all on board the ship to dine with him, and have a good time. The general excitement on that tight little island grows intense; the missionary keeps out of sight. Forthwith a dozen or two "Christianized" barbarians exultingly arrive upon the schooner's deck and are hospitably conducted to the 'tween decks below. Yams, rice, raisins, and luxuries never even dreamt of are generously given them, but they never come upon deck until the Queensland port is reached. The slave dealer then takes them ashore and sells them to the planters at from $50 to $150 each. For three years they are made to work in slavery, and at the expiration of that time are given $15 and a "box of trade," consisting of such gaudy and cheap articles as above-mentioned.

Travel through burning tropic lands compels one to declare that the man with the black pigment in his skin is the one naturally suited to bring the desert and the tropical forest into a condition fit for the extension of our social system. There are many, many regions in the tropics destined to produce untold wealth, but the pioneers must necessarily be men with pigmented skins (to stand the heat) managed by pioneer capital; men who can clear away the virgin forest and cut canals through the parched desert.

### Chinese in Australia.

There is a large percentage of Chinamen in Australia. Doctors, merchants, store-keepers, gardeners, cooks, miners, laundrymen, gamblers, and even hotel-keepers are to be found all over the country.

The Sydney and Brisbane vegetable markets are monopolized by the Chinese. Most of the hotels in town and country employ Chinese cooks at from five to ten dollars per week. They are more temperate than the white man in such capacities. One of the best restaurants in Sydney is run by a Chinaman; but good restaurants in Australia, particularly in the country towns, are very few and "far between." In the tin mining town of Tingha there are three generations of British-Chinese. Many of these mixed families lead moral and respectable lives, but the opium habit is very prevalent. This is the only Chinee town in Australia, and to do business there one should be "something of a chow." Although the government compels Chinese immigrants to pay a poll tax of $500 on arrival, they still keep coming. The biggest percentage of them are vegetable gardeners. As storekeepers they are successful competitors against the Anglo-Saxon in the interior towns; in fact their existence, combined with the presence of the cheap Indian and Syrian hawkers who swarm through the country, makes the white merchant very, very tired.

### The Swagman.

The Swagman is the tramp of Australia, and in that enervating climate he looks a sorry and forlorn object. He is often called a "sundowner," because he generally keeps a-walking till sunset, for if he were to lie down during the day the ants would worry him. When night comes, these entomological specimens retire to their nests, the swaggie throws his blanket beneath the branches of a gum tree, and after a smoke and a drink of tea which he has boiled in any kind of water from any sort of mudhole, rolls himself up, and dozes off to sleep. He begs for everything, and what is more, he generally gets it. At the present time, owing to the droughts and scarcity of work, these gentlemen of the road are everywhere in evidence. Anthony Trollope, an English author, once declared that the sundowner was happy in his enjoyment of an "everlasting picnic." The latter feels different about it, however. Employment is limited because Australia has very few factories. All machinery is imported. There are factories for vinegar, pickles, sauces, jams, biscuits, butter, cheese, bacon, soap, and several meat canneries. The business in second-hand bottles is enormous, imported bottles of all sorts being used countless times over for various purposes. Wool is sent to England and returned as clothing, blankets, etc. Everything you can think of is imported, even American corn. There are a few clothing and shoe factories, but these make but a small figure compared with the import trade, a large proportion of which comes from the United States. As Lord Rosebery has only recently shown, with considerable alarm, the Americans, Germans and Japanese surpass the British in the trades. The last capitalist to invest in Australian stock is Baron Liebig, of beef-tea renown; he has recently located his interests in Northern Queensland, in spite of the all too prevalent tick pest among the cattle in that district.

The scarcity of ice and cool drinks astonishes the American visitor as much as anything. In Sydney and other large towns ice is sold at four cents per pound. In the small towns, it is but very seldom heard of. No one seems to "bother about using it, because it is dangerous." Butchers never use it, and meat must be cooked and eaten almost directly after it is killed, or it will quickly turn to life again.

Salt beef and salt mutton constitute the chief meat diet throughout Australia. Fresh meats cost, at present, nine to fourteen cents per pound. Mutton is slightly the cheapest. The flavor is poor, as it is all grass fed, and scorched grass at that. Corn-fed beef is unknown. Pork and ham retail at twelve to thirty cents per pound. Everyone drinks tea instead of coffee, and it is always drunk hot. Good coffee is very dear and very difficult to procure. Chemicals are resorted to very largely in order to preserve articles of consumption.

### An Australia Bush Town.

Australia, unlike Desdemona, does not possess that "infinite variety" which "custom can never stale;" the interior towns are monotonously alike. Those with 7000 population are considered "large." A collection of two-roomed tenements would be called a town, even with a population of a dozen. Generally a "bush town" is a mere village with one or more hotels, with the inevitable barmaid, one or two blacksmith shops, a general store or two, a saddler, a church, and a small hall called a "School of Arts." The last is really a sort of reading-room, where meetings, political and otherwise, are held; but the fine arts are not taught there. Private dwellings in some "towns" can be rented for fifty cents per week, with what is euphemistically called a garden thrown into the contract. Cows, goats, horses, and chickens wander around the town at large. Goats are common pets, because they thrive on anything from withered grass to an empty jam tin, and the fowls have free tickets of admission to the living-rooms. After rain, the place has a sickly smell. Everything is quiet and solemn, there is no sign of brusque activity. Well might one ask with Rip Van Winkle, "Is anyone alive here at all?"

"Drought!" exclaimed an Italian who was looking after an orchard which had fallen into the hands of a bank. "Drought! Why there has been a drought here, ever since I came, and that was twenty years ago," adding; "and if they go on destroying the forests there will not only be no sleepers for railroads, but also no rain no more."

And now you will understand what is the matter with Australia.

WARREN FABIAN.

### A NEW CURE FOR TUBERCULOSIS.

An Italian physician, Dr. Tomaso Cavazzoni, having made long and studious experiments with garlic in the treatment of tuberculosis at all stages, and having been remarkably successful with it, has just published a treatise on the subject. He says that, of all remedies tried heretofore in the treatment of the dreaded white plague, garlic seems to have been the only one that has been successful in any degree; and he affirms that in the first stage of the disease, this specific never failed, to his knowledge, to effect a cure; and he further attributes the relative immunity of the people of Southern Europe to the terrible scourge, to the liberal use they make of garlic in their daily fare.

Shall we see the popular and despised garlic become fashionable? In its present tabooed state, it is probable that many a fair lady would rather die ten times from consumption than to poison her breath with the offensive smell of garlic.

### A THIRSTY HORSE ON A HOT DAY.

[Philadelphia Record:] How much water can a horse drink without feeling any ill effects? Here is a question that several people connected with a Kensington mill are asking themselves. A man left his horse and buggy in front of the office for half an hour the other day, first tipping the boy a nickel to give the horse a bucket of water. Soon after the manager went out, and, seeing the horse, with its little bonnet, getting dry, he wet the headgear and gave the animal a second bucket of water. A clerk going out for lunch was moved with compassion to water the horse, and he was followed by a traveling salesman, who offered the apparently thirsty animal a fourth bucket. The horse drank them all, as well as a fifth bucket held up to him by a benevolent boy. Finally, the proprietor came out and exclaimed: "That horse must have some water." He was told that it had already had five buckets, but said: "No matter; give it a chance at a sixth. It won't drink unless it wants it." The horse drank a sixth bucket of water and still lives.

CURIOSITIES—"Every Picture a work of Art." 17—MEDALS—17
Everybody should not miss the opportunity to have photographs taken under the most favorable conditions in the atmosphere in the world.
Steckel
[illegible] S. SPRING ST., Opp. Hollenbeck.

I. Kruger Not Coming to America.
Empress Dowager's Funeral.
Women Pelt Nude Indian.
Fatal Explosion on Yacht.
Negro Ravisher Burned Alive.
Death of Signor Crispi.

[illegible] race....San Diego "spook" meeting a tame affair....Coronado Tent City crowded with visitors....Strange idea of a condemned Mexican at San Diego. Big Sunday crowd at Santa Monica. Pasadena negro gives police trouble.

there was not a suggestion of disord anywhere.

President Shaffer spent the quietly at his home in Pittsburgh. holds rather strict ideas of Sabbath o

# A Tenderfoot's Trials on the Tortuous Trail.

## INTO THE SIERRA'S MIDST.

### DIFFICULTIES AND PLEASURES THAT LIE ALONG THE PATH TO THE HEIGHTS.

*By Dr. N. M. Babad.*

Of the Southern Pacific Company's Sketching Expedition into the King's River Country.

Civilization stops at Sanger;
In Milwood starts the trail;
And ye who dread the danger
Stay at home and sip your ale.

But lest those of my temperance-loving readers should object to the ale, I hasten to assure them that it is put in here for rhyme's sake more than anything else. As to danger, there is more truth than poetry in it. I didn't know enough to stay at home, however—we never do appreciate such things till we part from them—and here I am, sixty miles from nowhere, as near to heaven as a man in my age ordinarily wants to be.

Above me is one vast expanse of God's own blue canopy, which here looks so much bluer and clearer than anywhere else. Beneath me is a rocky mass, through which, after a struggle long and brave, pines of all shapes, names and sizes, have lifted their green-pointed heads skyward. In front or me rushes madly the Roaring River; his foamy, boiling, bubbling billows never ceasing to wash the rocks in his way with a music specifically odd, now discordant and jarring angry as if threatening destruction to all creation, then again as gentle, sweet and lulling as a baby's laughter or the cooing of an amorous dove.

Behind and in front of me, to the right and to the left and all around me, mountains so high that (as my guide says) it takes a man and his son to see their uppermost peaks; the man looks as far as he can, and when he reaches his limit, the son takes up the work and looks farther up.

The pines, and the tamaracks, the sequoias, and the willow trees, with the Roaring River creeping through them to keep them company, all unite in producing a volume of noises, which never seem to quiet down for a second, except, perhaps, when the wind, coming the Lord knows whence, suddenly enters the list to see who can bellow the loudest. And yet, after your ear gets accustomed to it, how utterly still, how absolutely silent everything seems! A stillness that even the river in his mad effort to top everything cannot drown or the mountain squeeze. It is simply oppressive, maddening! It is then that left alone with his thoughts one feels how ridiculously small and insignificant he is himself before all these crude giants of nature; how foolish and childish are his ambitions and cravings, and how idle his grasp for the impossible! It is then—and it is always thus with me now—that I would gladly dispose of a few tons of scenery, warranted to be fresh and original, painted by the Master, for one copy of The Times, no matter how old, just to see and read and feel that somewhere beyond these awe-inspiring mountains, from under the tallest peaks of which I can watch nightly the moon bidding good-by her baby moon, that somewhere, far, far away, there is another world! A world whose passions and intrigues, loves, hatreds, joys and sorrows, go on unceasingly as this river—small in its jealousies, petty in its envies, like the tiniest pebbles ground out by the ripples, and great and tall and majestic, like the mountains in its admiration of Him who made these cañons to run away to when the clang and the clamor of civilization become much more oppressive and heart-breaking than even the silence of the wilderness.

But hold on! I started in with an idea of sharing with the reader my enthusiasm over a trip through a country that a man sees but once in a lifetime, and having seen it, can neither forget nor pass over in silence. But I am afraid of the task. It is one thing to be a gifted painter, who with a few well-directed strokes of his brush reproduces before your mind's eye in lines clear, bold and strong, pictures not easily forgotten, and another for a poor mortal to try and paint the same in so many words, that at the best fade away before their colors are well mixed. The best I can do will be to try and develop before the reader the mental films, which, exposed to scenery fairly indescribable, are bound to give him or her a glimpse, if ever so faint, of the things Mother Nature herself in her mysterious way has transposed upon their (films') sensitive surfaces.

So much for a preface.

II.

When I left Los Angeles—it seems almost an age—it was quite warm. When I reached Fresno next morning I put it down in my notebook, lest I forget, that Los Angeles is the coolest place on earth. It was fully 106 deg. in the shade, if there was such a thing in Fresno. At least I could not locate it. The nearest approach to it was a park in the center of the city, which almost reminded me of Boston Common, only that this looked so much commoner. Panting for a whiff of air, I no sooner sat me down on a bench than I was told to move on. You see, either by natural gravitation or some other occult force, I was drawn into the part reserved "for ladies and their escorts." It was something new to me in the public park line, and I should have enjoyed the innovation even in the other portion reserved for the less favored sex, were it not for numberless thousands of insects of either sex that infested what little air the park could rightfully claim for its own. Yet, if Fresno was hot, Sanger was a hell. All during the night the thermometer never fell below 89 with the only breeze coming from a barn wherein the would-be Sanger Sousas gave their semi-weekly blowouts on brass instruments.

But Sanger is a civilized town. True, the one street never saw a sprinkling, and a dog fight in its gutters is a recreation much sought after and highly encouraged, but when this pastime palls there is still a graphophone left which is endlessly whining out, "I Can't Tell Why I Love You, But I do," in such hoarse and doleful tones that you almost feel sorry for the poor machine into whose ears of brass there were poured such drum-splitting wails.

But Sanger is a civilized town. If you doubt it, gentle reader, do as I did. Take the stage, figuratively speaking, of course, for Milwood. As you turn around the big shabby brick building that in boom days served as hotel, and now is an American bunk-house, for the last time, to be sure to look back at the sarsaparilla and liver-pill ads with an all-absorbing glance, for as they vanish, so vanishes the last vestige of the twentieth century things to give place to sky, mountains, trees, dust, and dust. For all that it is a beautiful ride.

The morning is yet half awake, with night's caresses still upon his brow. The sun is still rather shy and timid; and the horses, fresh and boisterous, set a pace as if they roamed the prairie, instead of a mountain trail which leads to rocks and trees, and more rocks and more trees and here and there to a saloon—a struggle of civilization to hold its own.

As you go up, higher and higher, till, as far as the eye can see, the eye meets only mountain peak and [illegible] running creeks, which have the habit of springing [illegible] your vision at the most unusual times and places, [illegible] get crushed by the weight of the immensity and grandeur that permeates all things, and defies description. You gradually and unconsciously leave all frivolous things behind you, all lost in solemn admiration. Indeed, your back by this time being more impressionable, easier tired of scenery, interrupts your reveries with most prosaic twitches of pain.

It takes eighteen horses—three changes—with Gallagher as driver, who for all the world looks as if he jumped out from a chapter of Bret Harte's tales, to bring you to Milwood, after twelve hours steady climbing up steep mountains that grow steeper and rockier with every foot. But once at Milwood one forgets that he ever lived anywhere else, that he ever saw a whisk broom or looked a parlor maid in the face. You see, he has so many things to be thankful for. He is alive.

Far and near there is one stretch of redwood pines, and white birch, among which, now [illegible] boldly, as if defying competition, now hid between shrubbery, are scattered a hundred of odd-looking cabins, the very existence of which one doesn't [illegible] till he gets to them.

Everything looks of the wood, green and [illegible] Somehow one clings to the fancy that this [illegible] rocks and boulders claimed by century-old sequoias asleep one night, sure of it, its might and right, woke up at dawn to find busy hands driving [illegible] engines, felling trees so large that the very rocks [illegible] with their moans as they licked the earth; sawing [illegible] primitive giants, who knew no superior but the [illegible] above, into plain white boards that go to make [illegible] to bury the ambitions of their conquerors.

Such a busy place, this Milwood! What if not a [illegible] ired yards away starts the trail which leads to [illegible] and everywhere. Here capital, genius and [illegible] strength and manly resignation to a humble life [illegible] transformed an unclaimed wilderness into a [illegible] human beehive.

Here machines built on gigantic scale, driven by [illegible]

VIEWS IN THE KING'S RIVER CANYON.

Here human genius has [illegible] med cañon springs and built a lake, and erected a [illegible] sixty miles in length, over which a pine board [illegible] six hours to reach Sanger. Here almost the last [illegible] of engineering has been said, where thirty years ago [illegible] cinnamon bear chased the deer and the coyote [illegible] his loudest, undisturbed by man. Truly, an interesting and instructive nook, of which, it is safe to bet, not a Californian in a thousand has ever heard enough to give an intelligent account. And Milwood deserves more than a passing comment—it deserves a letter by itself, which shall be my next.

NATHAN M. BABAD.

Camp Emmy, Copper Creek, Kings River Cañon, August 21, 1901.

### MONEY AND MICROBES.

[Detroit Journal:] The Ordinary Mortal recoiled in horror.

"There are microbes in money!" shrieked he.

"And vice versa!" remarked the Medical Man to himself, for it was by no means lost upon him that as worldly prosperity grew, pari passu, as the germ [illegible] impressed itself the more deely upon the popular [illegible]

August 11, 1901.]

Bosk

A Rail Built

Illustrations from photo

CARBONS—Ev
Visitors should not mi
Photographs taken un
dense atmosphere
STUDIO 229½ S. SPR

Any 50c man's hat in our stock for 49c
Any $1.48 man's hat in our stock for 74c
Any $2.00 man's hat in our stock for $1.00
Any $2.50 man's hat in our stock for $1.25

...broidered Dotted Swiss, trimmed with white Torchon lace; great value at $3.00; Blue Pencil Price, each $1.98.

$2.39 for Linen Crash Skirts worth $3.50

Extra fine linen crash, made with three deep graduated

# Bosky Beauties of the Wild King's River Country.

Illustrations from photos furnished The Times through the courtesy of the Southern Pacific passenger department, San Francisco.

# A SAHARA SLAVE MART.

## HOW A KIDNAPED GIRL WAS RESCUED FROM SLAVE-TRADERS.

*By a Special Contributor.*

FOUR weeks had passed since our arrival in Wargla. The season was growing hot, and as a consequence I laid my European costume in a box, resolved to wear my Arabian garb permanently until the fall came, when the damp and cool morning requires a heavier garment.

On the 2d of May, urged by a feeling of anxious interest, I arose early in the morning, made a perfect Arabian toilet and went out. The god of day was ascending his course apace. He was going to witness, nay, to enlighten a despicable scene. It was the monthly day of sale at the slave mart.

In preparation for my visit to the slave mart I had had my Arabian costume carefully washed and ironed like those of the chieftains. My object was to be looked upon as a member of the authorities, and the sequel proved to me that I had succeeded beyond my hopes. When I arrived in the Beni Sissine quarter, a large and old palace, much impaired by time and crumbling down like an abandoned house, struck my sight at the very first. That was formerly the residence of the Sultan of Wargla, which, at the overthrow of that sovereignty, passed into the hands of a sheik. The latter having in turn emigrated during the last revolution in the city, the palace was appropriated for public use, and thus became the vulgar inclosure now concealing the traffic of human flesh. A striking instance of grandeur and decadence.

Assuming the composure and deportment of a chief, I stalked into the market with aristocratic manners and a steady dignity, looking superciliously at all the people. The entrance was a vast archway leading into a spacious courtyard surrounded by four square lines of massive columns. My attention was soon attracted by the scenes going on in the courtyard, which was already enlivened by many people, going to and fro, while groups of slaves were squatted in circles or in lines, with their owners standing behind them.

The male portion of that living merchandise had their limbs entirely naked, while the female portion were dressed with a blue gandoura falling to their ankles. Those recently arrived from Soudan bore conspicuously the effects of the terrible journey they had to perform through the country of thirst and starvation. Their faces and limbs were shrunken considerably. They looked indifferently, as if the sale of their own bodies was of no interest to them. The ages varied from 10 to 45, and as I expressed my astonishment to a spectator that human beings should be kidnaped at such an advanced age, I was told that those had been in the city for a long time and were simply passing from one hand to another.

I learned the fact that the property owners keep more or less slaves according to their needs, buying and selling them in proportion that their amount of work increases or decreases. Some slaves thus pass into different hands sometimes every year. The prices I heard ranged from $10 to $100 according to the age and constitution. A young mother encumbered with a baby was sold for but $20. Boys and girls from 10 to 15 were valued from $60 to $80, but the highest price was not set forth until the slave had reached full physical development, that is the age of about 18. As a matter of course, the operation of sale included an examination of the body. Thus, as though being mere animals, they were put naked into one of the doorless rooms near by open to the sight of all would-be buyers.

During all the while that I inspected the groups I was the target of many eyes, and soon I noticed that my Arabian toilet, "si soignee" and my stern attitude gave them strong reasons to believe that I was some one of the authorities. Indeed, with my snow-white garb I looked quite prominent among those slovenly people, who but rarely wash their garments, which, originally white, become yellow by the effects of the sun and dirt, besides being often patched or tattered.

Finally my attention was attracted to a corner by a group of spectators circling around something which seemed to be unusually interesting to them. I looked through and saw a desolate little girl 8 or 9 years old sitting on the ground with a tear-stained face and grief-stricken features. Her brown countenance and thin lips, so far from the negro type, caused me to think she was a pure Arab or Tuarik blood. But then I wondered how it was that a Mussulman would be put on sale when the Koran prohibits it. She kept her looks cast down to the ground, not daring to look at any of the traffickers around, as if afraid of them. They were discussing in a low tone about her, some were haggling, finding the price the owner wanted for her quite high. He asked $75, which was an unusual price for that age. Vainly I endeavored to understand why that girl was sold so expensively and why they were all looking eagerly and mysteriously at her. I regretted much not to be able to read in their eyes what they knew of her. While awaiting impatiently for some elucidation, anticipating some strange affair, the owner at last told her not to keep looking down as she did; but the girl did not move, as if not understanding. He added in a louder tone, "Show your tongue!" She was startled, looked at him, yet without executing the order. This astonished me, knowing how submissive the slaves generally were. Seeing his words were ineffectual, the owner leaned one leg against the nape of her neck, put one hand upon her forehead, the other upon her chin, and so opened her mouth by force, while one of the hagglers, stepping forward, caught her tongue, pulled it out and examined it. As soon as released, the child burst out crying, and in her sobs let escape a word which echoed to the bottom of my heart. I looked at her attentively, and at last thought I had discovered the mystery about her. "Ma!" repeated she. This is the abridged name by which the children in all the Latin races, French, Italian, Spanish and English, used to call their mother. "This child is a European," I thought, "probably kidnaped in some settlement of Tripoli or Algeria."

And losing all the reserve I had kept until then, and without minding the case of my foreign character being discovered, I entered the circle and went straight to the girl. I raised her from the ground and spoke to her in French, which caused an astonishment to all around. The owner stood agape, wondering who I was under my Arabian costume and why I touched the child without previously asking him any questions; but for fear of having to deal with a superior he dared not ask for explanation, and like the others stood listening. The girl seeing a man of better appearance handling her more gently than the others, ceased crying and looked at me. I said to her in French: "Who are you; what is your name?" But no answer was given. Astonished, I renewed the same question in Italian with no more success. I thought I had made a mistake, and to ascertain it I put the same question in Arabic, but no more answer was given. Perplexed, I thought she was insane or silly. Knowing also the Spanish language, I tried my last resource to clear up the case. As soon as asking for her name in that language, she looked anxious, and surprised me with this answer: "Carlotta Guerrero."

"Is that your name?" I asked hastily.

"Si, señor" (yes, sir,) she answered.

"Where are your parents?"

"No lo se." (I do not know.)

"Where did you live before being taken away?"

"In Saida."

Now I understood all the tragedy. Saida is a city in the province of Oran, Algeria, almost entirely composed of Spaniards engaged in the trade of alfa (Arthraterum pungens,) with which the neighboring hauts plateaux abound. The previous year a revolted tribe of the south strayed upon that city, massacred many of the male portion and took away a number of females. From the following questions I asked this girl, I learned that her father had been killed and her mother taken away with her from whom she had been separated not long ago before being brought to this city. Though not being able nor wishing to sacrifice the required sum for redeeming her, I did not think long of what to do.

Addressing the owner I said: "I wish to buy that child, come with me to my house. I will pay you there."

These words seemed to recall his spirits, but without waiting for his answer, I took the girl by the hand and went away, followed by him. When a while after he saw me stopping and knocking at the door of the Agha Governor, he looked at me bewildered. The door was opened, and I went in with the girl, but the Arab stood outside not daring to move.

"Step in," I said, "and wait here."

I was led into the room of the Agha, with whom I was very friendly, since I had rendered him some medical services. I told him: "Here is a child, which last year was kidnaped from Saida; she belonged to a Spanish family which was destroyed during the revolt. I found her in the market where she was to be sold. Now, may I beg of you a friendly office?"

"You may," said he.

"Then I wish to say that all the Europeans residing in or taken from Algeria must be respected as well as the Mussulmans; that is to say, they must not be enslaved."

"I acknowledge your claim right," he replied. "The character of European is sufficient justification for me to redeem that child. How did you get her? In the market? Did you pay for her?"

"I did not, but took the owner with me, and wish you to question him to find out what became of her mother, who was abducted at the same time and separated from her at a recent date."

"Is the merchant here?" he hastily exclaimed.

"He is in the vestibule," I replied.

He immediately took his matrak (big, heavy stick with which he used to call his attendants,) and gave three terrible blows upon the floor, which startled us. His koddam (male servant) came almost instantly.

"Call that man there," shouted he, in an excited voice. The koddam went, while the Agha took down a heavy scimitar hanging on the wall.

"What, are you going to kill him?" I asked, amazed.

"All will depend on his answers," he replied; "my judgment has no medium; it implies life for the truth and death for the lie."

These words were so categorically uttered that I wondered anxiously what was going to happen. The man was led in at last, and seeing the Agha with anger in his eyes and such a weapon in his hands, he was struck with fright, trembled violently, and prostrated himself in the midst of the room, not daring to approach or speak.

"Arrouah!" (come here) shouted the Agha in a most dreadful voice, which terrified the man, frightened the little girl and startled even myself. The child grasped my arm with her two hands, drew close to me and hid herself behind in my flowing vestments. The Arab instantly rose and came to prostrate himself at the feet of his judge, and with the menial respect usual to every Mohammedan before his chief, he said: "You are my lord; I am your humble servant."

"Look at me," rejoined the Agha in the same tone. The man rose on his knees and kept gazing anxiously into the fiery depths of his lord's keen eyes, who added: "Take off your shashia" (covering the head.) Under no circumstances does an Arab take off his head-covering, neither in the mosque nor before his superior. The purpose of the Agha in ordering him to take it off was to remove every obstacle his scimitar might encounter. The Arab obeyed, showing a bare, shaven head with only a plaited scalplock ten inches round and four inches long, which, according to their custom, was left at the top. Then the Agha, taking his scimitar, raised it high with both hands, ready to part his head in two pieces.

"Remember what I say," cried he ferociously to the man struck with sheer terror. "I will make of you as many pieces as lies you will tell me in the question I am going to put to you."

"My lord, all I know you will know," answered the Arab, imploringly.

"How did you come in possession of that child?"

"My lord, she was sold to me by a merchant of Figuig (a city in Southeastern Morocco.)

"When was she sold to you?"

"In Timimoun, about two months ago, while passing there in a caravan."

"What has become of her mother?"

"He said to me she had been sold to another merchan of Ain Salah" (a city in Central Sahara.)

"Was she carried there?"

"I was told that she had been."

"Then her mother is lost," said the Agha to me. "It is impossible to reach her, and I am sure this man says the truth, but at least this child is saved."

Then, addressing the Arab, he added, "What price did you ask for that child?"

"Seventy-five douros," was the answer.

"I will give you seventy-five blows with a stick if in one second you are not out of the house, roah fessa!" (Go out right away.)

Fleetly as the wind, the man started out with his shashia and haik fluttering behind him.

Astonished at the radical way and promptitude of the Agha in doing justice, I said to him: "Would you have really killed him had he told you a lie?"

"I never forgive a lie said to me," replied he; "a single lie would have been the signal of his death as soon as discovered."

"Have you often been obliged to resort to that extremity for such a guilt?"

"One single time in the first year I was Governor; the example was so effective that no lie has been said to me since?"

"Have you to pronounce judgment oftentimes?"

"Being the paramount chief, the office of supreme judge devolves upon me; when the Kadi is outwitted or the case is an intricate affair, it is duly transferred to me. However, this occurs very rarely; people knowing how brief and rigorous I am, prefer to disclose the truth to the Kadi, who serves them but with a condign punishment, than to come before me and hang their lives on the edge of that saber. But when a culprit is brought in presence of myself, all the reluctancy, mendacity or artifice that he used toward the Kadi collapse altogether as soon as he stands before me and I can easily read the truth in his eyes."

Then, as the little girl could not understand any one but me, it was decided that I should keep her until the following week, when he would especially recommend her to the Kabir (chief) of a caravan starting for the north, and thus she would be conveyed to the chief commander of El-Aghouat, who would dispose of her according to the particulars I would give him in a letter. Thereupon I left the Agha.

The scene I had witnessed brought to my recollection "The Justice of the Pasha," an article I had read in the memoirs of a French diplomatist, which will be found worthy of being recalled here in connection with the foregoing fact. The latter relates that while exercising his functions in Constantinople, once after an interview with the Pasha Minister of Justice, they went together for an airing through the streets. There, seeing a Turkish soldier quarreling with a female milk retailer, the pasha said:

"Here is an affair which concerns me."

They drew nearer to the antagonists. The pasha announced to them who he was and took his saber out of his sheath. The crowd around, recognizing the Minister of Justice, drew hastily back, forming a large circle at a respectful distance.

Then the pasha asked the woman what was her claim. She said: "I have sold 2 cents' worth of milk to this soldier, and now that he has drunk it he refuses to pay for it."

"And you; what have you to say against this claim?" asked the Minister of the soldier.

"My pasha," replied he humbly, "that is untrue; I have not drunk any milk from that woman."

"One of you is a liar," exclaimed the Minister angrily. "I will find out which it is."

"Take off your coat," he said to the soldier. The man obeyed.

"Take off your undercoat," he added. This order was also executed forthwith, and the upper part of the soldier's body was left uncovered.

"Hold up your hands and close your eyes," continued the inflexible judge.

Scarcely had the narrator one second to conjecture what the pasha was going to do, when he saw the stomach of the soldier wide open by a terrible thrust of a saber.

"The man was guilty," exclaimed immediately the pasha to the stupefield Ambassador, "you see the milk running out with the blood."

When at last the diplomatist had recovered his reason he remarked to the Minister: "But, pasha, if the soldier had not drunk the milk your justice would have been at fault."

"By no means," objected the Minister instantly, "because in such case I would have cut off the woman's head."

These facts, though not being of frequent occurrence, afford an interesting illustration of the Mussulman's justice. Let the reader make a comparison between the Mussulman judges and ours with regard to the expenditure of time and money in justice doing. The fate of a man decided and the execution done in one minute and without cost by the former, while the latter, to decide upon the fate of a man, takes two months for examination, an average of two weeks for trial, and a mean delay of three months more for the execution of the culprit, beside a cost of from $1000 to $25,000. Compare the one minute of the Mussulman judges to the six months of ours. Here is food for reflection. On which side does progress appear?

GUSTAVE H. MICHEL, M.D.

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Any 98c man's hat in our stock for 49c
Any $1.48 man's hat in our stock for 74c
Any $2.00 man's hat in our stock for $1.00
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$2.39 for Linen Crash Skirts worth $3.50
Extra fine linen crash, made with three deep graduated flounces, each flounce trimmed with band; perfect fitting; great value at $3.00; Blue Pencil Price, each $1.98.

# TWIN-CAPTAINED SHIP.

## ANCHORED IN THE PRAIRIE IT FORMS A MISSION HAVEN.

*By a Special Contributor.*

Out on the wide sweep of prairie land along the shore of Lake Michigan, into which the suburbs of Chicago are creeping, stands what seems to be a stranded vessel. Above it project the stumps of two masts. The bowsprit remains, but beneath the bowsprit, instead of the usual figurehead, is a cross made of heavy timbers. A close view of the stranded vessel shows that in reality it is a building erected in nautical shape. The people in the vicinity call it the Gospel Ship, and by this title it is known to every sailor on the Great Lakes.

Its interpolated name is "The Gospel Ship of the Morrill Baptist Church of Chicago," and its purpose is, as its founders phrase it, "to rescue wave-beaten shipmates lost in the stormy night of sin and drifting toward the lee-shore of destruction, from the billows of annihilation."

Seen from the side, the Gospel Ship's resemblance to one of the big, clumsy, staunch, slow-going lake barges is very striking; but from in front or astern it is seen to have a much greater beam than a ship of equal length—200 feet—would have. Four doors, two on either side, give access to it, instead of the usual gangways or ladders, and inside it is divided into a number of small rooms and one large meeting room, equipped with benches and an organ. On the hull are painted mottoes, frequently changed, but always expressive of good hope, couched in nautical terms, such as "Pull for the Shore," "A Light in the Darkness," "Seek the Safe Harbor of Salvation," "Jesus, Our Captain," "The Stormy Waters Obey His Will," "Rescue for All Sinners," "Life Preservers for Souls."

The inexperienced visitor who has not heard of the ship is likely to believe himself the victim of an optical illusion on his first visit, if he happens to find the founders on hand. Sitting on the port side of the deck, dressed in clerical black frock suit, with white choker and a clerical hat, he will see a benevolent-looking man with fine broad of side whiskers, denominated by the irreverent "mutton chop." On the starboard side of the deck the visitor will see apparently the same man, with the same whiskers, the same clerical garb, and the same clerical hat. It is not a case of illusion, however, but of twins. The Rev. Messrs. Morrill, or, to give them their more familiar title, the Rev. Morrill Twins, are the founders, builders and captains of the ship.

The Morrills are regularly ordained Baptist clergymen, having graduated from the Baptist Theological Seminary at Rochester, N. Y. Following a special bent for mission work, they worked for a time among the slums of New York and other large cities, and became specially interested in water front mission work. For a time they conducted missions in Liverpool and other British seaports; then, returning to this country, they decided that the sailor of the Great Lakes was getting less attention as to his moral and religious welfare than his salt-water brother, and that the vicinity of Chicago, where hundreds of lakesmen are laid off part of the winter, offered the best field for their endeavors. The Gospel Ship, built from their plans and partly by their own hands, is the result. Its large meeting room will seat nearly one thousand people, and a still greater number can be accommodated on its broad deck, where the summer services are held in pleasant weather. It has an active and honorary membership of 12,000.

Although primarily intended to appeal to sailors, the ship is open to all. There is a kitchen in the stern, and free meals are served to the needy, a practice which endears the institution to numerous tramps. The expense is sustained entirely by contribution, as no pew rent is charged. Everybody who visits the ship is expected to attend at least one service at the call of the bell, which also rings the hours, nautical fashion. There are special services for women, conducted by the Rev. Ella May Sollett, who is an officer of the ship. While the institution is denominational, the services are made as simple as possible, so that they may appeal to persons of all denominations. Music plays a very large part in the services, hymns with nautical references being selected as much as possible. Both of the brothers employ seafaring terms and similes profusely in their sermons, which are short, simple and friendly.

As a sort of side issue, the Morrill Twins have had what they term a "Gospel Wagon" constructed. This is in the form of a boat on wheels, carrying two masts. It contains a small organ and a pulpit, and is large enough for five or six people. In this they travel through the slums of Chicago, especially along the docks, dressed in their clerical garb, but wearing sailors' caps.

In this way they advertise the Gospel Ship itself and attract the attention of many who otherwise would not visit it. They also make frequent bicycle trips into the towns near Chicago at the invitation of church people for the purpose of holding services in the slums. At one time they rigged sails on their bicycles, but this method, while it served well enough on the open prairie, was found unsuited to the narrow city streets, and was given up. Recently the Morrills decided to build another Gospel Ship out of canvas, a big affair, holding 500 people, as an addition to their present craft. It is to be rigged somewhat differently from its prototype, but the main feature will be the same. In time the reverend captains expect to have a regular fleet on the shores of Lake Michigan.

THE REV. MORRILL TWINS BICYCLING.

## MOON AND WEATHER.

### CHANGES OF THE FORMER HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO EFFECT UPON THE LATTER.

[Mary Proctor in Chicago Record-Herald:] A belief prevails that the moon's phases and changes have a controlling influence over the weather, and the remarkable change that actually took place on April 25, when the moon entered first quarter, seemed a confirmation of this theory. The rain had poured incessantly day after day, and now the clouds vanish, the blue sky becomes visible, and the light of the sun once more brightens this region of our planet. Surely the moon had something to do with the transformation that has taken place, but so great an authority as Prof. C. A. Young of Princeton assures us that the moon has absolutely nothing to do with the weather.

Such a belief is in the strict sense of the word a superstition—mere survival from a past credulity. It is quite certain that if there is any influence at all of the sort it is extremely slight—so slight that it cannot be demonstrated with certainty, although numerous investigations have been made expressly for the purpose of detecting it. We have never been able to ascertain, for instance, with certainty whether it is warmer or not or less cloudy or not at the time of the full moon. Different investigations have led to contradictory results.

"As to the supposed connection between 'change of the moon' and changes of the weather, it should be enough to note that even within the United States the weather changes are not simultaneous (in Kansas and Maine for instance,) as they should be if they were due to the changing phases of the moon. Since, however, a change of the moon occurs every week, every weather change must necessarily occur within about three days and a half of lunar change and half of them ought to fall within about forty-five hours, even if perfectly independent.

"Now it requires only a very slight prepossession in favor of a belief in the effectiveness of the moon's changes to make one forget a few of the weather changes that occur too far from the proper time. Coincidences enough can easily be found to justify a pre-existing belief."

From a very remote antiquity, in the twilight of natural astrology, a belief arose that changes in the weather were occasioned by the moon. That the belief exists is clear to anyone who is acquainted with current literature and common folk lore. In fact, it must be admitted that even intelligent and well-informed people have been known to accept the theory.

The idea that the weather is affected by the changes in the moon is still held with great vigor in England, and one of our proverbs is, "So many days old the moon is on Michaelmas day, so many floods after." If it rains on St. Swithin's day we are told to expect rain for forty days after. An equally wise prediction is that if Christmas comes during a waxing moon we shall have a very good year, and the nearer to the new moon the better, but if during a waning moon a hard year, and the nearer the end of the moon so much the worse.

Another belief is that the condition of the weather depends upon the day of the week on which the new moon chances to fall. New moon on Monday, or moon day, is everywhere held as a sign of good weather. Friday's new moon is much disliked, while Saturday's is unlucky for the new and Sunday for the full moon. According to the old English weather saw——

"Saturday's new and Sunday's full,
Never was good and never will.

In Scotland the farmers believe that a misty moon is a misfortune, and an agricultural maxim among them teaches that——

"If the moon shows like a silver shield
You need not be afraid to reap your field;
But if she rises haloed round
Soon we'll tread on deluged ground."

Two rules of the shepherd of Banbury are:

"If mist's in the new moon, rain in the old;
If mist's in the old, rain in the new moon."

Another weather guide connected with the moon is that to see "the old moon in the arms of the new moon" is reckoned a sign of fair weather, and so is the turning up of the horns of the new moon. In this position it is supposed to retain the water which is imagined to be in it, and which would run out if the horns were turned down.

On this novel idea of a lunar basin or saucer Southey writes from "Keswick, December 29, 1828," as follows: "Poor Littledale has this day explained the cause of our late rains, which have prevailed for the last six months, by a theory which will probably be as new to you as it is to me. 'I have observed,' he says, 'that when the moon is turned upward we have fine weather after it, but if it is turned downward then we have a wet season. The reason is that when it is turned down it holds no water, like an inverted basin, and then down the rain comes.'"

Regarding which observation Southey remarks: "It will be a long time before the march of intellect shall produce a theory as original as this, which I find upon inquiry to be the popular opinion here." George Eliot refers to the same fancy in her account of the burial of "poor old Thias Bede."

"They'll ha' putten Thias Bede i' the ground afore ye get to the churchyard," said old Martin, as his son came up. "It 'ud ha' been better luck if they'd ha' buried him i' the forenoon when the rain was fallin', there's no likelihood of a drop now, an' the moon lies like a boat there, dost see? That's a sure sign o' fair weather, there's a many as is false, but that's sure." Old Martin's remark also probably referred to the well-known maxim:

"Happy is the corpse that the rain rains on."

The country people of Scotland foretell the changes in the weather from the changes in the appearance of the new moon. If she "lies sair on her back," it is a sure sign of bad weather, or when her horns are pointed toward the zenith. It is the same sign when the new moon appears "wi' the auld moon in her arm," a superstition referred to in the famous ballad of Sir Patrick Spens:

"O ever alack! my maister dear,
I fear a deadly storm;
I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if ye gang to sea, maister,
I fear we'll suffer harm."

At Whitby, when the moon is surrounded by a halo with watery clouds the seamen say that there will be a change in the weather, for the "moon dogs" are about. There is also a belief prevalent among sailors and seafaring men that when a large star or planet is seen near the moon, or, as they express it, "a big star is dogging the moon," this is a certain sign of stormy weather.

On one occasion after a violent storm off the coast of Devonshire, a fisherman remarked that he knew the storm was coming, as he had observed a star ahead of the moon towing her, and another astern chasing her, "I know'd 'twas coming, safe enough." It happened on this occasion that the moon was apparently near two stars, but the old Devonian saw trouble ahead, and his prediction chanced to be verified. It was merely a coincidence, yet from such frail evidence has been evolved the weather folk-lore of the moon.

## CHILDREN LEARNING TO FARM IN A PARK.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] An interesting experiment is going on in one of the public parks of Baltimore, it being the second year of its trial. The superintendent of the park last year conceived the idea of converting part of the playground sections into a kindergarten farm, where the children could "play farming," and in this way become interested in nature, besides acquiring habits of industry. The first experiment was so encouraging that he renewed it on a larger scale. One day last week, when 1500 children were at the park playgrounds, the superintendent selected fifty-seven of the number and placed each of these in charge of a tiny "farm," 30x35 feet. The "farms" had already been planted with vegetables, and the "farmers" were informed that it would be their duty to keep them clear of weeds and tend the crops. Each was given a hoe and rake and the superintendent devotes an hour daily to showing the young "farmers" how to look after their crops.

The children take hold of the work with enthusiasm. Last year it was found that many had no idea how the commonest vegetables grow, and their delight in watching the result of their work on the "farm" was great. The superintendent thinks a great deal of unused land in the various parks could be used to afford children a practical idea of gardening. For those children at the Baltimore park who cannot have "farms" to cultivate, sand piles and other forms of amusement are provided.

## LONDON SHIES AT THE ICE HABIT.

[London Express:] To American visitors, of whom there are thousands in London today, a British holiday is seriously impaired for lack of ice, which is as commonly used as salt on the other side. English householders neglect ice to a stupid degree and attempts to popularize its sale in small quantities for domestic uses have failed in past summers. There is talk of trying again this year among the poor of the East End as well as the rich in the West. The saving in food would more than pay the price. For the cooling of offices electric fans are coming into use in London, only 15 years after America. These devices decidedly make for comfort at work and ought to be made cheaper without delay by an increasing demand.

# THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

*By Kate Greenleaf Locke.*

**Some Artistic Effects With Small Expenditure.**

E. F. L., MONETA, writes: "We have two rooms with a hall between, about which I would be very glad to have you give me some suggestions. The enclosed diagram will give you an idea of the rooms. The larger one must be used as a living and reception-room. There is a tendency because of the large amount of shrubbery in front, to gloom. Ten dollars will have to include all that is done at present, but I would like some ideas for further additions and changes, so, as I am able to spend more on it I will have an end toward which to work. I propose to put all expense in the larger room at present, as it will be the one used by the family. Of course, I understand it cannot be made grand, but I would like it pretty. The walls in larger room are papered with lightish green paper with inconspicuous figures. The woodwork is varnished a light brown. I have green and white matting for the floor and then light wood, varnished chairs. Also a small square table of similar wood and a cottage organ with dark case. With the small table I have used a white linen cover embroidered in yellow chrysanthemums. Would you recommend sheer white muslin for curtains? Will you please explain just how the curtains should be hung? Should the curtains on the smaller windows of the bay hang straight or should they be looped back? I would like a table which could be used for writing. Could I use a plain kitchen table painted, with the top covered with oil cloth? If so, what color would it be best to paint the table and how should the cover be put on? The hall is, of course, too small for any furnishing. The woodwork there is drab with trimmings in a light green. The bedroom will have a rather pretty set of medium dark wood. Please advise me as to curtains, bureau scarf, etc. Any suggestions will be thankfully received."

The thing to consider is the outlay of your $10. Your room is evidently reather meagerly furnished, and yet the colors are good, if you have but three chairs in here you will have to procure two or three more. I would advise you to hunt up a second-hand arm chair in wicker and a comfortable wicker rocker; paint these brown with a little varnish in your second coat, and cushion them with the stuff I am going to tell you of. You can obtain a more thoroughly furnished and comfortable effect in your room by investing some of your money in some plain, strong material of a clear beautiful color, than in any other way. You can, for example, buy denim of the best quality and quite wide for twenty cents a yard. If you will get this in a beautiful shade of moss green, you can have a couch with balance and pillows, cushions, for your chairs, strips to hang straight at your windows over the looped back muslin, and perhaps a door curtain of it, for a few dollars. The green cushions in the brown wicker chairs will be very effective, the strips of green stuff outlining your windows will remove all common look from them, and your home-made couch, with pillows of plain green, mingled with yellow and white figured thin silk, or plain yellow silk, will be a constant joy. Your idea for a writing table is quite practicable, but after painting the kitchen table black, I would advise you to tack a square of the green denim over it in place of the oilcloth you mention. Do this squarely and neatly, using small brass-headed tacks to form a regular border near the edge. I would advise the use of a bit of creamy yellow here and there to brighten your room. If you can some day buy a handsome wrought-iron lamp for your writing table you should have a yellow shade on it. You can make this of paper or silk in the accordion-pleated way. Your white linen table cover embroidered with yellow is just the thing for this room; a sofa cushion corresponding with it would also be pretty. If you loop the central curtains of your bay windows you will obtain a more spacious and sweeping effect by looping all alike. I would ruffle the white muslin for these and tie both a little above the sill. Can you not manage a green plant in here of some kind in a bowl-shaped red flower pot. Do not cheapen your room by using a colored china jardinere in it. Chinese tubs bound with wicker can be bought for fifty cents and are artistic palm holders.

* * *

**A Shingled Cottage.**

L. C. W. writes: "I enclose a floor plan of our cottage and feel I need some of your valuable suggestions to make it a pleasing success. The cottage is a shingled one with moss green roof and green sides, with ivory white trimmings. It is finished throughout with Oregon pine. I thought I would have the living-room old rose, the dining-room Delft blue, the bedroom opening into the living-room yellow and white and the back bedroom a stone gray. How will the yellow and white room look opening into the old rose? Should the ceilings and walls be the same color? Or, should the ceiling and wall above picture mold be a lighter shade? The middle window on the porch will be stationary and the ones on each side will swing into the room. How would you cushion the window seat and how would you curtain the windows in each room? I intend using mattings and rugs on floors of dining and living-rooms; should the carpets be alike? Will you kindly give me suggestions about selecting a mantel (I like plain ones.) I was pleased with your description of the blue and white tiling in one of your letters. Should the shades be the same color all over the house? What kind of hardware are they using?"

It seems to me, that your house, as you have described it, calls only for a few words of general advice. If you do your living-room in old rose adhere in the style of furnishing and the draperies to something that is rich (at least in effect and delicate in texture,) this color, to produce a good effect should be so treated I think. Denims and cottons, for example, are not generally attractive in old rose color; they are apt to look poor, and be off color, and also fade readily. However, you will curtain your windows with [illegible] lace and hang over this the fine French cretonne [illegible] is as expensive as silk) in pink and white you [illegible] a dainty and beautiful room. Use the same [illegible] ceiling that you do for the side walls. There [illegible] silk and wool brocade in old rose which is very [illegible] looking, of a beautiful tone and yet not expensive. [illegible] you covered your window seat and curtained your [illegible] dow with this, reproducing it in the covering of [illegible] holstered chair, you would be pleased with the [illegible] am sure. I think I would cover the floors of the [illegible] and living-rooms alike. As for your mantel I [illegible] say that the plain ones are always in better taste [illegible] those that are ornate and one should never be led [illegible] into getting anything odd or grotesque or unconventional in line in a mantel, for it is apt to become wearisome to live with. In hardware I would warn against the mottled copper, which seems to be very much in vogue, but which sets the stamp of cheapness and bad taste wherever it appears. One can always take a little and some black paint and cover such a surface, I know. Whether your yellow room opens up well with the old rose will depend entirely upon the shade of yellow you use. A very soft creamery yellow would be all right, but a shade of green or lemon yellow would not do.

* * *

**An Adjustment of Colors.**

Mrs. A., Pasadena, writes that her hall is eight feet long and well lighted; the parlor, which opens off it, is papered in a shade of cold green, the dining-room is terra cotta and she wishes to ask what color to use for hall paper. The parlor has a Brussels carpet in a medium shade of gray with pink and green scroll vine. She says: "I want a davenport for parlor and several chairs, a rug and curtains for arch. What color and material would do? I have Irish point curtains in parlor, [illegible] ish bookcase (glass doors,) small oak table and [illegible] rocker. I have a dark green and tan Brussels [illegible] dining-room. Any suggestions that you will give toward making my rooms homelike and attractive will be very thankfully received." An old blue in soft shade would look well in your hall, coming between the green and terra cotta. You could hang curtains at the arch of front door of blue raw silk, using flat silk [illegible] glass, a handsome figure of white lace and drape straight scarfs of the silk on either side of it. Tint your wall of hall up five feet with a pattern representing tapestry in dull blue and above that and over ceiling use either a cold grayish tan or a plain soft [illegible] molding of wood should cover the dividing line. For your green parlor curtains of green velour would look well in archway or a pair of Bagdads. There is a [illegible] of raw silk, rather heavier than India silk, which can be bought for curtains and this often comes in [illegible] shades of old rose or terra cotta; it is not very expensive and straight scarfs of silk hung on either side of plain, or dotted white muslin, do not require a large quantity of material. I would therefore suggest that you could make your dining-room windows very handsome by draping them in this way.

* * *

**Tapestried Walls for an English Cottage.**

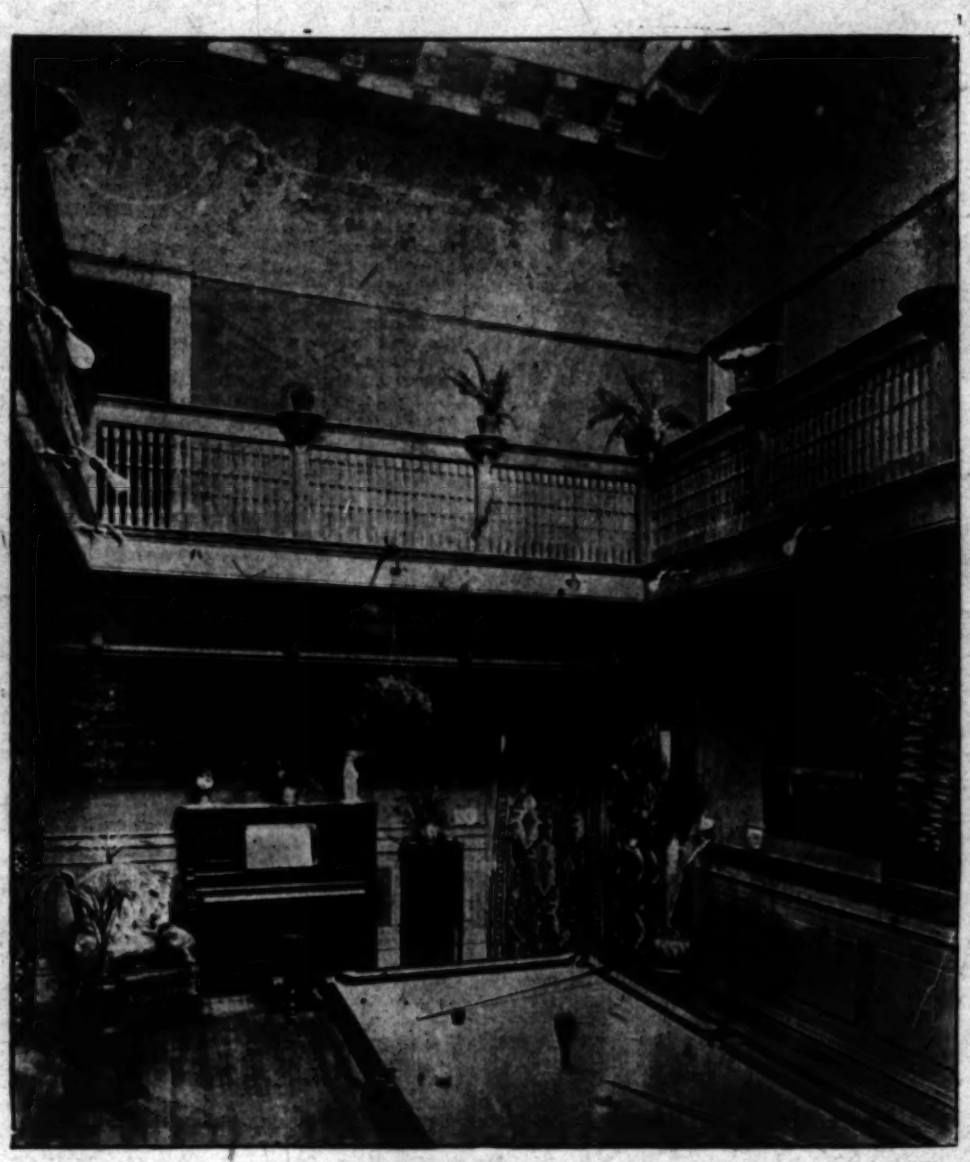
B. P. L. For the living and dining-room of your cottage I would suggest tapestry paper above the wainscoting in a large, quaint design of foliage or landscapes. The touch of quaint, old-fashioned [illegible] which this treatment gives is ideal in such a house. If you use a paper which has a blue sky above the pictured trees for a background, carry this blue in a soft tint on over the ceiling. The woodwork should either be stained to represent black oak or be finished in the dark brown of Belgian oak. If possible, carry the general design and suggestion of your paper in [illegible] tapestry curtains in your doorways. The furniture in this living-room should be old-fashioned mahogany shapes, upholstered in flowered tapestry. It would look well to carry the blue of your ceiling into some piece of color in satin or silk in cushions, etc. If your door curtains are of tapestry, your windows would look well draped in plain blue brocade or silk. A very dark polished floor with rich Oriental rugs, several [illegible] little tables with plants, rare bric-a-brac, tea [illegible] nalia and such things would make a room which, with its shaded, vine-draped, leaded windows, its low, beamed ceiling and French doors opening into porch [illegible] would have far more charm than a stately and conventional one.

* * *

**General Advice for a Lower Floor.**

Mrs. R. V. W. writes: "I am delighted that I have an opportunity to ask some advice from you. I find your page in The Times is most delightful and just what is needed. This month, about the 20th, I move into my new house. I have on lower floor a large entrance hall in center of house. On the right is the living-room, on the left the dining-room. These rooms are 14x20 and open up well together. Shall I paper alike? The floors are hardwood. Do you like [illegible] central rugs? The woodwork is Oregon pine and now finished. Can you suggest a finish? Do you like [illegible] woodwork? I think of using it on the upper floor in chambers. If I may, I will write you again before I move in and get your valuable help in regard to furniture, curtains, etc." Your rooms are so large that I think I would not paper all alike. You might, however, with advantage paper parlor and hall alike, reserving a different scheme for your dining-room. When you have decided what colors you prefer to use here I will be glad to help you in perfecting them. A large, [illegible] rug would look well in dining-room, but I would use a variety of Oriental ones in living-room. Stain the [illegible] very dark to represent Flemish oak in your dining-room; if your scheme in here is given, the effect of this is very rich. I think you would like the [illegible] woodwork in your upper floor. A much dainter effect in bedrooms can be obtained by carrying out the delicate colors in painting the wood.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will answer, as possible, all proper and clearly stated queries addressed to her care of The Times, from whatever source or locality, whether writer be a resident of California or not; and where the [illegible] have been clearly understood on any particular point, will [illegible] privately, making necessary explanation. Answers to inquiries frequently to be deferred for a week or more.



AN UNIQUE TREATMENT OF A BILLIARD-ROOM.

around bottom, trimmed with white braid, extra full; great value at $8.00; Blue Pencil Price, each $1.98.

$2.39 for Linen Crash Skirts worth $3.50

Any 98c man's hat in our stock for 49c
Any $1.48 man's hat in our stock for 74c
Any $2.00 man's hat in our stock for $1.00
Any $2.50 man's hat in our stock for $1.25



**A Clever Thief.**

MEN who are more [illegible] apples are regarded [illegible] store in Chicago. [illegible] that occurred recently [illegible] stores. The work was [illegible] of a tall man, eating [illegible] floor detective suspicio[illegible]

A distinguished-looki[illegible] white beard strolled in [illegible] to see some diamond ri[illegible] leaving one tray filled [illegible] the showcase.

"Here they are," he [illegible] side the first. As he d[illegible] munching at a fine ru[illegible] the street.

He and the clerk w[illegible] but he could find none [illegible] turned to go the clerk [illegible] was missing. The cle[illegible] gulshed-looking stran[illegible] There was prospect o[illegible] employer and his own [illegible] be found groundless. [illegible] with the ring it would [illegible] it. Torn between the [illegible] sisted that the custom[illegible]

"Of course, I saw [illegible] moment ago. Ah, I c[illegible] infer that I——. Be c[illegible] I am. I won't put up [illegible]

The stranger, despi[illegible] the ring was not foun[illegible] of a big suit for da[illegible] that the tall man is [illegible] out often on the stree[illegible] The way he got away [illegible] the half-eaten apple h[illegible] it into the street, wh[illegible] got away, and the ta[illegible] safety.—[Chicago Int[illegible]

**Will Repeat the Fun[illegible]**

THE funeral of th[illegible] held this afternoo[illegible] arm street. The serv[illegible] atives and immediat[illegible] Rev. Arthur Little, [illegible] Church of Dorchester[illegible]

Mrs. McClintock, [illegible] ill a few days ago t[illegible] move her from the s[illegible] not present at the ser[illegible] at some future time [illegible] spect paid her husba[illegible] ter's words were tak[illegible] tographer made a sn[illegible] tributes sent by lovi[illegible] adelphia North Ame[illegible]

**A Defeat of Oblivion.**

THE London Times [illegible] from its own edit[illegible] responding date in [illegible] quaintly curious. T[illegible] the world was chie[illegible] ago, and direct allu[illegible] everyday life, and e[illegible] criminal law. Then [illegible] nished most of the t[illegible] that field Napoleon [illegible] types, sinister. Th[illegible] news as the followi[illegible]

"On Monday last, [illegible] keepere at Yoxford [illegible] the breakfast table [illegible] surgeon of that pla[illegible] de se. The body of [illegible] in the highway."

There must be ma[illegible] of the ameliorating [illegible] criminal law with t[illegible] a reminiscence of [illegible] memory of the suic[illegible] course," in the hig[illegible] name forever. Th[illegible] what no tombstone [illegible] press.

**A Hotel Hermit.**

R. CLARKE FO[illegible] Annex one day [illegible] room until he coul[illegible] slept outside that [illegible] has never seen a [illegible] week in crisp gree[illegible] or bar bill. He b[illegible] champagne before [illegible] out a word. He h[illegible] champagne a day.

He never speak[illegible] meals with his fin[illegible] rummaging or tak[illegible] as a post.

He is a tall, br[illegible] clothes, and a soft [illegible] all the way aroun[illegible] shaped yellow bro[illegible] one day, but the t[illegible] brushed him awa[illegible]

Some say he ov[illegible]

CARBONS—"[illegible]
Visitors should not mi[illegible]
Photographs taken un[illegible]
times of atmosphere [illegible]
STUDIO 320½ S. SPR[illegible]

# Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

**A Clever Thief.**

Men who are more than six feet tall and who eat apples are regarded with distrust in every jewelry store in Chicago. The reason for this is a theft that occurred recently in one of the most prominent stores. The work was neatly done, and the combination of a tall man, eating an apple, makes every clerk and floor detective suspicious.

A distinguished-looking stranger with white hair and white beard strolled into a State-street store and asked to see some diamond rings. The clerk reached for them, leaving one tray filled with expensive rings on top of the showcase.

"There they are," he said, placing the second tray beside the first. As he did so the tall man, who had been munching at a fine russet apple, threw the core into the street.

He and the clerk went over the rings in the trays, but he could find none that he wanted to buy. As he turned to go the clerk discovered that a ring worth $250 was missing. The clerk disliked to accuse the distinguished-looking stranger of having stolen the ring. There was prospect of a suit for damages against his employer and his own discharge if the accusation should be found groundless. Still, if he let the man go away with the ring it would mean he would have to pay for it. Torn between these positions the clerk finally insisted that the customer must have seen the ring.

"Of course, I saw it. I had it in my hand only a moment ago. Ah, I catch your meaning. You want to infer that I——. Be careful, sir; you do not know who I am. I won't put up with any such nonsense."

The stranger, despite his protests, was searched, but the ring was not found. The jeweler was apprehensive of a big suit for damages until the detectives found that the tall man is an old-time hotel thief who wins out often on the strength of his impressive appearance. The way he got away with the ring was to slip it into the half-eaten apple he held in his hand and then throw it into the street, where a confederate picked it up and got away, and the tall man could stand a search with safety.—[Chicago Inter Ocean.

* * *

**Will Repeat the Funeral.**

The funeral of the late Edward P. McClintock was held this afternoon at the family residence, 26 Glenarm street. The services were attended by only the relatives and immediate friends and were conducted by Rev. Arthur Little, pastor the Second Congregational Church of Dorchester.

Mrs. McClintock, wife of the deceased, was taken so ill a few days ago that it was deemed advisable to remove her from the sorrowful surroundings, and she was not present at the services. In order that she may know at some future time of the final offices of love and respect paid her husband, a verbatim report of the minister's words were taken by a stenographer, while a photographer made a snap shot view of the beautiful floral tributes sent by loving friends.—[Boston Dispatch Philadelphia North American.

* * *

**A Relic of Oblivion.**

The London Times publishes every day brief extracts from its own editorial and news columns of the corresponding date in 1801. These quotations are often painfully curious. They carry the reader back to what the world was chiefly talking about three generations ago, and direct attention to changes in the customs of everyday life, and especially in the administration of the criminal law. Then, as now, international politics furnished most of the topics for editorial discussion; and in that field Napoleon loomed large and, in the English view, sinister. The eye is struck by such an item of news as the following, published June 26,, 1801:

"On Monday last, Mr. Danbrook, a respectable shopkeeper at Yoxford, near Halesworth, shot himself at the breakfast table, where his wife and Mr. Rutland, surgeon of that place, were present—Jury's verdict, felo de se. The body of the deceased was, of course, interred in the highway."

There must be many striking illustrations such as this of the ameliorating influences that have crept into the criminal law with the advance of civilization. There is a reminiscence of pathos in this sudden recall of the memory of the suicide whose interment, as a matter "of course," in the highway was intended to obliterate his name forever. The art preservative has done for him what no tombstone could do.—[New York Mail and Express.

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**A Hotel Hermit.**

R. CLARKE FORSYTHE registered at the Auditorium Annex one day about a year ago and took a little room until he could get one with a bath. He has never slept outside that room a single night since. The cashier has never seen a check of his. He pays his bill each week in crisp greenbacks, and never signs a restaurant or bar bill. He begins each morning with a pint of champagne before breakfast. The waiter brings it without a word. He has drunk as many as twenty pints of champagne a day.

He never speaks; he has no cronies; he orders his meals with his finger, and he sits for hours by himself, scrutinizing or taking in the human show. He is deaf as a post.

He is a tall, brown man, always dressed in brown clothes, and a soft hat, whose brim he turns up or down all the way around as suits his fancy. He wears a fan-shaped yellow brown beard. His alleged brother called one day, but the taciturn hermit of the luxurious Annex brushed him away as he would an obnoxious fly.

Some say he owns a mine, either a silver or a gold one, out in either Silverdale, Cripple Creek or Leadville. But no one knows.—[Chicago Correspondence Cincinnati Enquirer.

* * *

**Proved Kinship by Web Feet.**

The accounting of the estate of William Bowers, the eccentric miser who died in an old tenement at Yonkers in apparent poverty, but who left a small fortune, came up before Surrogate Silkman at White Plains this month. Lawyer Arthur Burns of Yonkers, representing the next of kin, filed an objection to the administrator's accounts and the case was adjourned to take testimony.

After Bowers died on March 6 last, half a dozen bank books were found hidden among his rags. The inventory filed today shows that the personal property amounted to $12,617.10, of which $9,438.50 is left to be distributed among his relatives. The adminstrator says he could not find any bona fide widow, although one Margaret Bowers, whose residence is unknown, claims to be the widow. The adminstrator also says he could not find any next of kin, but the following filed claims as such: John Bowers of Changewater, N. J., Rebecca Ann Bowers Bennett of Helmetta, N. J., John Bowers, Beulah Bowers and Sidney Bowers of Carthage, Mo. John Bowers, who claims to be a brother, established his identity by having the body of the miser dug up to show that the dead man was web-footed like himself. The relatives are satisfied that he is a brother.—[White Plains (N. Y.) Correspondence Kansas City Star.

* * *

**A Veritable Nemesis.**

A MELODRAMATIC story of Nemesis quite Oriental in color comes from Knin, in Dalmatia. A substantial cattle dealer, having sold a couple of beasts for 500 crowns, stealthily gave the money into his daughter's keeping for safety. On the way home two men who knew of the transaction waylaid the pair and murdered the father, letting the girl escape. Fleeing in terror she at last took refuge in a solitary cottage, where she told her story to the women, letting out also the secret of the money. The hut turned out to be that of the murderers, who on returning chagrined at the barren result of their crime were surprised to learn that the prize still lay unsuspiciously within their grasp. The girl was invited to rest for the night, sleeping with another girl of about her own age, the murderers intending to strangle her as she slept. As it happened, the two girls changed places during the night, and the men, going in complete darkness for their fell work, strangled their own relative, while the intended victim, paralyzed into silence, lay still until all was quiet again, and then managed to make her escape through the hole in the wall doing duty as a window. The murderers have been arrested.—[London Pall Mall Gazette.

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**A Bird's Nest on a Railroad Car.**

PASSENGER coach No. 4219 of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore railroad has a regular rider every day in a robin that is so deeply engrossed in maternal affairs that she doesn't in the least mind the rattle and roar of the train. Underneath the car, on a wide beam that supports a portion of the air brake, she has built her nest, and her energies are bent upon hatching some blue eggs.

The car remains at West Chester every night, comes to Philadelphia in the morning, makes the trip to Norristown, returns to Broad Street station and makes its last run of the day to West Chester. The bird must have accomplished the work of building her nest during the brief stops made by the train at the towns to which it runs, but why it should have selected such a place in the beginning is the most surprising part.

The nest was discovered several days ago by a railroad man at West Chester. He saw the robin fly from beneath the car and made an investigation, the result of which rather astonished him. The members of the train crews that run the car are awaiting developments with almost paternal anxiety.—[Philadelphia Record.

* * *

**Most Unique Barometer.**

ONE of the most peculiar stones ever seen here or anywhere else in the world is worn as a watch charm by William Wilson, a traveling man, who visited Manitou yesterday. The stone would attract attention anywhere, and in the course of a conversation yesterday the peculiarities of it were told by Mr. Wilson, his story being verified by several of his friends who have seen it and have observed some of its peculiarities.

On one side of the stone are many intricate markings. It is noticed on close observation that all the markings are equilateral triangles. The triangles are perfect, though they vary in size from minute ones to an eighth of an inch. On the other side the markings are obliterated. The stone resembles very closely a large lima bean.

However, this is not the most peculiar thing about the stone. It is a perfect barometer. In bright weather the color of the charm is a dark red. This color deepens into black when a storm approaches. Mr. Wilson says that it is an unfailing weather prophet. Sometimes, he says, the weather is to all appearances the best that could be desired, but he notes a gradual deepening of the color. Then he prepares himself for rain or snow, as the case may be, and never yet has the barometer indication failed him.

"I found the stone in Wisconsin some years ago," he said, "and I have been trying to discover the name of it ever since. I have had some of the best chemists in the country examine it. Mineralogists without number have tried to classify it, but none of them have been able to give it its proper name.

"Prof. Schelliot of Paris, considered one of the best chemists living had it in his laboratory for several days trying to tell what its composition is. He could not tell. He expressed the opinion that the stone was of meteoric origin, and that the triangles were due to some peculiar crystallizing force not known at the present time."—[Colorado Telegraph.

* * *

**To Save His Dog.**

OVERBOARD from the steamboat Gen. Slocum went the field spaniel "Impecunious," an actor's pet dog.

After "Impecunious"—Imp, for short—sprang the dog's owner, the actor, Harrison Armstrong.

And after Harrison Armstrong, and caring little for "Impecunious," dived Arthur Nelson, the steamboat's professional life saver.

"Man overboard!" yelled the women on the steamboat, wringing their hands. Two or three women did not yell, but fainted.

"Woman overboard!" cried some of the men on the steamboat. For Harrison Armstrong wore a white duck suit of clothes and as he bobbed up and down in the water his manly form was mistaken for that of a woman dressed in white.

This somewhat theatric scene was enacted when the big steamboat bound for Rockaway Beach was about to round the Battery from the North River at 9 a.m. yesterday.

With Mr. Armstrong was a handsome blond-haired woman, said to be an actress. "Impecunious," lucky dog, was left for a moment in charge of the handsome woman, who let the unlucky dog fall or jump overboard.

After his spaniel went Mr. Armstrong, who, as far as is known, has no ambition to appear in a tank drama. Rising from his plunge, the actor bravely struck out for "Impecunious."

Quick as a flash, Nelson, with a life preserver, followed Armstrong. The excursionists grew intensely excited. Never was tank drama so realistic.

In the meantime Nelson had reached Armstrong, who was supporting "Imp" on his shoulders. The field spaniel, a water spaniel for the time, was put on the life preserver and floated on it, in company with his master and Nelson until the lifeboat picked them up.

While the passengers cheered wildly the two men and the dog were put back on the steamer.

Mr. Armstrong landed at the Battery, where he proceeded to the Eastern Hotel. A new duck suit, shirt, shoes, socks and outfit were soon purchased, and as the Gen. Slocum had proceeded on her trip the actor escorted his companion to the bicycle races at Manhattan Beach.

Returning last night to the hotel for his clothing, he said:

"I left my favorite dog in charge of my lady friend. She let it fall overboard. I am a strong swimmer, and thinking the steamer would not stop for the dog, but would perhaps for me, I took off my coat and went over the side after my pet. I meant to swim ashore had not Nelson and the lifeboat come for me.—[New York Journal.

* * *

**Battle of Verses.**

STUDENTS and professors at the University of Chicago held a "poetry quoting" contest at the home of Prof. Starr Tuesday night. Dr. Starr thinks that poetry contests should be promoted as much as athletic competitions. He has two students in his class who are noted rivals in quoting poetry and for three hours they vied with each other last night in giving passages from ancient and modern poets. Prof. Starr was the umpire.

Nelson C. Field, editor of a newspaper in Glenwood Springs, Iowa, was the winner of the unique contest by defeating Miss Lina Mattocks, professor of English in Washburn College, Topeka, Kan. Mr. Field won the contest by the score of seven points to three. Each contestant was permitted to select five poets, either American or foreign, and then each poet was taken up in turn and the contestants alternately quoted from his poems until one could quote no more. The contestant who first failed to respond with a quotation in his turn lost the point. Editor Field won on seven points out of ten, defeating Miss Mattocks on two poets of her own choosing.

The poets selected by the contestants were Goldsmith, Byron, Whitman, Lowell, Emerson, Tennyson, Longfellow, Browning, Wordsworth and Whittier. In the contest over the poet Browning the contestants consumed more than an hour hurling bits of verse at each other.—[Chicago Chronicle.

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**Amateur Street Sweepers.**

THE People's Health Journal comments as follows on those women who indulge in the practice of sweeping up the filthy streets with their skirts:

"If women were compelled to take brooms and sweep the streets, they would feel degraded and highly indignant. We fail to see, however, any difference between the woman who sweeps the streets with a broom and the one who sweeps it with her skirts. In fact, we have more respect for a woman who uses the broom. The dust of the streets teem with disease-producing germs. This is particularly true of the germs of consumption. The would-be lady gathers up with her long skirts germs, carries them into her parlor and deposits them in the carpet. They are stirred up when the carpet is swept and are ready to be breathed in by any person who happens to have a sore throat or a debilitated condition of the system.

"Is it a wonder that consumption is so prevalent, especially in the cities?"

# Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer.

## FICTION.

### Midsummer Episodes.

AMONG novels of the present time is this chronicle of two bachelors who chose Marcyville for a summer haunt. They selected the region for its woodland and climatic charm, with indifference to its human elements.

They were deriving considerable entertainment from the picturesque seclusion, when Arthur Macy was discovered to be a cousin of half the population of the town. A series of social functions followed, in which these comrades, young men of fortune, looked from various loopholes of observation on the multitudinous characteristics of the Macy families and their friends. "The Drone and the Dreamer," John Hume, the friend of Arthur Macy, shared the holiday collations. They were destined to meet the daughter of Dr. MacKenzie. Maria had recently returned from a student life in Philadelphia. This maid, the heroine of the story, had a custom of sharing the fishing excursions of her aged father, and knew the creeks, inlets, currents, shoals, and shallows of the country. She looked after his hooks and lines with an apparently sympathetic appreciation. John Hume was a man of insight. He knew a woman from her gown, and he found his fancies revolving around this filial type. The doctor's daughter, in her faded serge, became to him a refreshing delight in the new landscape, and one of the important adjuncts to the perfection of the long midsummer days. He learned that Maria preferred the music of a summer night to the ordinary strumming on a piano. A glimpse of this predilection is afforded in some attractive pages. "Listen to the valley play," the girl said, and the reader is told of many voices that called in the night chorus, which included batrachians and crickets. The writer says: "Over in the ridges sound the flute-like notes of the whippoorwill. At intervals the shrill cry of the night hawk comes out of the black sky. From the vine-covered chimney top a few restless swallows add their timid piping. It is dark and the music is all around us. It seems to rise from the grass at our feet and to sweep down from the trees above. Now it dies away as though the whole chorus had swept off to the mountains. Softly they sing and low, and still softer and lower. Then full and strong after the stillness the chorus swings across the Liley." John Hume, "the Drone and the Dreamer," had known ocean music and had listened to the songs of the woods, but found the great, dim amphitheater, with its starlit dome, a wider hall than any he had know, as the music played for the audiences of two. However, there were difficulties in the way. Maria had her ideal, which several admirers were striving to realize. "Cousin Joe," the humorous character of the story, cleverly explained that all girlhood "has its ideals more or less, and the average life of a first-class, healthy ideal is just about six months—after that they dies from lack o' nourishment." "Cousin Joe" confided to Hume, John Roker's intention to prevail upon Dr. MacKenzie to go to the Klondike, in order that Maria might go with them, and escape the attentions of the young men of the city. Maria, dutiful to her father, though averse to the journey, was to be sacrificed to the ordeal. Just here the drone proves himself a man of action. He had even put himself through the ordeals of the Sunday catechism class and a study of Mephiboheth to secure a conversation with Maria. He secured the coöperation of some friends, including "Cousin Joe," and made the swiftest possible transit to the little steamship headed for the north. Marcy and Middleton had not changed their golf clothes, and "Cousin Joe" explained to the astonished John Roker that "fur suits of all sizes had been sent on ahead." The immediate change of plans on the part of John Roker, the alacrity with which Hume purchased Dr. MacKenzie's tools, clothes and stores, and went on to the Klondike, in order that Maria should not see the hand of charity in the thousand-dollar check, are parts of an enlivening love story.

One of the bright pages of the novel is that in which John Hume, after his return to his bachelor city quarters, had a conversation with his own boyhood's portrait, which he had pasted on his tobacco jar.

"'What have you been doing all summer, John?' asked My Boyhood, the corners of his mouth turning slightly.

"'Nothing,' I answered, sulkily. 'Same as last winter?' said he. 'Yes, and the winter before that,' I growled, 'and the one before that, as far as you choose to go.'

"'And I intended to become a general,' said My Boyhood, shaking his head, slowly.

"'Indeed,' I cried.

"'Yes, indeed,' said he, 'but instead, see what I have grown up to be!'

"'Nonsense,' I snapped. 'What have you to complain of anyway?'

"'To complain about?' cried My Boyhood, opening his eyes wide. 'I who have been dragged from the quiet past and compelled to live in an atmosphere of smoke, to lean here against a tobacco jar, and sometimes watch you and your bad friends playing poker—you whom at one time I intended should be a missionary, shuffling cards, and shaking cups, with bottles full of all sorts of things around you—what have I to complain about? I can't even talk to you ordinarily, for you keep your eyes off from me when anything wrong is going on?'

"'Jack,' I retorted, 'you make me out a rake, while I am a sober, respectable citizen. I do not think I had men here playing cards more than four times all last winter?'

"'But I intended to be a missionary,' exclaimed My Boyhood.

"A missionary! I thought your ambition was to be a general?'

"'To be both,' returned the child calmly. 'I intended to change off. You know I really hoped to be a general, but mother wanted me to be a missionary, and I gave in to her, provided I could do some fighting now and then. I was going to be something, anyway. I was going to be a noble man. Here I find I have lived half my life without having done a single thing except dancing some hundred thousand miles and talking some million words. I signed the pledge, but you broke my word.'"

After other delightful pages of this dialogue, the boy added:

"'It's kind of mean when a fellow finds himself grown up into everything he never intended to be, and isn't allowed to say a word because he is small. I won't stand it. I intended to spend my life in doing good. I always intended to get married and have my wife looking on when I was preaching and fighting. The money I was to use in helping others is going for good dinners, cigars and cards, with an occasional dime to a beggar or a bill to a hospital to ease my conscience. Don't blame me for being angry.'"

The story may be included in the list of outdoor novels for its sympathy with nature. The characters are well-defined. The author's love of animal life, and of country charm will win the interest of nature-loving readers.

[A Drone and Dreamer. By Nelson Lloyd. J. F. Taylor & Co., No. 7 East Sixteenth street, New York.]

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### Ill-gotten Gains.

The opening scene of this novel is a boarding-house of a rural town, in which Mr. Milford confides his need of credit to his hostess, and, as he was proud by nature and training, felt the humiliation of the pensioner. The methods by which he secured independence and a southerner and westerner were represented in the new firm of "Lawson & Milford, Attorneys at Law," are unfolded in the following chapters. The magnetism of the westerner wins the success which fails too often to go hand-in-hand with honor and justice. The heroine, Miss Wilton, is shown to be worthy the allegiance of a true heart. In one decidedly sensational scene the swindler comes into relation with a mob which he controls by his coolness and grit. The story clearly teaches that ill-gotten wealth is the greatest menace of a free government. Milford and Marian in the last chapter are about starting for a winter in the South, where the young man has agreed to write a southern story. As the professional litteratuer, Marian helps him in his work, so the novel may be asserted to have a happy conclusion. The book is one of unassuming character and style.

A. MAURICE LOW.

[A Banker of Bankersville. By Maurice Thompson. Street & Smith, New York. Price, $1.]

• • •

### "The Brotherhood of Brahm."

The author of this story was born in Canada in 1863. He was educated at Worcester, Mass., where he has been connected with educational work at Hinman College. He has written a number of plays, one of which—a naval drama—was produced at the Metropolitan Operahouse, as a testimonial to Admiral Dewey, after his return from Manila.

This novel of adventure is the history of Prince Roolian, who had gone from the court of his father in Delhi to a palace several miles away. Roolian had a series of wonderful manuscripts, the life labor of one of his ancestors. These manuscripts held secrets of such power that they would revolutionize the arts and sciences. The "Black Brotherhood of Brahm," coveted these manuscripts and would give empires for their possession. A lieutenant of Hussars and his twin brother are persons of the drama. Beatrice, an adventuress, is employed by the brotherhood to aid others who are employed in the machinations against the prince. The story is one of startling adventures, earthquakes, journeys under the sea to caves of the whirlwind. The leading characters sail over bottomless pits and storm all sorts of batteries in a headlong manner, and learn myst... knowledge concerning the archives of Brahm. ... finally evolve from long complexities in a ... preservation and are left victorious in situations of ... and security.

[A Prince of the East. A Romance. By James ... Harkins, Jr. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, ...]

• • •

### An Idyllic Souvenirr.

The heroine of this story was Marcia Ludlow. ... in India, a young girl of a military family, she ... Maj. Beaumont, who impressed her susceptible mind ... his earnestness and courtesy. One day he found ... gave her a four-leaf cloves for luck. In after ... Marcia and the major met in England, and the ... leaves were found to have kept their idyllic potency ... an intangible romantic influence which the story ... ceeds to unravel. The character of Capt. Bea... proves a dark influence on the page, but the shamrock ... victorious, as the emblem of true love, and all ... with a desirable consummation.

[Four-Leaved Clover. By Maxwell Gray. D. Appl... & Co., New York. Price, 50 cents.]

• • •

### A Domestic Maelstrom.

This distressing story is the history of a young ... southern girl who was invited by some friends at the ... North to pay them a visit. There Dr. Raymond and ... wife received their guest, and Miss Van Court ... through an especially disagreeable ordeal in having ... the admiration of the husband of her friend. ... Inez sensibly decided to go somewhere else. The ... in which Inez manages to delude the Irish servant ... into the idea that she was Father Dougherty and ... her confession and give her admonitory advice, is a ... somewhat fanciful episode. The story is intended ... illustrate the power of temptation.

[The Perilous Path. Apples of Sodom. By ... Davis. The Abbey Press. Price, 50 cents.]

• • •

### A Gentle Hand.

The tramp, who asked for a cup of water, and ... who gave him a cool draught from her silver birthday ... cup, are the subjects of this story. Pearl also gave ... flowers from her garden in a mood of tender pity. ... could not forget Pearl's song, "We Must be Like the ... Lilies." He thought of an innocent childhood, a ... mother, and the influence was the turning point in ... young life, afterward lived for truth. The romance is a ... page of kindness and benevolence. The author is a ... Chautauquan and was for several years a teacher of the ... public schools of New York and Michigan, and has a ... sympathy, it is said, with wayward youth, and their ... need of reforming influence.

[Like the Lilies. By Lucy Tracy. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, 50 cents.]

### A. MAURICE LOW

The author of "The Supreme Surrender" (Harper & Bros., New York,) was born in London, but has spent the chief part of his life in this country. He was educated in London and Austria and after leaving college entered an architect's office in London. After a few years in America, he drifted into journalism, and has achieved international reputation. His page in Harper's Weekly, under the title Trans-Atlantic Topics, is widely read. An exchange says:

"Although 'The Supreme Surrender' is Mr. Low's first novel, it is not his first work of fiction, as he has written several short stories, but the short story is a form of literature which he dislikes. A newspaper man's training insures versatility, and this faculty Mr. Low possesses in a marked degree. He is equally at home whether writing a newspaper dispatch forecasting the result of a political convention, or picturesquely telling how a President is elected; delving deep into statistics to trace the movement of the world's commerce covering a quarter of a century, or, it may be, describing a picture of war as he saw it for the first time in Cuba. An account which he wrote on the battlefield, with the dead and wounded around him—a courier impatiently waiting to take the 'copy' to the coast—was so graphically and tersely written that a French newspaper considered it worthy of translation, and a well-known writer has incorporated it in his history of the war with Spain. Mr. Low, despite his long experience, has not mastered the art of dictation. He composes on the typewriter as readily as he does with the pen, but 'when I dictate,' to use his own expression, 'I lose my nominative case, and I am never able to find it again.'"

## BIOGRAPHY.

### A Woman's Life for Kashmir.

Life has been compared to the bird's flight from one window to another through a strange room. Its mystery seems emphasized in the brief career of many a young missionary, whose work is prematurely laid down. The life of Irene Petrie is that of a student volunteer who, after four years of service in India, passed away at Leh in the Himalayas.

The biography is written by the sister, in whose possession were many letters, and those intimate memories which make the chronicle one of peculiar value. It is an insight into the character of a woman who possessed joyfulness and sweetness of spirit, and who in less than three years mastered Urdi, and Kashmiri, and made progress in Hindi sufficient for a work in which she instructed classes of varied people in the Christian faith. One of the number, who has written a tender tribute to her memory, says, "Irene Petrie, a soldier's daughter, died upon the field of battle in a holy war against ignorance and superstition."

"She rests below the stony desert, outside the wind-



Buddhist city of Leh, at ... Central Asia, than which ... tains a more spiritually ...

Irene Petrie was the ... and Eleanora Grant Macd... marriage at Hanover Lodg... fully kept from associat... metropolitan life, and kn... quietude. They were tau... and flowers, and Irene st... Mme. Louise Cellini. Sh... pliments and adulation, ... herself in making others ... was more inclined to see ... of social prestige and w... patronizing way of any ... wore her weight of learn... story of her home life ... lovely unassumingness a...

The interest in mission... and church education. ... and father, and the mar... ter to Prof. Carns-Wilson ... Irene decided to fulfill t... sionary to India. The c... the Student Volunteer M... for her new home in 189... American and Canadian ... sengers.

The Carthage reached ... first letters told of me... with red turbans and w... diary records her Indian ... many interesting views ... thusiastic girlhood, of ... ample:

"I wish you could se... ing; they are the sweete... taking a midday snooz... on his hump. The crow... friendly, and hop all o... The parrots are shy, a... behind my purdahs tha... to the crack between t... study door." Thereafter ... cerning a winter in La... the great River Jhehim ... ager, called by poets ... voyager wrote in 1895:

"Just now the river ... crimson chenar trees ... mountain ranges on al... snow, which look dazz... lights them up against ... waterways, palaces, bri... habitants, suggests Ve... idated. But from Veni... may see here on a clea... nacles and tall minare... Mohammedan mosques ... vain for a Christian ... river voyage through ... woods were white wit... liciously scented with ... with yellow acacia an... the pomegranate's wax... for days led along t... cliffs, where they "he... English buttercups an... one time pitched under ... with vines haunted by ... orioles, with a rich li... the rapture song of the ... the water lilies the yo... glaciers of Tutakuta ... one of the sweetest gir... the young missionary ... ought to hear somethi... guitar, poured forth h...

The book will reach ... singing soul with heav... a new valuation of the ... exiled womanhood. ... the native flowers wh... missionaries. The las... tails of the journey ... biographer says "His ... and deeper into the he... been the dream of h... idea of renewing her s... till those least likely ... loved them. And neit... few were the marche... nightly pitched her m... sketches of the glorio... rested sometimes und... she arrived at Leh ... fever from which she ... kind and loving atte... afternoon she had gr... graph from her baby ... author of this biogra... and shortly after she ... der the shadow of t... dream of the peace ... sketching meadow q... light, next Friday ... song in the "hour of ... young saint, who ha... of England, and ... lamented, was buried ... and the songs of the ... She sleeps in a littl... Easter day the Morav... cial liturgy for thos... since the Feast of th...

The sister who ha... has told the story w... sensibility and insig... sweet humility of a ... its publicity is told ... counts of the growth ...

around bottom, trimmed with white braid, extra full; great value at $3.00; Blue Pencil Price, each $1.98.

$2.39 for Linen Crash Skirts worth $3.50

Extra fine linen crash, made with three deep graduated

Any 98c man's hat in our stock for 49c
Any $1.48 man's hat in our stock for 74c
Any $2.00 man's hat in our stock for $1.00
Any $2.50 man's hat in our stock for $1.25

CARBONS—"Every ... Visitors should not miss ... Photographs taken under ... influence of atmosphere in ... STUDIO 235½ S. SPRING

Buddhist city of Leh, at the heart of the Himalayas in Central Asia, than which the whole world hardly contains more spiritually destitute region."

Irene Petrie was the daughter of Col. Martin Petrie and Mrs. Grant Macdowall. Three daughters of this marriage at Hanover Lodge, Kensington Park, were carefully kept from association with the excitements of metropolitan life, and knew the dignity of old-fashioned gentility. They were taught the love of books, animals and flowers, and Irene studied singing seven years with Miss Louise Collier. She had the nature to elude commonplace and adulation, and the disposition to efface herself in making others prominent or appreciated. She was more inclined to seek out the forgotten than those of social prestige and was never known to speak in a patronizing way of any whom she had befriended. She wore her weight of learning modestly as a flower. The story of her home life and social influence is one of lovely unassumingness and ability and devotion.

The interest in mission life was a part of her parental and church education. After the death of her mother and father, and the marriage of her only surviving sister to Prof. Carns-Wilson of McGill University, Montreal, Irene decided to fulfill the wish of years and go as missionary to India. The call came through the founder of the Student Volunteer Movement. The young girl sailed for her new home in 1893. Thirty missionaries, British, American and Canadian, were included among the passengers.

The Carthage reached Bombay November 20, and the first letters told of meeting the "strange dark throng with red turbans and white robes." Thereafter Irene's story records her Indian journeys, impressions, and gives many interesting views from the standpoint of enthusiastic girlhood, of which the following is an example:

"I wish you could see the hoopoos I meet out walking; they are the sweetest little things; or the old camel taking a midday snooze in the road, with crows sitting on his hump. The crows, minas, and sparrows are very friendly, and hop all over the veranda into the house. The parrots are shy, and it is only when I am hidden behind my purdahs that I hear their swift flight upward to the crack between the wall and the rafters over my dusty door." Thereafter follow interesting chapters concerning a winter in Lahore, and life in Kashmir. From the great River Jhelum in that "City of the Sun," Srinagar, called by poets "The City or Roses," the young voyager wrote in 1895:

"Just now the river is reflecting golden poplars, and virginal chenar trees on its banks, with more distant mountain ranges on all sides, covered with fresh fallen snow, which look dazzling as the last autumn sunshine lights them up against the blue sky. Srinagar, with its waterways, palaces, bridges and graceful fair-skinned inhabitants, suggests Venice, though Venice much dilapidated. But from Venice there are no such views as one may see here on a clear autumn day. The shining pinnacles and tall minarets belong to Hindu temples and Mohammedan mosques, and we may search the city in vain for a Christian church. Here and there on the river voyage through a deep gorge of the Jhelum the woods were white with eglantine, and the air was delicately scented with the fresh blossoms, often mingled with yellow acacia and jasmine and the rich scarlet of the pomegranate's waxy bell-shaped flowers." The march for days led along this river between perpendicular cliffs, where they "heard the lark and thrush and saw English buttercups among the rocks. Their tent was at one time pitched under poplars and pear trees, draped with vines haunted by kingfishers and splendid golden orioles, with a rich liquid note," and there they heard the rapture song of the nightingale. Out in a boat among the water lilies the young, entranced eyes also saw "the glaciers of Tutakute glisten like diamonds." Perhaps one of the sweetest glimpses of insight is the page where the young missionary decided that mission children ought to hear something besides hymns and, taking her guitar, poured forth bewitching and enlivening strains.

The book will reach the hearts of many. It tells of a singing soul with heavenly-minded ideals. It will teach new valuation of the character and influence of consecrated womanhood. Miss Petrie made many sketches of the native flowers which increased the revenue of the missionaries. The last diary of this blessed child of God tells of the journey up the mountain to Leh. Her biographer says "Higher and higher she went, deeper and deeper into the heart of the mighty mountain it had been the dream of her life to see, intent only on the plan of renewing her strength that she might continue to tell those least likely to hear it from others that God loved them. And neither she nor anyone else knew how few were the marches between her and Home, as she nightly pitched her moving tent. She made water-color sketches of the glorious sunsets and snow peaks as she rested sometimes under the shadow of the rocks. When she arrived at Leh the State surgeon pronounced the fever from which she suffered to be typhoid. She found kind and loving attention at the mission. On Tuesday afternoon she had great joy in the receipt of a photograph from her baby nephew in his mother's arms, the author of this biography. On Friday she tried to sing, and shortly after she "entered into the peace of God, under the shadow of the great monastery with its vain dream of the peace of Buddha." On Friday she was sketching meadow and mountain with her wonted delight, next Friday she was breathing out her life in song in the "hour of release from all suffering." This young saint, who had been received at the royal court of England, and who was universally loved and lamented, was buried with the Anglican burial service, and the songs of the missionaries were sung in Tibetan. She sleeps in a little grass-grown grave where every Easter day the Moravians meet to give thanks in a special liturgy for those who have departed in the faith since the Feast of the Resurrection was last celebrated.

The sister who has preserved these priceless records has told the story with a pen of profound spiritual sensibility and insight. The devout seriousness and quiet humility of a life as beautiful in its seclusion as its publicity is told with exquisite delineation. The account of the growth of various missions, and the many phases of the work add to the interest of the Indian work many variations of light and shadow. The loving biographer does not question the heavenly inspirations of the young missionary, nor that they will give, in the coming time, new energy to many phases of devout and single-hearted service. The book contains the portrait of the subject of the memoir, maps and numerous illustrations. There is an introduction by Robert E. Speer.

[Irene Petrie. Missionary to Kashmir. By Mrs. Ashley Carns-Wilson, B.A. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, Toronto. For sale by Fowler Bros., Los Angeles.]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**Pan-American Exposition.**

An illustrated handbook which gives the history of the fair and a glance through the grounds with accounts of the various exhibits, is also furnished with maps and charts. The book is invaluable to persons who wish to learn of the exposition.

[The Rand-McNally Handbook to the American Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Price, 25 cents.]

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**Microbes.**

A scientific study of the promulgation of diseases is a very interesting refutation of many present popular theories concerning physiological law. "The bacteriologist tries to build up a bacteria pathology, which is against the law of nature, and also cell pathology. The author has stated his reasons in a concise and studious manner which should interest medical readers.

[The Microbe-Producing Theory Inconsistent With the Law of Nature. By Prof. J. P. Schmitz, M.D., San Francisco. Price, 50 cents.]

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**Daily Bread.**

The author of this little book is said to have passed through a varied career. He began teaching at 16, and was a university alumnus at 21. He fitted for law, but journalism lured him to newspaper syndicate work. At the suggestion of the late philanthropist, Baron Hirsch, he, unaccompanied, made a voyage by canoe down the River Volga, skirting the Caspian Sea, and later explored the Caucasus. He returned to London and published three volumes of travels. He became interested in social studies and, in pursuit of information, visited the tin mines of Wales, the salt mines of Calabria, and the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania. The author is said to have a wide acquaintance with public men, among them are enumerated Sir Edwin Arnold, Count Leo Tolstoi, and was received by Gladstone in Hawarden. The satirical sketch is that of a money king of Chicago, who removed the Pyramids of Egypt to Chicago to use them as a monster granary for wheat. The purchase and storage of all the wheat lead to the conditions of revolution in the commerce of the world. The book is an attack on trusts.

[The Great Bread Trusts. By W. H. Wright. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, 50 cents.]

## NEW MAGAZINES.

"A Japanese Nightingale," by Onota Watanna, "An Idyl of Central Park," by Brander Matthews, "After Many Days," by Frederick M. Smith, and other contributions of fiction are included in the Woman's Home Companion for August. The number has numerous sketches, articles on the affairs of the household, and directions for toilettes.

The Critic for August is a number of entertaining literary quality. George L. Beer writes of the late Prof. Fiske. Clive Holland tells of "A Pilgrimage to Wessex." An article entitled "The Aim of Balzac's Comedie Humaine," by Mrs. Elia Stryker Mapes, is one of the pictorial features of the present issue.

The August number of the Popular Science Monthly is one of scholarly interest. Prof. Virchow has contributed one of his valuable articles on "The Peopling of the Philippines." Prof. J. J. Thompson has written an erudite sketch "On Bodies Smaller Than Atoms." Prof. William James tells of "Frederic Myers's Service to Psychology." Dr. George Stevens instructs in an illustrated article concerning "The Pose of the Body." The timely contributions on the "Progress of Science" and the various other learned sketches of the number are adapted to the enlightened order of popular intelligence.

The Black Cat for August contains stories by Paul Shoup, Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey, Baily Mallard, May Foote Arnold, Richard Barker Shelton and Harris Oren Cummins. The particulars of the next story contest will be contained in the September issue.

The Literary Digest, July 27, contains a sketch on "The Buddhist Discovery of America," according to the surmises of Prof. John Freyer of the University of California. "Differences Between British and American Fiction," and "British Views of Besant and Buchanan," are features of the number.

The August number of Cassell's Little Folks begins a new volume. The story of the devotion of a weasel for her young is told in this issue, which abounds with entertainment for children. "Mansions of Many Memories" is a chapter of historical interest, in which Royal Windsor is the first to speak.

## PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

Edward P. Cheyney, professor of European history in the University of Pennsylvania, has written "An Introduction to the Industrial and Social History of England," which is pronounced an excellent textbook. It is one of the publications of the Macmillan Company, New York.

The Rev. Elijah Kellogg, the former story writer of Maine, will be remembered for his address, "Spartacus to the Gladiators." He died recently in Maine, aged 88. He was born in Portland, graduated from the Andover Theological Seminary in 1843. In addition to his work as a Congregational clergyman, he wrote various books. Among them were "Elm Island," "Good Old Times," and the "Whispering Pines" series.

Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, are issuing a complete set of the novels of George Eliot.

"Wildesmoor," by Mrs. C. L. Antrobus, is announced by Messrs. Putnam, who issued that author's popular "Quality Corner."

The Baker & Taylor Company, New York, have issued a delightful number of outdoor books, nature studies of flower and field.

"Dwellers in the Hills," by Melville Davisson Post; Peter Rosegger's "The Forest Schoolmaster," and "The God-Seeker," by the same author, are among the popular publications of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Ethel Watts Mumford has issued "Dupes" through this house, a book which is said to be exciting discussion.

"Spanish Highways and Byways," by Katharine Lee Bates, the Macmillan Company, New York, is winning journalistic approval.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, is said to have given the public an entertaining novel in the publication of Holman Hunt's "Up in Maine."

Dr. H. A. Reid, president of the California Society for Psychical Research, has written an illustrated pamphlet on "Unseen Faces Photographed," which has been issued by B. R. Baumgardt & Co., Los Angeles.

Among the imporant publications of the MacMillan Company are the "Columbia University Studies in History, Economics and Public Law."

"The Influence of Old Norse Literature Upon English," by Nordby, is announced by the MacMillan Company, New York.

"Twentieth Century Inventions," by George Sutherland, is announced by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Among the fall announcements of Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, are Richard Garnett's "Essays of an Ex-Librarian," Edward Gosse's "Hypolympia," and Lewis H. Morgan's "League of the Iriquois."

"The Old English Bible and Other Essays," by Francis Aidan Gasquet, is announced from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The Story of King Alfred," by the late Sir Walter Besant, is one of the publications of D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"Marna's Mutiny," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, F. Marion Crawford's sister, is one of the publications of Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Matilde Serao, whose "The Land of Cockayne," is one of the publications of Harper & Bros., is a journalist of Naples.

Annie Nathan Meyer, author of "Robert Annys: Poor Priest," has been a writer for years. She resides in New York City. The lady has been identified with educational work.

## MARK TWAIN SENDS REGRETS.

### SECRETARY OF MISSOURI JUBILEE ASSOCIATION RECEIVES CHARACTERISTIC LETTER.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] In a letter to E. L. Dimmitt, secretary of the Missouri Jubilee Association, Mark Twain explains why he cannot attend the celebration of the State's admission to the Union, which is to be held in Kansas City on August 10.

Mr. Clemens's letter declining the invitation is as follows:

Among the Adirondack Lakes, July 19, 1901.—Dear Sir: By an error in the plans things go wrong-end first in this world; and so, much precious time is lost and matters of urgent importance are fatally retarded. Invitations which a brisk young fellow should get, and which would transport him with joy, are delayed and impeded and obstructed, until they are fifty years overdue when they reach him. It has happened again in this case. When I was a boy in Missouri I was always on the lookout for invitations, but they always miscarried and went wandering through the aisles of time, and now they are arriving when I am old and rheumatic and can't travel, and must lose my chance. I have lost a world of delight through this matter of the delaying of invitations. Fifty years ago I would have gone eagerly across the world to help celebrate anything that might turn up; it would have made no difference to me what it was so that I was there and allowed a chance to make a noise.

The whole scheme of things is turned wrong-end-to. Life should begin with age and its privileges and accumulations and end with youth and its capacity to splendidly enjoy such advantages. As things are now, when in youth a dollar would bring you a hundred pleasures, you can't get it. When you are old you get it, and there's nothing worth buying with it then. It's an epitome of life. The first half of it consists of the capacity to enjoy, without the chance; the last half consists of the chance without the capacity.

I am admonished in many ways that time is pushing me inexorably along. I am approaching the threshold of age. In 1977 I shall be 142. This is not time to be flitting about the earth. I must cease from the activities proper to youth and begin to take on the dignities and gravities and inertia proper to that season of honorable senility which is on its way and imminent—as indicated above. Yours is a great and memorable occasion, and as a son of Missouri I should hold it a high privilege to be there and share your just pride in the State's achievements, but I must deny myself the indulgence, while thanking you earnestly for the prized honor you have done me in asking me to be present. Very truly yours,

S. L. CLEMENS.

E. L. Dimmitt, Esq., Secretary.

## EXERCISING DUE CARE.

[Chicago News:] A small girl sat on the doorstep, biting with her tiny teeth on a chunk of ice almost as large as her curly head. Her mother from within caught a glimpse of the proceeding and called out, with solicitous care:

"My dear child, are you eating that ice?"

"No, mammy," replied the little one, "I'm just sucking out the juice."

In a college address delivered in Massachusetts a few days ago, Mr. Conger, Minister to China, predicted that "for the next fifty years the center of history will be the Pacific Ocean, with China on one side and the United States on the other." The United States will come pretty near being on both sides.—[Indianapolis Journal.

Steiger

2. Kruger Not Coming to America.
Empress Dowager's Funeral.
Women Pelt Nude Indian.
Fatal Explosion on Yacht.
Negro Ravisher Burned Alive.
Death of Signor Crispi.

to race....San Diego "spook" meeting a tame affair....Coronado Tent City crowded with visitors....Strange idea of a condemned Mexican at San Diego. Big Sunday crowd at Santa Monica. Pasadena negro gives police trouble.

there was not a suggestion of disorder anywhere.

President Shaffer spent the day quietly at his home in Pittsburgh. He holds rather strict ideas of Sabbath observance, and throughout the strike

# The Development of the Great Southwest.

## IN THE FIELD OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

*Compiled for The Times.*

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

### Another Desert Colony.

SHOULD development continue at the present rate, it will not be many years before the Colorado Desert will be one of the most thickly-settled sections of the Southwest. Another project for the establishment of an irrigated colony, above Yuma, is thus referred to in the Riverside Press:

"Almost everyone has followed the varying fortunes of the Blythe estate with some degree of interest, and knows that the courts some months ago closed up the estate and parceled it out to the rightful heirs. But it is probable that Riversiders would have taken a greater interest in the matter than they have had they known that upon its settlement a tract of nearly 100,000 acres of fertile land in this county would be opened up and put on the market.

"Lying along the Colorado River, a hundred miles north of Yuma, is 40,000 acres of valuable land belonging to the Blythe estate. It is the highest on the river, is riparian land, and has an absolute right to all the water necessary for riparian uses. W. B. Ferguson, who is at present in Riverside in the interest of a company organized for the development of this tract, states that his company has about concluded the purchase of the tract, and upon securing it, will immediately put it on the market. It is their intention to secure 60,000 acres of land adjoining the tract, which will be developed at the same time. All of the land is riparian, and is easily susceptible of irrigation. It is rich and fertile, and will undoubtedly prove an acquisition of value to Riverside county."

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### Hay Baling.

A LOCAL firm reports that about one hundred hay presses have been sold in Southern California this season. These presses will bale, on an average, about twelve hundred tons each, or a total of 120,000 tons. A baling record has been made lately, near Colegrove, of over forty-five tons in one day, with a horse press. This record has probably never been equaled.

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### Lower California.

ACCORDING to the City of Mexico Herald, the Land and Colonization Company of Lower California has received a decision in its favor regarding extensive lands on the peninsula. The decision of this case, which is said to be an intricate one, is thus referred to by the Mexican paper:

"Some time ago the department of Fomento declared void the concession given to Raimundo Torba for the improvement of certain government lands and later sold the lands to the International Land and Colonization Company, a concern formally operating in Lower California, composed mostly of American capital. After the company had been put in possession of these lands, Torba sold them to other individuals for $20,000, who proceeded to make improvements. In the mean time the International Company disposed of its rights to the Colonization Company, an English concern, and after long and expensive legal proceedings the latter have gained their case through the decision above referred to."

* * *

### Commercial Photography.

LOS ANGELES has a high reputation for the beauty and finish of its photographic work. This is partly due to the clear atmosphere of this section, but not entirely. There are other places which possess equally cloudless skies, but they cannot begin to show such dreams of the photographer's art. In this case, as in many others, Los Angeles derives an advantage from the fact that many masters of the profession have been drawn hither by the charms of our mild climate.

A novelty in the line of the photographic business has recently been introduced. Putnam & Valentine, commercial and view photographers of this city, are just completing a piece of work which is said to be the first of its kind to be done upon the coast. It consists in the reproduction, by means of colored photographs, of the samples usually carried by traveling salesmen, thus saving to those manufacturers and wholesalers whose goods are sold largely upon the attractive appearance of the packages all the expenses of excess baggage, cartage, rent of sample rooms and so forth incident to the carrying of sample cases.

The articles to be reproduced are photographed, either singly or grouped, and either to the size of the original or in a uniform scale of reduction. When the prints are made they are mounted upon heavy muslin, with a loose stub for binding, and are passed to the coloring room, where several girls, experienced in the use of water-colors, apply to them by hand all the tints and colors of the original packages, which are before the workers. In this process the most extreme care is observed to reproduce faithfully the highly-colored and elaborately-gilded labels which adorn the originals, and in many instances, the photographs, when completed, are more attractive than the original packages. The prints are now given a rich, glossy finish and are trimmed to a uniform size and placed in an attractive album, so made that new leaves may be added or useless ones removed at any time.

Several of these albums are being completed for a wine company of this city. Upon each page one bottle is reproduced in the exact size and appearance of the original. It is evident that after several months' use by drummers, these albums will present a much fresher and more attractive appearance than would sample bottles.

The idea of employing these albums is new upon the Coast, but is being largely adopted in the East, and a large concern in Chicago is engaged in their exclusive manufacture. The coloring of the prints by hand affords employment to many girls.

* * *

### Ventura County's Wealth.

THE Assessor of Ventura county, in handing in his report to the State Board of Equalization, made the following remarks:

"Herewith I hand you a copy of my report to the State Board of Equalization of the assessable property in this county for 1901, which shows an increase over last year of $516,470. I will say that our actual increase was very much more, but owing to some losses in other property it did not foot up so much. I find on comparing with last year that we have in the neighborhood of $75,000 less produce in our warehouse this year.

"A very considerable cut was made on the value of trees in some localities, owing to the drought of the last few years, and no water to irrigate; also on account of frosts in the early season. I will say, however, that with more rain next year we will regain what we lost and very much more in the orchard line.

"Another item taken from the assessable property by an act of the last Legislature was churches to the amount of $25,000. Summing it all up, I am very much pleased with our assessment. With the assessment of railroad properties, which will be made by the State Board of Equalization later, our roll will foot up $8,000,000 or more; and with a State and county rate of taxes at $1.85 on the $100, as against $2.55 last year, Ventura county will line up with the best of them.

"I would call your attention to one little item, as compared with Alameda county, one of the richest in the State. They report money and credits, $331,000; while Ventura, assessed for less than one-tenth of Alameda, shows money and credits $133,634—very near half as much.

"Our real estate list shows an increase of $203,000, and this is principally in and around San Pedro district. Improvements are $169,357 over last year; that covers the county generally. Our personal property roll shows an increase of $147,203."

* * *

### West Coast of Mexico.

A GOLD mining district that is said to possess much promise is being developed near Rosamond, in Kern county, close to the Los Angeles county line. The Mining Review recently contained the following:

"M. A. Pierce, manager and one of the original owners of the Fairview mine, near Rosamond, in Kern county, close to the Los Angeles county line, has been spending a couple of weeks in Los Angeles. He came to the city for a few days' recreation, but met with an accident on a Santa Monica car which has obliged him to remain here longer than he otherwise would have done. In conversation with a representative of the Mining Review, he said that mining in his camp was going along very satisfactorily, and the gold output from the mines that are being worked is steadily increasing. There are, he said, twenty claims in the camp, ten of which are being worked. The general formation is a decomposed quartz with porphyry walls. In the Fairview mine, the veins above the 200 level will average about four feet in width; at 200 feet they have widened out to six feet. The ore is a free-gold milling and cyaniding proposition. They recover about 90 per cent. of the assay value—60 per cent. on the plates and 30 per cent. from cyanide. They have plenty of water and the cost of cyaniding does not exceed, he states, over 30 cents per ton. At a depth of 150 feet, the average value of the ore in the Fairview is $17.50 per ton. At 200 feet down, the average value has increased up to $22 per ton. There have been taken from the Fairview, to the present time, about 600 tons of ore, yielding over $10,000 in gold. Part of the ore was shipped to the Selby Smelting and Lead Company of San Francisco. They have no water in the shaft, although they are seventy-four feet below the level of the valley. They are now drifting from the 205 level.

"Adjoining the Fairview is the Fay mine, owned by E. M. Hamilton. The Fay has, so far, produced more gold than any other mine in the camp. There is a two-stamp mill on it, and with it Mr. Hamilton is taking out about $60,000 a year from the Fay."

* * *

### A Big Fruit Ranch.

THE Fruit World publishes the following description of one of the largest fruit ranches in Southern California:

"The largest fruit ranch in Orange county is the famous Hewes ranch, lying two and one-half miles east of Orange and about the same distance northeast of Santa Ana, on the Tustin branch of the Southern Pacific.

"Visitors to Orange county invariably drive to the Hewes ranch, and the ranch has become well known throughout the State. It is a model fruit ranch, and it is of interest to all who visit Orange county.

"The ranch consists of 800 acres mostly planted to citrus fruit, walnuts and grapes. This property has been owned by David Hewes since 1882. Early in its history the property was largely set to vineyards, but when the status of the citrus industry became well defined in California, Mr. Hewes began to make over the great estate into a citrus orchard property. But he shrewdly threw a few anchors to windward by planting a walnut [illegible] of thirty acres and an olive [illegible] eighty acres. The failure of any one of the [illegible] fruit crops would still leave the ranch with a good [illegible] come from the other crops.

"The Hewes ranch is under the water system known as the Santa Ana Valley Irrigation System, which has been established about twenty years, and is recognized to be the finest and cheapest water system in all Southern California. There are over five miles of [illegible] ditches and flumes on the ranch. Water for irrigation costs $1 to $1.50 per acre per year for irrigating citrus fruits. At the present time, a head of water at [illegible] costs but 5 cents per hour, and 10 cents per hour when run during the day. Nearly all the large and main canals under the system are now cemented, which increases the water supply by the stopping of seepage. The great value of an abundant water supply is shown when it is figured that during the past three dry years it has cost some districts as much as $40 to $80 per acre per year.

"The ranch is located on highlands, at El Modena Highlands (this being the railroad station on the ranch), and is in an absolutely frostless belt. It is on the southern slope of the Santa Ana range, known as fine hill land. The soils are gravel and rich loam, and adobe, which are considered best for citrus fruits, olives, and walnuts. The climatic conditions are similar to those of the Cahuenga Valley, absolutely frostless. In the middle of the ranch is a natural dome or elevation, overlooking the 800 acres and all the Santa Ana Valley, and the ocean on one side, only fourteen miles away, and the mountains on the other are plainly visible. This place was originally reserved by interested capitalists for the erection of a sanitarium and gardens, on account of its unequaled climatic conditions, but this plan was not completed owing to the death of the original promoter. There are within a few miles several famous ranches, such as Actress Modjeska's, Emery's and McNally's (of Rand, McNally & Co.)

"The soil and climate seem to be especially adapted to the orange and lemon. There are over one hundred and twenty-five acres of the ranch planted to oranges—navels, Valencia Lates and St. Michaels—all in bearing. One hundred acres of lemons are in bearing, and [illegible] acres more of young orchard, planted to Enoch and Villa Franca lemons.

"Eighty acres are planted to olives, and the trees are loaded with fruit this year. All of the olive orchard can be irrigated—a most important point in olive culture. The entire orchard is planted to the Mission variety, which is considered the best for pickling and for making oil.

"The walnut orchard is ten years old, and has a good crop of nuts this season.

"Fifty acres of the ranch are planted to raisin grapes, and the yield has always been abundant, and brought regularly the highest prices.

"For eighteen years the ranch has been under the careful and energetic management of R. W. Jones, who is well able to manage such an important estate.

"The output of the orchards has gradually become so large that Mr. Hewes has established a well-equipped packing-house on the ranch, and uses his own brand, 'Transcontinental' brand, the object of the owner being to establish a high reputation for the best citrus fruits grown."

### Lincoln County, N. M.

IN A DESCRIPTION of the climate, resources, and industries of Lincoln county, N. M., the Progress, of Capitan, N. M., says:

"Lincoln county includes the largest and richest mineral belt in the Territory, which has not yet been prospected, let alone being developed. The deepest mine in the county is the Old Abe at White Oaks, and next to it, outside of White Oaks, is the American mine of Nogal. The American is only 170 feet in depth and has yielded over a half million dollars in gold. The Old Abe has produced nearly a million dollars in gold bullion. There are hundreds of prospects in the county that are more promising on the surface than either of the above-mentioned properties, that are lying idle for the lack of capital to develop them and place them among the list of rich producing properties.

"The mines and prospects of Lincoln county include gold, silver, lead, copper, cobalt, nickel, wolframite, etc., and vast deposits of both bituminous and anthracite coal, adjacent to these vast beds of coal is the largest and best deposit of iron ores to be found in the United States today. The high character of this iron and its close proximity to an inexhaustible supply of fuel, makes possible the establishment of iron and steel works at Capitan at no distant day.

"There are other valuable and rare minerals and precious stones not mentioned above, to be found in Lincoln county, but up to date no prospectors have bothered to prospect for these.

"The county will soon take the lead as one of the heavy producers of a first-class quality of lumber. The timber is here in abundance. Just as soon as the demand is made upon us for building material, large sawmills will be erected and lumber manufactured and shipped from Capitan. At present small sawmills in the White and Capitan mountains supply the local demand.

"The country is covered with a most luxurious growth of grass that serves to fatten thousands of heads of cattle yearly. No country in the Southwest excels this as a stock growing section.

"Water, 'the God of all harvest,' which is a most important factor, is here in abundance, and is distributed throughout the country in the form of springs and running streams. The streams which flow down from the White Mountains are the purest water found in New Mexico. It is a pure and healthful draught of life-saving liquid, fresh from the brew of nature."

around bottom, trimmed with white braid, extra full; great value at $3.00; Blue Pencil Price, each $1.98.

$2.39 for Linen Crash Skirts worth $3.50

Any 98c man's hat in our stock for 49c
Any $1.48 man's hat in our stock for 74c
Any $2.00 man's hat in our stock for $1.00
Any $2.50 man's hat in our stock for $1.25



## CARE OF

### VALUABLE SUGGE... ING AND PRES...

*Compiled fo...*

**Uncooked Food.**

ONE of the latest fa... cooked food, referen... department a couple ... this is by no means a ne... to the original diet of m... known.

An interesting article ... eastern exchange, in whi... Prof. Byron Tyler of Chic... cause of all the ills to w... of cooked food. He cla... life principle in food. ... adherents to his theory ... restaurants in various Am... cooked food, and will als... banks of the Colorado Riv... a site has recently been ...

Prof. Tyler, while tran... the Territory, made his ... of uncoasted peanuts, ... spoonsful of coarse oatm... fresh fruit, which was n... his article, Prof. Tyler s...

"We have all noticed t... boys and girls of backwo... to a very large extent, b... The reason to me is plai... bread is not cooked long... vitality of the cereal. ... classes pour a little hot ... eat it."

This is rather an unfo... the professor's theory. ... gestible than partially-... known fact that the S... dyspepsia, and this is do... the consumption of insuf... starch foods must unde... stomach before they can ... shown that foods contai... to promote stiffness of j... old age. This is why fru... claiming that bread is n... "staff of death."

Prof. Tyler makes ma... rived from his system. ... that persons who confi... food are not affected by ... are; they are not troub... the appetite for liquor a... always has a sweet bre... the complexion, a prev... is promotive of mentalit...

This theory does not ... the fruitarians, except t... admit the cereals to th... fruitarians is certainly ... mentioned by Prof. Ty... any less appetizing foo... raw oatmeal would be li... a few months. The pea... the other hand, a diet ... nuts, such as walnuts, ... Brazil nuts, is not onl... contains all the food el... in mental and physical ... added olives, salad, cre... If a person is not afrai... such a dietary the nu... nitrogenous, or muscle ... alone contain, weight ... nourishment as an equ... same time, they contai... furnishes heat and forc...

There is no doubt th... uncooked food, and th... Those who are not gi... paratus should, howev... such a dietary for the ... accustomed.

**A Proposed Sanitarium.**

IT IS said that the we... Company has been ... view to selecting a site ... establishments. It is ... for a site Signal Hill, ... Long Beach. Near thi... of fruitarianism, has ... erty.

It is somewhat surp... has sanitary establishm... such distant points as ... has not yet founded an... of the world, where th... most delicate patients ... institution to this secti... county.

In case such an esta... said to be probable th... factory for the manuf... products, of which a l... year throughout the U...

**Massage for Headache.**

A WRITER in Physi... massage for the be... says the massage shou... lowing description of ... "The muscles of the ...

CARBONS— "Every ... Visitors should not miss ... Photographs taken under ... glance of atmosphere in ... STUDIO 230½ S. SPRING ...

# CARE OF THE BODY.

## VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

*Compiled for The Times.*

**Uncooked Food.**

ONE of the latest fads in the line of diet is uncooked food, reference to which was made in this department a couple of weeks ago. As stated then, this is by no means a new idea, but simply a reversion to the original diet of man, before the use of fire was known.

An interesting article on this subject appears in an eastern exchange, in which is printed a statement by Prof. Byron Tyler of Chicago, who claims that the main cause of all the ills to which flesh is heir is the eating of cooked food. He claims that cooking destroys the life principle in food. He is said to already have 500 adherents to his theory who, it is stated, will found restaurants in various American cities for the sale of uncooked food, and will also establish a sanitarium on the banks of the Colorado River, near Kingman, Ariz., where a site has recently been selected by Prof. Tyler.

Prof. Tyler, while tramping for three weeks through the Territory, made his principal item of diet a glassful of unroasted peanuts, well salted, with a few tablespoonful of coarse oatmeal, prunes being substituted for fresh fruit, which was not to be had. In the course of his article, Prof. Tyler says:

"We have all noticed the extreme healthfulness of the boys and girls of backwoods countries, who have eaten, to a very large extent, mush and milk and corn bread. The reason to me is plain. The cornmeal mush or corn bread is not cooked long enough to disturb the life or vitality of the cereal. Again, in Scotland, the poorer classes pour a little hot water on their oatmeal and then eat it."

This is rather an unfortunate reference in support of the professor's theory. There are few things less digestible than partially-cooked cereals. It is a well-known fact that the Scotch are great sufferers from dyspepsia, and this is doubtless to a great extent due to the consumption of insufficiently cooked oatmeal. Again, starch foods must undergo a change in the human stomach before they can be assimilated, and it has been shown that foods containing lime, such as grains, tend to promote stiffness of joints, and to bring on premature old age. This is why fruitarians reject bread and grains, claiming that bread is not the staff of life, but rather the "staff of death."

Prof. Tyler makes many claims of benefits to be derived from his system. Among other things, he says that persons who confine their dietary to uncooked food are not affected by heat or cold, as other persons are; they are not troubled with sleeplessness at night, the appetite for liquor and tobacco is removed, a person always has a sweet breath, raw food is a beautifier of the complexion, a preventative of decay and old age, is promotive of mentality and is exceedingly economical.

This theory does not differ essentially from that of the fruitarians, except that, as stated, the latter do not admit the cereals to their dietary. The diet of the fruitarians is certainly far more appetising than that mentioned by Prof. Tyler. One can scarcely think of any less appetizing food than raw peanuts, while even raw oatmeal would be likely to pall upon a person, after a few months. The peanut is not a nut, but a root. On the other hand, a dietary composed of fresh fruits and nuts, such as walnuts, pecans, almonds, filberts and Brazil nuts, is not only appetizing and healthful, but contains all the food elements needed to keep a person in mental and physical vigor. To this food might be added olives, salad, cream cheese and perhaps raw eggs, if a person is not afraid of the hen as a scavenger. In such a dietary the nuts, cheese and eggs furnish the albuminous, or muscle and flesh-forming elements. Nuts also contain, weight for weight, three times as much nourishment as an equal amount of beefsteak. At the same time, they contain a large amount of oil, which furnishes heat and force to the system.

There is no doubt that it is quite feasible to exist on uncooked food, and the system possesses advantages. Those who are not gifted with a strong digestive apparatus should, however, be careful about substituting such a dietary for the one to which they have become accustomed.

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**A Proposed Sanitarium.**

IT IS said that the well-known Battle Creek Sanitarium Company has been looking over this section, with a view to selecting a site for the erection of one of their establishments. It is also stated that they may select for a site Signal Hill, a commanding elevation back of Long Beach. Near this place Dr. Densmore, the apostle of fruitarianism, has a large amount of orchard property.

It is somewhat surprising that this company, which has sanitary establishments all over the world, including such distant points as Tahiti, and Mexico, and Denmark, has not yet founded an institution in this choice section of the world, where the open air may be enjoyed by the most delicate patients all the year round. The nearest institution to this section is that at St. Helena, in Napa county.

In case such an establishment should be opened, it is said to be probable that the company will also start a factory for the manufacture of their hygienic food products, of which a large quantity are consumed every year throughout the United States.

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**Massage for Headache.**

A WRITER in Physical Culture strongly recommends massage for the head, as a cure for headache. He says the massage should be vigorous, and gives the following description of the method which he follows:

"The muscles of the neck were flexed tensely so that the head was held firmly, then with a tennis racquet or the bare hand, the head was struck severely enough to jar. The strokes were quick and applied all over the scalp. Five or ten minutes was usually sufficient to bring relief." After such a course of treatment he would lie down in an easy position, and sleep would follow.

* * *

**Consumption and Hygiene.**

THE editor of Physical Culture recently opened a sanitarium near New York, and offered free treatment to a certain number of cases that had been declared incurable by physicians. He claims to have effected some remarkable cures of desperate cases, and produces affidavits in support of his statements. Among others, were cases of advanced paralysis and consumption.

In regard to consumption, the editor of the journal referred to holds radical ideas. He claims to have proved, beyond all possible doubt, that consumption is a curable disease, and also denies that it is contagious. Here is his theory in regard to consumption:

"Consumption is not a germ disease. Germs exist in all cases of consumption for the purpose of making the sputum harmless to the living body. This sputum, which is eliminated through the lungs, is nothing more than an effort on the part of the functional system to rid the blood of an extraordinary amount of impurities. The depurating organs, being unable to eliminate all this, some other means is adopted, for if allowed to remain in the body these impurities would cause death. Because of the large quantity of blood attracted to the lungs, they are more frequently used for the purpose of eliminating these surplus impurities than are other organs.

"The beginning of consumption is always a cold. A cold is used to eliminate excessive impurities. The causes which tend to produce these impurities continue, and the cold becomes chronic. You then have consumption.

"The causes of consumption are therefore: First, overeating—eating beyond the power to properly digest. Second, breathing bad air. Third, lack of exercise. No human being on this earth need die of consumption if these plain facts, so plainly stated, are recognized and persistently followed."

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**Microbes in Holy Water.**

MICROBES are now discovered everywhere. The latest crusade that has been started along this line is against microbes in the holy water of Catholic churches. A hygienic exchange contains the following:

"Abba, one of the health officers of Turin, Italy, has recently made examinations of the holy water contained in the fonts inside the entrance doors of sacred edifices. Thirty-one specimens from as many churches were analyzed, and the results have more than confirmed his anticipations that this water may be an effective means of transmitting disease. Attention is called to the matter by the Lancet's Rome correspondent, in the issue of that journal for December 23, 1899. The water is exposed to the dust that finds free access to the interior of the church, is dipped into by the fingers of the worshipers on Sundays and week days, morning, noon and night, and the fonts are rarely cleaned. Concerning his recommendation of a weekly washing and disinfection of the pillars from which the fonts project, and of the fonts themselves, and the treatment of the water with antiseptics, the church press expresses marked indignation, condemning the suggestion as 'anti-ritual' and 'not free from grave objections.'"

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**Foul Breath.**

MANY people are troubled with foul breath, which is an annoyance, not only to themselves but also to those with whom they come in contact. A physician, writing on this subject in an exchange, says:

"Foul breath may occur in health as well as in disease. In health it is most commonly observed in individuals who do not brush their teeth regularly, owing to which the food that always collects between them acquires a putrid condition. These particles of food, under the influence of the warm temperature of the mouth, become putrid and alter the character of the breath in three or four hours after lodging there. Caried teeth may also give off a certain degree of fetor to the breath. In individuals whose tongue is always coated a foul odor may arise from the state of decomposition of the fur upon the tongue. The failure of cleansing the nose by blowing is another common cause of foul breath. Certain individuals never blow their noses, so that the matter therein, however little it may be, decomposes after a certain time, although the secretions of the nose do not allow a rapid decomposition, and this imparts fetor to the breath.

"The diseases which cause a fetid breath may be in the lungs, throat or nose. The disease of the nose termed 'atrophic rhinitis' produces a very disagreeable odor, as also does syphilitic coryza in the infant. Gangrene of the lungs gives off a horribly strong fetor; also bronchiectasis (morbid dilation of the lungs,) though to a lesser degree.

"Sour breath is observed in individuals affected with quinsy, indigestion or fever.

"Finally I must necessarily observe that the mouth of everybody is, without exception, never absolutely clean of decomposing substances, and that the breath exhaled in speaking is therefore correspondingly fetid; but the sense of smell becomes so quickly accustomed to its surroundings that we can not be aware of the conditions of our own breath, however fetid it may be, and we can notice the fetidity of another person's breath only if it be worse than our own. The case is strictly similar to what happens after eating raw garlic or onion. A man who has taken garlic is usually kept at bay by his wife for about twelve hours, and the kisses that she welcomed gratefully she now refuses scornfully. In this circumstance some women need no hints, and instead of bidding their husbands to cleanse their mouths to remove the odor of garlic, they in turn eat some of it, which removes the inconvenience instantly, congeniality exists as if neither had eaten garlic, and no odor is perceived by either. This is the wiser plan, for cleansing the mouth, however thoroughly, would not free the breath from the odor of garlic or onion."

In regard to the treatment of this trouble the same writer says:

"When the fetid breath is due to disease, the reader is referred to the disease itself for treatment. In the other cases the disagreeable odor may be made to instantly disappear by removing the cause. The teeth should be brushed at least every morning on both the inner and outer sides; it is very advisable to brush them, or at least rinse the mouth, after each meal. Caried teeth ought to be filled or extracted. The loose coating of the tongue may be scraped off with a teaspoon. At the same time it is well to anoint the entire surface of the tongue once or twice a day after meals with boroglycerite, which can be obtained from any druggist. Boroglycerite may be applied alone or the druggist may be asked to add a flavor to it, such as spirits of peppermint.

"Furthermore, we must remember that the formation of this white fur on the tongue is always due to an imperfect function of the liver and digestive organs, which condition should be corrected to obtain a permanent cure.

"As to the fetor of the breath which arises from uncleanliness of the nose, it can be made to instantly disappear by cleansing this organ with salt water. This should be done by dissolving a pinch of table salt in a half glass of warm water, snuffing this freely two or three times and blowing the nose afterward. The recurrence of this foul breath will be prevented by blowing the nose at least once a day, even if not felt obstructed, or cleansing it daily with salt water."

* * *

**Koch and Consumption.**

THE startling statement made by Prof. Koch at the recent Tuberculosis Congress in London, to the effect that bovine tuberculosis is not communicable to human beings, has naturally aroused a storm of discussion all over the world. Much incredulity is expressed by many in regard to Koch's asserted discovery, especially in view of the fact that such great claims were made by him in regard to the value of tuberculin, as a cure for consumption—claims which have by no means been sustained by experience. Tuberculin is now generally admitted to be valuable as a test of the presence of tuberculosis, not as a means of cure. The Philadelphia Medical Journal says:

"Dr. Koch has failed in nineteen instances to convey human tuberculosis to bovines, after the most careful attempts to do so, whereas in no instance has he failed to convey bovine tuberculosis to bovines in a similar manner.

"He has not attempted to convey bovine tuberculosis to human beings, nor human tuberculosis to them.

"There is not on record any direct experimental conveyance of tuberculosis of any kind to human beings.

"Although there is evidence of a very suspicious nature of the conveyance of human tuberculosis from man to man, and from bovine to man, there is no absolute proof of one any more than the other. That is to say, there is equally as much reason to doubt the contagious nature of the disease as between man and man as there is between bovine and man.

"The only positive result which can fairly be claimed by Dr. Koch is that bovine tuberculosis is communicable to bovines.

"That it is communicable to other animals has been positively demonstrated by other observers, and human tuberculosis itself has been demonstrated to be communicable to many of the lower animals.

"Dr. Koch now proves, after careful tests, that the human form of the disease is not communicable to the bovine only.

"Thus far and no further do his positive results go.

"He advances no proof that bovine tuberculosis is not communicable to man, but bases his opinion that it is harmless on the fact that if it were not so we should expect more cases of intestinal tuberculosis in man. This is a decidedly weak deduction when the observed ill effects of the consumption of tuberculous milk by infants have been noted to be an obstinate and frequently fatal diarrhoea, and when it is further considered that by far the greatest number of deaths among calves suckled by tubercular dams is caused by infection of the intestinal and mesenteric glands.

"It is no safe deduction to conclude that because Dr. Koch failed to convey human tuberculosis to any of the nineteen cattle experimented upon, and at the same time he could convey the bovine form of the disease in all instances, that therefore the bovine disease is harmless to the human being. Particularly is this deduction unsafe when we know that the bovine form, whether it be due to the lower vitality of the animal or to the increased virulence of the germ, is very much more rapid in its fatal course than the human."

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**Slim Diet.**

AN EASTERN hygienic exchange publishes the experience of a correspondent who claims to have lived on food costing less than 5 cents per day for over thirty days. He also claims to have been benefited by this sparse diet. Following is his menu, for the first and second weeks of the term:

"March 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th. Breakfast: One shredded biscuit; no lunch or dinner.

"15th and 16th. Fasted. Ate nothing until 6 o'clock, when I had two small leaves of lettuce and two small pieces of toast.

"17th. For breakfast: Popcorn, unbuttered and unsalted. One handful at breakfast for fourteen days. Six o'clock dinner, hard-boiled egg, two pieces of toast.

"18th. Dinner: Two pieces of toast and three teaspoonsful of stewed tomatoes.

"19th. Dinner: Small saucer of Ralston Breakfast Food, baked, two small leaves of lettuce.

"20th. Dinner: Small saucer canned spring peas, two slices of toast.

"21st. Dinner: Three granose biscuits.

"22d. Dinner: Vermicelli soup, "vegetable turkey," two pieces of toast.

"23d. Dinner: Two tomato sandwiches, made of small pieces of toast."

...SONS—"Every Picture a work of Art." 17—MEDALS—17
...should not miss the opportunity to have ...taken under the most favorable con... atmosphere in the world.
...S. SPRING ST., Opp. Hollenbeck.
Steckel

1. Kruger Not Coming to America.
Empress Dowager's Funeral.
Women Pelt Nude Indian.
Fatal Explosion on Yacht.
Negro Ravisher Burned Alive.
Death of Signor Crispi.

...to race....San Diego "spook" meeting a tame affair....Coronado Tent City crowded with visitors....Strange idea of a condemned Mexican at San Diego. Big Sunday crowd at Santa Monica. Pasadena negro gives police trouble.

there was not a suggestion of disorde... anywhere.

President Shaffer spent the da... quietly at his home in Pittsburgh. H... holds rather strict ideas of Sabbath ob... ...erance, and throughout the strik...

# The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

## MONEY IN GUINEA PIGS.

### A PRACTICAL ARTICLE ON THEIR BREEDING, RAISING AND MARKETING.

*By a Special Contributor.*

BOYS living in the country are to be envied by city boys, as on a farm there is an abundance of room and ample facilities for keeping animals of all kinds without danger of annoying your own or neighboring families, but with the boy residing in the city, the case is altogether different.

The first assurance parents want is, first, that the animals shall be harmless; and, second, that there shall be no odor, and moreover, no animal shall be kept that is likely to escape and injure the house or furniture in any way, and may possibly also add that the keep of your pets shall cost nothing. After considering this problem, the average boy will be ready to give up the idea of ever owning a pet, as the conditions laid down seem too formidable a barrier to surmount, but all these conditions may be complied with and more than this, you can also agree to a condition not mentioned, and that is the pleasure you will have with your pets, to make money raising them.

Begin with Guinea pigs. Why they were ever called Guinea pigs, no one knows; probably because they have a peculiar little squeak, somewhat resembling the grunt of a pig, and like the pig, they eat almost everything.

The scientific name of this little animal is cavia aperea and fanciers always speak of them as Cavies. They are naturally very dainty and cleanly animals, and if properly cared for can be kept in a cellar or attic without causing the slightest trouble in a well-regulated family.

The first consideration is a house to keep them in, and for this purpose an ordinary soap box answers the purpose perfectly. If the place where they are to be kept is free from rats, a soap box with sides about eight inches high and the top removed makes a good hutch, as the cavies will not get over a partition eight inches high. The bottom should be covered at all times with sawdust, hay or straw, and for very best results should be cleaned out every morning and replaced with new bedding, the bottom being well scraped before supplying the new material.

Cavies naturally are very clean animals, constantly slicking their fur and never showing a particle of dirt on their bodies. If kept in a barn or outbuilding, clearing the hutch once a week will suffice, and any sheltered place where poultry, a horse or cow can be kept will answer for the cavy. The writer has raised hundreds in hutches well supplied with straw and kept in an ordinary barn, where young are successfully reared without artificial heat in the severe winter weather in the latitude of New York City.

The soap-box hutch should be covered with one-inch mesh poultry netting, arranged with a good-sized door on top for cleaning and feeding purposes, and this will protect your pets from rats, which frequently, as if for mischief only, will invade the hutch and destroy the inmates.

The amateur can make an as elaborate hutch as his fancy may dictate. A hutch two feet square and one foot or more in height is ample for from one to four cavies. It is desirable to have the hutch open on top for ventilation and covered with wire with a good-sized door at the end for ease in cleaning.

Feed hay, oats, corn, potatoes, apples, weeds of various kinds, carrots, cabbage, turnips, bread and milk, mowings from the lawn, acorns and almost anything excepting lettuce (which has a stupefying effect.) Begin by the purchase of a pair or more, taking care to learn just how the previous owner fed them and continue feeding the same food gradually changing off to what is convenient for you to supply, parings of vegetables from the kitchen, pea pods, huskings from corn, trimmings from vegetables of which almost any kitchen will supply sufficient to feed half a dozen or more cavies. I advise watering daily or giving milk, which answers the same purposes. Feeding should be regular, night and morning.

It is advisable also to supply your hutch with hoppers for grain.

When filled at the top, and cover fastened down, the receptacle at the bottom remains full of grain, while that in the top is kept clean. It is also advisable to arrange racks made of poultry netting or metal strips for hay, as cavies invariably sit on and spoil much of their food.

The short-haired variety is called the English cavy, and is the most common, dealers selling them for about $1.50 a pair, though sometimes they can be secured at a lower price, and are usually found in broken colors, that is, black and white, red and white, or red, black and white, though they are also found in solid white, black and red. The solid colors or "selfs," as they are called by fanciers, are the most valuable and greatly prized. Ten dollars a pair is not an unusual price to pay for a good pair of blacks, and it is for these fancy specimens that breeders should strive.

It is not advisable to breed from one pair alone, but to associate with other fanciers, so as not to inbreed closely. Litters most frequently consist of one young one only, frequently two and three, and only rarely four, and very rarely more than four, while the average pair vary greatly in the number produced, some breeding only once a year and other somewhat more frequently.

As soon as young are born, the male should be removed and the young left to run with the mother for thirty days. In about three weeks the mother is likely to begin weaning the young, and at this time they should be given milk daily to supply sufficient nourishment, barley meal and bran mixed with milk or water should also be supplied.

In England the cavy was carefully watched and "bred up" developing peculiarities, those with longest hair paired and their young with longest hair paired in the same way; this selection and treatment resulting in a species of long-haired cavy now known as the Abyssinian.

A variety which originated in France, has remarkably long and silky hair, completely hiding the head, eyes and feet of the little animals, and it appears to be a living, moving bunch of hair; this variety is called the Peruvian and specimens have been exhibited with fur eight inches long, which was kept done up on curl papers. Peruvians are quite valuable and extra choice specimens in colorings or fur bring about what the owner desires to charge for them.

Cavies are lively little creatures, perfectly harmless, very timid and never attempt to defend themselves, and really seem to have no way of doing so. They may be given their liberty about a barn or cellar. Feed them from the hand if you wish to tame them, and never startle or frighten them. When allowed their liberty, they soon learn their name and to come at call, and to follow their master and any number of them are safe on a floor, as, unlike a kitten or puppy, they are never under your feet. They associate nicely with other animals. The writer once had a group, consisting of a pair of Guinea pigs, an Angora cat, a Belgian hare, and a sky terrier dog that always traveled about together, resembling a miniature circus parade, ate together and would lie in a curious heap together.

Cavies are always in demand by boys in every neighborhood and by dealers, and all you raise can be sold at a fair price, and this is a good way to earn spending money, while if extra choice specimens are raised, fanciers will take them at high prices.

E. COLESTON VICK.

## JESSICA.

*Contributed by Susie C. Ott*

[Continued.]

### CHAPTER VII.

"Well, girls," said Sausage, as he dropped in one afternoon, "you can't guess what Goggles has gone and done!"

"Failed in love!" said the Frivolous Freshman, brilliantly.

"Broken his neck!" said Gyp, with the air of one who is always looking for the woes of Job and therefore, is never disappointed.

"Found a two-headed spider or a humming poly-wog!" laughed Jessie.

"All very natural conclusions," said Sausage pompously, "but wrong, nevertheless. Our distinguished young friend, the biologist, has invented a patent churn!"

"A what!" cried the girls.

"Ladies, I have spoken. A churn—whereby all that is necessary is for the cow to wink at it and the butter is made. Imagine the saving of labor—of raw material!"

"Undoubtedly," answered Gyp. "Well, I ought not to be surprised at anything, after this. Figs will grow on thistles, and trousers on juniper bushes, yet!"

"A patent churn! And Goggles of all people!" laughed Jessie. "How did you know about it, Sausage?"

"Oh, he told me."

"How does it work?" asked the Frivolous Freshman.

"Work? Oh, I don't know. Kind of wriggles in the middle, and folds up like an accordion when you wish it out of the way. But, believe me, ladies, it's such an article of usefulness, you never wish it out of the way. Touch a spring, and it turns into a washing machine; punch it somewhere, and lo! there is an incubator. I am not sure but he spoke of a music box and a baby's perambulator attachment."

"I'll never believe him again, never! Whenever I see that far-away look in his eyes, I will not believe, as in the past, that he is seeing visions of bacteria and gymnosperms; but will feel that he is planning a potato peeler or a freckle cure," said the Frivolous Freshman mournfully. "How sad that we must have all our illusions smashed before our eyes!"

Funny as it seemed, Goggles had made the churn, and what's more, he sold the patent to a big manufacturer, for $4000; but even that didn't, as Gyp said, "take the taste away." The boys made his life a burden by asking him the latest quotations in butter.

"Oh, Mother Hubbard!" cried Jessie running in one day with excited eyes, and bright color coming and going, "the most beautiful thing has happened! And the Frivolous Fresman of all people! What do you think, but she has made every single cent of her money to come to college with—and by teaching a country school! She began to teach when she was only fifteen, and she studied, herself, at night with her father, who is a minister. There are lots of other brothers and sisters to have an education, so Florence just helped herself. And the very best part is, she is having a younger brother, who is passionately fond of music, take piano lessons. She wants him to be organist in some big church. He is a cripple, has some kind of hip disease, and will not be able to do any heavy work. She never told us about it before, as she said she felt it put her off from the rest of us. And it does, Mother Hubbard, way off and above us. She would not have told us today, only she says she is not coming back, next year, to graduate with the rest of us. It is necessary for either her or Merwyn to give up study for a while, and she means to do it, and teach again for money to come back to school the following year. Just think! give right up, when she could come just as well as not, if she would use the money for herself! And here we have thought her the most frivolous and light-hearted of all the girls! How little we really know about people, after all. Of course, we always knew she didn't have money, like the rest of us, but we never dreamed anything further. I wish I could do something! But it's no use; I can see her eyes. She is very independent, Mother Hubbard, as independent as she is brave and gay. You would dream of it, even now; she's our same Frivolous Freshman."

A few days before the end of the spring term a pecked lightly on Jessie's door. "May I come in, My! but you look as wise as an owl, sitting there all those books. I have eliminated education education is a nuisance; books a bore; and knowl burden. I am going in for a regular glorification! oh, by the way"—as if she had just thought of thing—"I wrote to Aunt Jerusha, and she wrote She is going to take me to Mt. Desert this summer —and the Frivolous Freshman and her little brothe going, too."

"Oh, Dorothy," cried Jessie, putting her arms her friend, "I am so glad for you! How like you want to take Florence and Merwyn with you!"

But the Raven, who had a mannish dread of "scene," shook her by the shoulders and said:

"None of your platitudes, now! I am going to this beautiful thousand-legged worm to Goggles, found under a brick by the walk—the worm, not Gog Mercy knows where I shall find him! One of the said they saw him down on his knees on the bank of black pool, grubbing around for something, and said they thought most likely he had fallen in drowned, and advised everyone going around that see. There, isn't that a beauty?" and she held admiration a long, wriggling, villianous-looking worm. And she fled, thousand-legged worm and no, not quite all, for there were a few hair pins about the room.

[To be continued.]

## THE WAX WORKS AGAIN.

### THE GIANTS HAVE LOTS OF FUN IN LONDON

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS,
Author of "Yankee Enchantments," "Some Americans Abroad," etc.

Robin Taylor had been in London for several weeks and in all that time the giants, Blunderbore and Cormoran, had behaved themselves. When you remember what ugly fellows they had been in their youth you may wonder why they were so good. I think it was because they were well treated and partly because they were afraid of Jack the Giant Killer. At any rate they were just as good as pie until one day, when the whole party with the exception of Jack, who was on a visit to some connections of his in Cornwall, went out into the country to spend the day.

The air was so bracing that the giants began to act like colts and to jump over the farm houses in the vicinity to the great terror of the farmers and their families. Every time they landed, the earth shook as if an earthquake had worried it.

Jack the Giant Killer being absent, there was no one but Robin and Mother Goose to watch the giants, and they were both out on the quest for milk for the pap, so no one noticed the mischievous glare that came into the big men's eyes; a sure sign that they were up to something.

Suddenly Cormoran opened the doors of the Wolf's cage and pulled Red Riding Hood's pet out, and threw him to Blunderbore, who caught him by the body and threw him back.

This was fun for the giants and it did not hurt the wolf, but it frightened him very much, and he began to howl in such a way that the sheep of Bo Peep became frantic and bleated at the top of their lungs. So Blunderbore picked one of them up and sent it after the wolf, and Cormoran caught both the wolf and the sheep just as the jugglers catch balls.

Robin now ran up. "Come, come," said he; "you must stop this. It's cruelty to animals."

But the excited giants paid no attention to him, except to laugh and to add Tom's pig to the animals that were hurtling through the air. It was really a curious sight to see the wolf, the sheep and the pig follow each other backward and forward from hand to hand. If one of them had fallen he would have broken his leg, but the giants were sure handed and they never muffed.

At last they tired of this rough sort of play, and of the three animals on the ground, and they were so tuckered out that the wolf laid his head on the sheep's neck and the pig lay on his back, with his snout against the neck of the wolf, and they made quite a happy family while they rested.

You may be sure that before they had quite recovered from their unsought exercise Robin shut the wolf up in his cage. He would not be apt to make a pillow of the sheep on ordinary occasions. He preferred meat to pillows when it came to sheep.

The giants had exhausted that fun, but they were by no means subdued. Cormoran said in Welsh to Blunderbore:

"Let's go to London and stir things up."

"The very thing," answered Cormoran in the same tongue. "I've been quiet long enough."

Not one in the party understood Welsh, so when the big fellows walked slowly down the lane that led toward London highway no one thought anything of it. A turn and a dip in the lane carried them out of sight, and as soon as they knew they were no longer by their friends, they took to their heels and hurried toward London, and when Robin awoke to the fact that they were gone they were just entering the city, and then it was too late for him to do anything except watch where they were.

The giants by this time were among the well-known

Any 98c man's hat in our stock for 49c
Any $1.48 man's hat in our stock for 74c
Any $2.00 man's hat in our stock for $1.00
Any $2.50 man's hat in our stock for $1.25
Round bottom, trimmed with white braid, extra full; great value at $3.00; Blue Pencil Price, each $1.98.
$2.39 for Linen Crash Skirts worth $3.50
Extra fine linen crash, made with three deep graduated

sights of London, and while people always stopped to look at them when they passed by, there was no longer the feeling of wild curiosity that their first appearance had caused.

Blunderbore suggested to Cormoran to go down to the Strand and begin their mischief and to the Strand they hurried.

Then, while Cormoran stood with a foot on either sidewalk, Blunderbore stood facing him, two blocks below. Cormoran began the fun by picking up a very respectable editor, who had just come down from the Fleet street on the way to lunch, and flung him over to Blunderbore, who caught him safely and put him in his pocket. Then Cormoran neatly lifted a 'bus from the ground, horses, passengers and all, and hurled them latitudinally to Blunderbore, who caught them without disarranging the harness or spilling passengers.

"What shall I do with them?" said Blunderbore, roaring with laughter.

"Put 'em on top of a house."

This was at once done by the other giant, and the frightened passengers scrambled off and out of the 'bus. But the driver stuck to his seat, and said: "If I'm late at the stables it ain't my fault." As for the horses the air was so much purer on the roof that they rather liked it, and were eager to begin a tour of the house tops. But the driver knew how unequal the roadbed was likely to be and he kept them stock still.

Every vehicle in sight would have been picked up like the first one, if the drivers had not whipped around corners and disappeared. The people, too, began to run into doorways to escape the giants, but in as big a city as London it is always easy to find some one who has not heard what is going on, and the giants delighted in snapping up a young man just as he was coming around a side street, and after throwing up in the air once or twice, putting him in at some open window.

After awhile those who were safe behind doors began to enjoy the sport of seeing luckless wights snatched up and put in wherever there was an opening, and although it caused a good many trains to be missed and a number of dinners grew cold waiting for people who were imprisoned in untenanted offices, there was really a good deal of good done in this strange way.

For instance: A man named Eagan on Norfolk street had advertised for an errand boy, and had not been satisfied with any of the applicants. His office was just off the Strand and he was enjoying the giants' pranks at his open window.

Suddenly Cormoran picked up a small boy who had tripped over a fleeing Alderman and twirling him between thumb and forefinger, as you might twirl a carrot, he pushed him in at the office window.

Now this Mr. Eagan was a very quick-witted man, and he appreciated the humor of the sudden entrance.

"Looking for a job?" said he to the small boy.

The boy saw the placard on the open door, "Boy Wanted," and being quick of brain himself, he said:

"Yes, sir."

"All right," said Mr. Eagan. "Take this letter to Mortimer Appledore, 7 Adelphi Terrace, and wait for an answer. How will ten shillings a week suit you?"

"Tip, top, sir," said the boy and went out with the letter, as if he had been working at that office for years.

Further up the Strand a very cross lawyer named Bulstrode had discharged a boy that morning and had said: "Don't you ever darken my door again," and the boy had departed wondering where he was to find another situation.

It so happened that Cormoran picked him up while he was walking disconsolately down a side street, and handed him in at the Mr. Bulstrode's window.

As soon as the lawyer saw him he roared out: "D'dn't I tell you never to darken my door again?"

"This ain't a door, it's a window, sir," said the boy, taking off his hat respectfully, and the ready answer so pleased the lawyer that he took him back into his employ.

But London is not the city to allow such goings on for long and in a few minutes a hundred policemen came on the double quick and ordered the giants to undo their mischief. Of course if Blunderbore and Cormoran had realized it, they could have gathered up the policemen like tin soldiers, but so great is the power of the law that they began to tremble and reached in at windows to take people back.

"Fie, that won't do at all," roared a sergeant of police. "You'd never get the right man. Run along home now or I'll arrest yer."

Robin never could find out how the horses and 'bus were removed from the roof. The giants forgot to do it for they were so cowed that they marched off to the country like two naughty school boys, and in an hour or so they joined Robin and the rest.

"Where have you been," said Robin.

"Been having a game of pitch and toss," said Blunderbore.

And it wasn't until he read the papers next day that Robin found out what they had been up up to, and then Mother Goose refused to darn their stockings for a whole month, so you can imagine the size of the holes when she finally relented.

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## A CHEAP DARK ROOM.

### HOW THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER MAY PROVIDE HIMSELF WITH THIS NECESSITY.

[Camera and Dark Room:] Many would-be photographers are deterred from taking up this scientific pastime by difficulties in the way of a dark room. The following is a cheap and efficient way of making a portable developing arrangement: Procure a large wooden box, remove the lid and cut a hole, say 8x10, in the bottom, in which it would be well to insert a piece of ground glass to equalize the light. Fasten over this two sheets of tissue paper, ruby fabric or a ruby and yellow glass. Place the box on its side on a table, and attach to the open edges sufficient opaque material to reach the floor. You can then take a chair, and sitting down with the cloth over your head, close up your window and look for white light entering anywhere. When you have darkness inside you can change plates or develop with safety, by turning the window of the box toward a north window by day or placing a lamp in front at night.

## A HOME GUARD HERO.

### A TALE WHICH GOES TO SHOW THAT BRAVERY IS NOT CONFINED TO THE SOLDIER.

*By a Special Contributor.*

SERGT. ALLEN DURFEE of the high school cadets sat on the edge of his iron cot and clicked his heels together nervously. It had certainly been the hardest day of his fifteen-year existence.

The night before had come a telegram announcing:

"Private James Durfee severely wounded—thigh—assault on Calumpit."

The message had been sent by one of his father's old comrades, now connected with the War Department at Washington, and the morning papers had brought no further information. So Allen and his mother knew that for many long weeks, perhaps, until Jimmy himself could write, they must wait for particulars.

All day long he had been haunted by his mother's white face as she opened the fateful message, and by the thought of dear old Jimmy, who had taught him to play marbles baseball and football; who had fought for him when he was imposed upon, and with him when he deserved it—lying weak suffering in the tropical heat of Luzon.

And cropping up with the heartache was a persistent pang of jealousy. Jimmy was only eighteen when he enlisted, and Allen had begged so hard to go too. Weren't they both the sons of a brave soldier, he argued. Did three miserable years prevent his marching just as far and shooting just as straight as Jimmy?

"Allen, dear"—it was his mother's voice from the foot of the stairs—"hurry down and go to the store. Mr. Thomas has forgotten to send the butter."

Allen sprang to his feet, dashed cold water in his face and rubbed it vigorously with a Turkish towel. But in spite of this treatment, his mother's keen eye caught the traces of tears. She placed her hand tenderly on his shoulder, saying:

"You must not worry about your brother. Remember he has a fine constitution and will have the best of hospital care. Doubtless he'll be sent home on a furlough."

"It isn't that, mother, altogether. I'd trust Jimmy for pulling through almost anything, but if only I could be with him. How I would pop it to the old Filipinos! I'd drop fifty for every ball they pumped into my brother. It isn't fair that I must stay home when he's there. I'm strong and tough and the best quarter-back the team's ever had, and I could fight for my country just as hard as Jimmy."

The mother's arm stole around the boy, and she drew him close, as a sudden fear shot through her heart.

"And leave his poor mother all alone? What should I do without my home guard? You don't know what a comfort you have been to me in your brother's absence."

Allen threw back his shoulders, snatched his gray campaign hat off the rack, and with a military salute to his smiling mother, hurried away. Come to think of it, his mother had betrayed her dependence upon him more than once. He had really stepped into Jimmy's shoes. The frown had disappeared and he was almost smiling when he reached the store. But Mr. Thomas, all unwittingly, reopened the wound, as he did up the package.

"That's just what we expected of your brother. Blood will tell, and he comes from fighting stock."

"Ain't I from the same stock?" thought Allen, rebelliously, as he left the store. His cheeks flushed and the lump rose again in his throat. He made for the C. R. & N. cut-off to avoid meeting any more people with their condolence and congratulations. He fell to brooding over the situation. Every one said the war would soon be over, and perhaps there would not be another war in his day. He could never show what sort of fighting stuff he was made of.

By this time he was quite desperate. Clearly there was but one thing for him to do—run away. He could steal rides to 'Frisco—be a stowaway from 'Frisco to Manila, and then he'd find some way of joining Jimmy's regiment. He had just reached that point in his day dreams when he should carry a wounded comrade from the field, under heavy fire from the enemy, then——

It was only a child's voice, but it was vibrant with terror, and it came from behind on the track. He whirled round and saw a small form wriggling and jerking to free itself from something—perhaps the rail. And just beyond he saw the fast freight of the C. R. & N. backing down to the union depot.

There was not a second to lose when Allen started on his race with the express. His training in the athletic field stood him in grand stead, but the train gained on him steadily as he sprinted down the track. Suddenly the despairing, agonized cry of the mother fell on his ear. He had discarded hat and package, and now he was making such time as he had never scored on the track. The blood was surging in his ears. Before him rose the awful picture of the little figure crushed under the pitiless wheels. One great leap, a clutch at the little foot, caught in the frog, and with the frightful, roaring monster of steel and iron rumbling over their heads, he and the sobbing child rolled down the embankment.

When Allen and the child sat facing each other at the foot of the bank, the train had sped on its course. A couple of excited women appeared on the scene, crying over the dust-covered baby. A group of excited men berated the carelessness of a corporation that backed its trains at such a rate of speed through the heart of the city and with no employés on the rear coach. And in the general excitement no one noticed that the lad in a dusty gray uniform had disappeared.

Allen ran back to where he had dropped his package, and picking it up in the most matter-of-fact fashion, hurried home. The boarders, many of whom had lived with Mrs. Durfee ever since her husband's death, were dropping in for supper, and Allen never thought to interrupt her with the story of his adventure. He ate a hearty supper, ran out for a game of ball, and finally went to bed, still without recounting his race with the locomotive. It had quite slipped his mind.

And perhaps no one would ever have heard of it if the day had not been so dull in the office of the Daily Times. But when one of the reporters heard that a child had been saved on the C. R. & N. cut-off, he decided that it was worth looking up. He found that the story was good enough to keep exclusively for his paper, and he guarded it religiously. As a result, while the other papers of the little inland city continued to say pretty things of James Durfee, the son of a brave Union soldier, and the support of his widowed mother, the Times came out with a thrilling account of two brave sons, the one who faced death in the Philippines and the one who risked his life on the railroad track for a baby boy.

At breakfast time the next morning the boarders were all excitement over the news. Allen, very red in the face and generally uncomfortable, had to shake hands all round. He protested vigorously that it was nothing to make such a fuss about. Any fellow would have done the same thing if he'd seen the little chap lying helpless on the track.

He dodged through the alleys on his way to school, only to be met on the campus by enthusiastic cadets, who carried him on their shoulders to the building. In the great assembly room the principal laid his hand kindly on Sergt. Durfee's shoulder and said:

"Greater love hath no man than this—that he offer his life for his friend. I am glad that all our heroes are not at the front."

But while the boys cheered, Allen was thinking of his mother. He remembered the day that Jimmy had marched away, and his mother had fastened a tiny silk flag on his uniform. There had been such a proud, happy look in her eyes when she kissed Jimmy good-by. And Allen had caught that same look in her eyes this morning as she watched him start to school. Yes, she had been just as proud of her home guard boy as of the one who had marched away. He would not have to run away, after all, to show that he came of good fighting stock.

## THE AMATEUR MAGICIAN.

### A NEAT EXPERIMENT MADE WITH A BOTTLE AND A TUMBLER.

*By a Special Contributor.*

This is not a trick, although it has the appearance of one to a person not familiar with the principle on which it is done; we call it, therefore, an experiment, and a very pretty one it is. Any deft-fingered boy can make it with ease and skill.

You will need a common wine bottle; a straight cork, flat top and bottom; two straws and a glass tumbler or goblet. Make two holes in the cork with a red-hot wire of about the same diameter as the straws, and carefully work a straw through each hole. One of them must extend above the top of the cork as far as the tumbler is deep; in other words, if the tumbler is four inches deep, one of the straws must extend four inches above the top of the cork; the other straw must be about twice as long.

Now fill the bottle and the tumbler with water, to the very brim, and having closed the end of the short straw with a little bit of wax or dough, force the cork into the bottle until the water spurts out of the top of the long straw. You have now all the conditions necessary to the performance of your feat, which is to empty the tumbler by means of the bottle, without reducing the quantity of water in the bottle.

Turn the bottle upside down; quickly clip off the end of the short straw with its dough stopper, and insert the short straw in the tumbler so that it reaches to the bottom. The water will then begin to run out of the long straw (into a bowl provided to receive it,) but if you notice the tumbler, you will see that it is from it the water is coming, for its supply is gradually decreasing, while the bottle all the time remains full. You can thus completely empty the glass, leaving the original quantity of water in the bottle.

The explanation is that the two straws make a siphon, which begins to act immediately because the two branches are full of water at the start. As the water runs out of the bottle through the long straw, the water from the tumbler rises through the short straw to take its place; and this continues until the glass is emptied.

### DOG SAVES A KITTEN.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] Oftentimes it is demonstrated that dumb animals are possessed of more kindness than human beings. In the West End last week, after the severe rainstorm, the passengers on a street car that had been stopped by rubbish, washed on the track by the water, witnessed a scene that brought a flush of indignation to many a cheek. The water was running curb high and in the water, tangled up in the debris, was a little kitten struggling pitifully for freedom, but being dragged rapidly down with the rushing water. Several little boys were amusing themselves by throwing sticks, stones or anything that came conveniently to hand, at the helpless little thing, when a large St. Bernard dog ran out of a nearby house and carefully picked the kitten up in its great kindly mouth and carried it back into the house with him. If those boys didn't feel the shame of their position there couldn't be much good in their natures.

### LIME HONEY THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

[London Express:] The "tree of a thousand uses," as the lime has been called, was formerly planted in England much more than it is today. The little row of pollard limes in front of the old farmhouse or the substantial thatched cottage is still a familiar sight of unspoiled South country villages, while avenues of tall and ancient limes are very pleasant features of some of the large country houses, the manor houses in particular. It is claimed that the best honey in the world is made from the limes. Kowno honey is said to be made from no other flower. It is of a greenish hue. In Lithuania there are forests of lime trees, and the honey made there is particularly fine.

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# Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

## SWAN SONG OF SUMMER FASHIONS.

### AUTUMNAL NATURE SUGGESTS THE TINTS FOR THE MELANCHOLY DAYS TO COME.

*From a Special Correspondent.*

NEW YORK, Aug. 5.—This is the season when summer begins to sing her swan song, and already the advent of certain toilettes designed for late August use indicate that her hour of glory is over. That is as far as the production of strictly summer wear is concerned, for as long as a cricket chirps and gentle zephyrs blow, the airy flummeries and delicate flower tints that distinguished the season will be worn. But the melancholy days are coming, and even at this early date Fashion is beginning to turn to Autumnal Nature for her colorings, though we may not count on these preliminary spurtings as anything more than tentative efforts to test the public taste and tide over a dull moment. However, they are admirable beginnings and, after all, do we not get our best lessons from Mother Nature?

YELLOW FOULARD WITH BLACK SILK MUSLIN, AND CHILD'S LAWN FROCK.

**A Trio of Stunning Gowns.**

A pair of stunning gowns just completed by a smart dressmaker vie with the maple leaves themselves in autumnal splendor.

The first costume, which is of vivid red serge, veined with black, shows the possible continuance of the band trimming found so universally decorative when black is employed on color. Taffeta silk, cut on the bias and stitched over thin crinoline, forms this strapping as usual. The skirt is in three tiers, the two lower sections being shaped after the manner of the graduated flounce, and put on in the same way without gathers. The top skirt is gored at the front that it may cling to the figure; it gathers slightly at the back under a stitched girdle of the bias taffeta. The bell sleeves imitate with their three sections those of the skirt, and under the trig jacket is worn a corsage of black figured net over red silk. The hat, which is designed from one of the new models, is a coarse, shaded red straw with a crown of massed marigolds in the palest tint. It lifts coquettishly at the left to show a long, narrow bow of black velvet against the hair.

**The Coming Hat.**

One is continually hearing that these under-brim trimmings are "going out," but the winds of autumn are certainly not blowing that way. Anything that tends to softening lines and enhancing charms is too valuable to be done away with, and since many of the new hat shapes reproduce the jaunty side-cock, found so becoming this season, it stands to reason there must be some filling in for the under space. But don't start out at this on a still hunt for your chapeau d'automne, for as yet it exists only on the painted plates which manufacturers are sending to dealers. When they are on the market you will know it. And so also will the poor man who pays the milliner.

But to return to frocks. A charming rig for afternoon driving or visiting is carried out in novelty wool in wallflower yellows and browns. A beautiful skirt and bodice decoration of this is a floral application of by hand to imitate the vagaries of embroidery. This was all outlined with black silk, which showed solidly under the box pleats of the little jacket. The sleeve bands and collar were likewise of the cut cloth outlined with black, the former topping puffs of white liberty satin. Black velvet ribbon girdled the waist, and in narrow bands striped the white satin parasol.

**Elegant Simplicity.**

As I said, summer is singing her swan songs, but you know it is the habit of this extraordinary bird to [illegible] his sweetest notes at the last. So it comes about that the fluffy folderols of the dog days grow more entrancing as the period for their vanishment approaches.

Never were summer costumes more nearly ideal than now, all the transparent laces and gauzy ribbons contributing toward a whole as feminine as elegant. The combinations of materials were never more full of and if extravagance has been the thing so also has been simplicity. Take, for example, that very inexpensive garniture black velvet ribbon; it has appeared upon the most expensive gowns, and what could have been more modest? Then silks have come within the reach of and the fad for continuing flower-tinted foulards with airy mousselines has rendered many of them, however, rivals of the all-thin frocks.

MARY [illegible]

EVENING WRAP OF IVORY TAFFETA.

## HOW TO MANAGE HUSBANDS.

*By one of Them.*

Within the last hundred years it was legal, in some parts of England, for a man to auction off his wife if that personage did not altogether please him, but I have never heard of any nation, or part of a nation, giving the wife the right to get rid of an objectionable husband in the same way.

"Husbands are a permanency," sighed a woman, "and more's the pity, because there are only two kinds, those who are bad, and those who are worse." And yet she had a very good husband, as husbands go.

Any number of essays have been written about wives, but not many about husbands, and yet, husbands are of some use in the world. From the time of Eve, to the present hour, girls have been led to believe husbands necessary, one husband to one girl, that is, and I suppose as long as the sun allows this earth to meander round in its orbit there will be husbands, just as certainly as there will be men and women.

Being a husband, I flatter myself I know something about husbands, and I am ready to admit that there are some of all kinds in the world, but in the main husbands are not so bad after all.

Husbands are what their wives make them, so good kind ladies, please remember that if husbands, as a rule, exceptions, are bad, there must be something wrong in your own make-up.

Now, do not be offended, that will never do. What I am saying is from a husband's standpoint, and therefore I may be wrong.

"Come, let us reason together," is a very wise suggestion. Don't you think that when a man stands at the altar and says, "I, John William, take thee, Mary Angelina, to be my wedded wife, etc.," he really means to be a good husband?

Of course he does, but if he is not, what is the remedy? Ah, there's the rub!

How are you to get a good husband, and how can you keep him good when you have caught—I beg pardon, accepted him?

Let me be honest, bless you, I'm old enough to be the father of marriageable daughters, so let my bald head be spared your anathemas if you don't like my talk. When a girl first thinks she would like to have a husband she allows the little god Cupid to find the vacant place in her heart and his arrow finds lodgment. The favored young man calls again and again, you take care to always look your nicest, you are so sweet-tempered, so very entertaining, you are dressed neat, not a hairpin out of place, and he thinks how nice it would be to look on such a picture daily in his home. He leads you to the altar, the honeymoon is over and you begin to feel "at home" with him. Now what do you do? Why often you will go down to breakfast with your hair in curl papers or crimpers, and your morning gown anything but neat. It is all very well to say that you have your household work to do, that is right, but there is no excuse for untidiness. He comes home after a day at business and finds, not the entertaining girl of his courtship days, but a woman who makes an excuse, "no one is coming in, so I knew you would not mind if I did not dress." My dear, you are not going to keep that husband good, unless he is an angel, if you act in that fashion.

Then there is another mistake many young wives make, and that is they think all husbands should be treated alike. If Mrs. Oldwife has kept her husband toeing the mark by a certain method, therefore other men can be kept in order by the same means. That is just where you make the mistake.

You might, with as good reason, boil a nice porterhouse steak because a boiled leg of mutton with caper sauce is good. It would be as reasonable to cook every kind of meat in the same way as to treat every husband alike.

When you get a joint you sit once put on your thinking cap and seriously reflect on its possibilities, wondering which way it can be cooked to be the most palatable, what sauce it requires, or how the gravy shall be prepared. Now, my dear, when you get a husband just serve him the same way. Find out his tastes; he has shown that he has some good taste or he would never have selected you. Find out what he likes, humor him a little, he is the breadwinner, you know, and therefore deserving of a little attention. Make the best of him, show some interest in his habits and study his likes and dislikes. Don't treat him as though he were a bird of Paradise when he may be only a very ordinary fowl. In other words, adapt yourself to him, and take my word for it, he will think you the best woman on earth and be as true as steel to you. Do not think I advise bribing a man into goodness, though even that would be a wise course if you could not keep him good

in any other way, but what I mean is that marriage is a partnership made up of two separate entities, each having little odd dislikes, some peculiar habits it may be, and still stranger traits of character. You have taken each other for life, not for a term of months or years, but for life, or as the words used at the altar say, "until death us do part." This life partnership can never be a happy one if each pulls in an opposite direction.

He, it may be, likes a theater; you prefer a concert; go with him to the play, and I'll prophecy that he will go with you to a concert. He likes a quiet game of cribbage at home; you like a public euchre party; humor him and play cribbage; you will get to enjoy it and you will know that he is not away playing pool with objectionable characters.

Husbands vary in many ways. A writer once said that husbands are like horses, some going a steady jog-trot and giving no trouble, others apt to kick and prance and it may be run away at times. So, find out the kind of husband you have and treat him accordingly. Some of the wildest horses make the best in harness after all. You cannot judge a nut by its shell; you have to crack it first. You and he were uncracked nuts before you were married; each thought the other good and perfect, marriage solved the problem and, let me whisper, my dear, whisper so softly that no one else could possibly hear, you may not have found the kernel just as sweet as you expected, and he may have been disappointed also. If, therefore, you expect him to humor you, why humor him just as much.

Some wives think that it is sufficient if they say to the young husband occasionally, "I love you." That is very nice, it makes the blood tingle, but if every act shows that you disregard his tastes, care nothing for his peculiarities, rub his fur of imperfection the wrong way, he will be very apt to think that your love is only on the lip. Actions speak louder than words.

A clever girl takes pains to gain a good husband; a wife who really knows her business takes greater pains to keep her husband loyal and true.

To go back to my homely simile of the cook and the dinner. A good cook will make a delicious dinner out of the most unpromising viands, and a good wife will make a model husband out of very ordinary men, and the secret is the same. The cook finds out just what will suit the meat; just what will give it flavor and render it tasty, and the good wife will find out at the very earliest opportunity how to make her husband say through life, "My wife is the dearest, best and sweetest creature that ever lived," and after twenty years you will begin to think that the honeymoon is but the precursor of bliss, and that as the years pass along the happiness of married life is the greater.

After all, dear girls, men are very much like you; of course, they like you, but that is not what I meant. They resemble you in variety, for there are some tame, some wild; some confiding and some jealous; some love home, while others seek happiness elsewhere; some are generous, while some are as mean as any miser; some are good and some are bad; it takes all kinds to make up the human family, but always bear in mind that under the roughest exterior, behind the most hideous mask, there is a human heart which may be won and held and made worthy.

There are bad husbands in the world, creatures past redemption, and for their wives I have the greatest sympathy. It is appalling to think of an angel being allied to a brute, but my dears, they are the exception, and most husbands can be managed and made good if only the young wife will start right and ever remember that the partnership must be equal, no lord and master, no mistress with iron hand, but just a man and woman trying to blend their two lives into one, realizing that each is imperfect without the other, and that marriage has been the link which has made one perfect whole out of two entities which might have drifted apart had it not been for the divine law of affinity. J. DE M.

## THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

### MME. GRAND IS A NEW WITNESS TO HER SUPERIORITY.

[London Correspondence Pittsburgh Dispatch:] Mme. Jane Grand, being president of a Woman's Suffrage Association, and an apostle of woman's emancipation and of that sort of thing, as well as the author of novels that have been called "advanced," is in some danger of being overlooked in the mind's eye of anyone who has not seen her. The possession of "views," however, does not seem to have made her a formidable person to face in a drawing-room. She is a tall, slender, graceful lady, a little reserved toward strangers, and dressed, so far as "mere man" could determine, in the best of taste. When I had the pleasure of talking with her the other day she seemed as free from affectations in manner as she was in appearance, and if one had not known her to be one of the half dozen most successful authors in England, and one of the brightest of public speakers, there would have been no reason to suppose that the ordinary fashionable duties had not always taken her whole time.

Americans will have an opportunity soon of judging of Mme. Grand in person, for she said in answer to a question that she had long wished to go to the United States, and that she was going to gratify the desire in September with a four or five-months' visit.

"I have a large number of friends in America," she continued, "and for a little time I shall visit about in New York. After that I shall become a plain working woman, fulfilling a contract to give a number of lectures. If the Americans will only like me as much as I like the Americans I have met all over the world, my only source of doubt and timidity about the trip will be removed.

"No, I shall not be likely to come back and write about such an appallingly big country on the strength of a four-months' visit, but I shall expect that my experiences there will help me to write more thoughtfully and to know more about human nature in general. Especially do I want to see the American girl at home—she seems to be so vastly in advance of our English girls in the opportunities that have been given to her. She can think for herself. She can take care of herself. Even the self-confidence which, as you say, is sometimes carried to the point of being an annoyance to others is so much to her advantage. She knows enough to be suspicious. She is brought up with the boys, isn't she? Ah, that is where she has an advantage! When I was a girl in Yorkshire I was brought up chiefly by a governess and a maid, and I was no exception to the rule with English girls of my class. What did we know about life? What did we know about men?

"I was married to an army officer at the age of 16, and while wandering about with the service in the Far East I tried to keep my life from being aimless by writing. I began to write before I began to think, and it was not until some time afterward that I set to work in serious earnest, and not until long afterward that what I wrote and rewrote found a publisher."

Mme. Sarah Grand's husband, who was Brigade Surgeon Lieut.-Col. McFall, died in 1898. Her father, Edward Bellenden Clarke, was a commander in the royal navy stationed in the west of Ireland at the time his daughter was born. After five years of travel in the Far East following her marriage, she returned to England and began work on fiction. Two years later, when she was 23, "Ideala" was written, but no publisher would take it. The ambitious young author put it away in a drawer for seven years, then read it over and concluded that it was good enough to be printed and decided that if nobody else would take it she would publish it herself. It attracted a great deal of attention, but in spite of that the author could find no publisher who would take "The Heavenly Twins." Practically every reader in London declined it, and again the author decided to print her story at her own expense. Heinemann, with whom she negotiated to this end, seems to have been so struck by the courage of the author that he went to work and read her manuscript himself and decided to publish it. It was one of the luckiest things that that lucky publisher ever did.

## THE SUMMER COMPLEXION.

### HOW TO PREPARE MILK OF ROSES, LETTUCE LOTION AND CUCUMBER CREAM.

*By a Special Contributor.*

The sun and breezes of July and August may be regarded with a mind fairly resigned, even by the woman possessed of the most delicate complexion, if her dressing table be supplied with a few judiciously selected lotions and healing creams.

Many of these may be of home manufacture and quite as effectual for the removal of tan, sunburn and freckles as the high-priced imported articles.

Sunshine, in spite of tan, red noses and freckles, is good for the skin. So is fresh air. Both united give bloom and color, and if taken early, before the former has lost its morning fragrance, and while the latter has not yet gained its power to tan too deeply, the benefit is very certain, and the bloom of Hebe, Diana or Hygeia may be secured, or the bloom of all these combined, shall we say?

Of the two kinds of freckles, the constitutional or permanent, and the evanescent or summer freckles, the latter are the least difficult to deal with. Some skins are so delicate that they become freckled on the slightest exposure to the open air in summer. The cause assigned is that the iron in the blood, forming a junction with the oxygen, leaves a rusty mark. The cure, then, is to dissolve the combination. A lotion of one part good Jamaica rum to two parts lemon juice and a little glycerine is one recipe for removing freckles. Another one, which is easily prepared, requires one ounce of alum, one ounce of lemon juice and one pint of rose water. Rose water and lemon juice are excellent for removing tan—one spoonful of lemon juice in a half pint of rose water.

For whitening the skin, after tan has been removed, there is a cosmetic—milk of roses—which is made without great trouble. Pound an ounce of almonds in a mortar very finely, then put in shavings of honey soap in a small quantity, and add enough rose water to make a paste. That it may keep any length of time, add slowly an ounce of alcohol. Strain through fine muslin and perfume with attar of rose, if desired. Apply at night to the face with a sponge, washing off with warm water in the morning.

The juice of lettuce is highly esteemed by French women for its healing properties. Lettuce creams purchased at the chemists are expensive, and no better than those of home manufacture. Pour a quart of boiling water over half a peck of full-grown outside leaves of lettuce. After ten minutes drain off the water and chop the lettuce fine. Put it in a soft, clean cloth and wring out all the juice that can be extracted—only the dry pulp will be left in the cloth. Boil this juice in a porcelain saucepan for four minutes. There will be about three tablespoonfuls of the green liquor, which is set aside until wanted later. Take half an ounce each of white wax and of spermaceti and four ounces of oil of almonds and melt together in a vessel placed over the stove in another vessel of hot water. Stir occasionally, and when it is quite smooth add the lettuce juice and mix thoroughly. Pour into a little porcelain jar, placing this jar in cold water while the mixture is cooling. No cream is more soothing to a sunburned complexion.

Cucumber cream, to whiten the complexion after removing sunburn, requires about a pint of green cucumbers chopped and the juice extracted with a lemon squeezer. To this add enough sweet cream to make a paste, and a few drops of rose water. This paste may be diluted as used with sweet milk, and is to be used on the face at night and washed off in the morning. The juice of watermelon may be substituted for the cucumber juice.

For prickly heat a simple remedy is a lotion made of two ounces of distilled water and two drams of sulphate of iron. This may be applied as often as necessary. Another soothing and cooling wash requires a half ounce of glycerine, a quarter ounce of finely-powdered borax and one pint of camphor water—that is, a weak solution of camphor.

For excessive perspiration, which is both disagreeable and debilitating, some of the unpleasant effects may be allayed by washing the affected place with one part boracic acid and ten parts water. Then dust the skin with powdered boracic acid. MARION KING.

### DON'T GUSH.

[Woman's Home Companion:] The dictionary defines poise as "the state or quality of being balanced; equilibrium; equipoise; hence, figuratively, equanimity; rest." Poise instills grace and symmetry into the workings of the mind, just as physical exercise does into the movements of the body. It is rarely a natural endowment, but may be cultivated to the point where it becomes second nature. Poise always carries with it a suggestion of reserved force, and the woman who wishes to acquire it must learn to husband her energy as well as her time; she must not fritter away words, moments or emotions.

The woman of poise indulges in few exclamations or superlatives, and does not waste enthusiasm over trifles. She is gracious, but never gushing, and she has acquired the habit of listening attentively, not awaiting with ill-concealed eagerness a pause in the conversation to enable her to rush in and take the floor. The woman of poise never lingers after her good-by is spoken; never, in fact, under any circumstances, talks long while standing. She does not experience the difficulty too many people have of taking leave gracefully. She says good-by, gives you a bright smile, and is off to the pleasure or duty that awaits her. You do not find out all there is to know about the woman the first time you meet her; you become acquainted with her by degrees, and grow gradually into her friendship.

### A CURE FOR NAUGHTINESS.

[Woman's Home Companion:] Conscientious parents realize it is necessary to encourage good impulses, and also to train the child's moral nature through the education of his faculties; but it is hard to convince them that in respect of those venial faults most children exhibit quite early neglect is better policy than discipline.

Many times a child who accidentally finds naughtiness an interesting experiment would quickly weary of it if it were not for the commotion it makes in the family. To become an offender is to become important, and nothing is more agreeable to young or old than that. One is liable in times of tedium to attract attention in some way, even if it involves making one's self odious. The desire for notoriety is, in its incipient form, simply a determination to become the center of something, and children show it as often and even more frankly than their elders.

Is it not then desirable to make a child's small attempts at intractability dull affairs to him, so that he shall forget them? Every act that we remember well we incline to do again, and the best thing that can happen to children is to have all their good acts marked by red letters, while their minor offenses are dropped into the gulf of forgetfulness.

### ICED TEA SERVED WITH MINT.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] This is a delicious way for serving iced tea: The prime constituent of the beverage—some deliciously-flavored, deliciously-prepared liquid tea—is served in a huge cut-glass pitcher. With it the maid places a dozen tall, slender lemonade tumblers in cut-glass, a punch bowl filled with shaved ice and a small dish containing sliced lemon and pineapple.

A vase filled with stalks of green mint is also necessary.

There is quite a little art in putting these ingredients together and the hostess prepares each glass with her own hands.

First of all, the tumbler is filled three-quarters full with the tea, which has been slightly sweetened. A generous spoonful of the ice comes next, followed by several slices of the lemon and pineapple. When a sprig or two of mint waves greenly above the glass the beverage is ready and fit for any palate.

Of course the maid passes the powdered sugar in case any palate needs another saccharine dash. Water biscuit and home-made cake are offered at the same time.

### TROUBLE FOR THE SUMMER GIRL.

[Newark Sunday Call:] The girl with bare arms, browned and even blackened in the sun, has been prominent in the country and at the seashore. No protestations of parents have influenced the girls to avoid this sunburning, which often lasts until late in the winter and looks curious enough with a fall costume. But the girls are themselves beginning to take alarm. As many men know, exposure of the arms to the light and air encourages the growth of hair, and the arms take on a covering which is not pretty, and girls especially object to it, and it does not disappear with the tan.

The pen will survive the sword, judging from military reports on the uselessness of the heavier weapon.—[Washington Star.

D. Bonoff,

Formerly with Marshall Field of Chicago.

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[illegible] S. SPRING ST., Opp. Hollenbeck.


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Women Pelt Nude Indian.
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President Shaffer spent the quietly at his home in Pittsburgh. holds rather strict ideas of Sabbath servance, and throughout the

# THE LITTLE MASTER.

## STORY OF A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP WITH A HAPPY ENDING.

*By a Special Contributor.*

IT WAS within four days of the date for the great recital, and the organist sat at the console, with diligence rehearsing for the occasion. Day after day he had been playing over those grand old themes, trying at each reproduction to give a better and more artistic finish to his work. Wearied one evening, he sat with his head bowed in silence, waiting for his genius to whisper something of interpretation or cheer, when he was aroused by a child's voice at his elbow saying:

"Please, sir, Willie wants to come in."

He was all alone in the great church he knew, yet for all that the interruption did not disturb or startle him; he spoke mechanically in reply, as if he had almost expected the voice:

"Well, tell Willie"—he was going to say that he might come in if it pleased him so to do, when his eyes took in the condition of the child before him and he hesitated; not for his own sake, but for the feelings of the pew owners into whose seats the little gamin might fall.

The child seemed to realize the doubt, and all her little woman's soul rose in justification for her plea:

"Please, sir Willie's face is clean, his hair is all tidy, and—he doesn't look like me."

The organist smiled in spite of himself; the vivid description of the contrast between the absent boy and his ill-kempt interceder amused him. Her hair was braided in two little tails that struck out at right angles from her grimy little ears; her face was a mixture of dirt and stray wisps of tawny hair, through which there peered eagerly a pair of the keenest, brightest, most audacious black eyes that ever shone out from such a towsy pow.

Catching the smile, and, with true gamin instinct interpreting it into acquiescence, she wandered on with her talk:

"He wants to come inside so he can see you play."

"Why, tell him he can hear me just as well by the door; you may leave it open so he can look in."

"But he wants to look into your face, to see if you're good enough to play those tunes," persisted the girl.

"To see if I'm good enough!" echoed the man.

"Yes, that's what he said; he wanted to see if you knew what you was doin'," continued the child, adding further mystery to her conversation.

"To see if I knew what I was doing!—why, child, are you crazy?" ejaculated the now thoroughly aroused musician.

For answer the child backed off the rostrum slowly.

"Willie knows a heap, he do; his mother wasn't my mother but his father wor; his maw could play the borgan powerful sweet, so Daddy said, and Willie's better'n all the big boys in our street, if his legs is broke." Here the confidence of the child returned, as she fell to recounting the abilities of the mysterious Willie; and as her pride rose, she doubled up her dirty little fist and said defiantly:

"And I'm the girl that can lick any kid who calls him 'Cripple Bill.'"

This was too much for Herr Lowenthal's sense of humor! he burst out laughing and hastened down the aisle to find the much-eulogized absent one. On the pavement in a small dilapidated wheel chair sat a pale-faced boy of perhaps 14. His hair, which was thin, had evidently been brushed, as the small champion had guaranteed, yet now the wind had tossed one thin wisp down over his broad, smooth forehead. He gently replaced the lock with thin, delicate fingers and looked from dreamy half-questioning eyes straight into the face of the master.

There was something in the depths of those eyes that almost made the man catch his breath; a look of familiarity, of kinship; could it be that Emma, his oldest sister, whom he barely remembered—but no, the intuition was at variance with good sense. He nodded pleasantly, and said:

"So this is William; well, young man, you may not find my music so interesting from the inside as from the street."

Then with Tad's assistance, he lifted the chair up the steps, and Willie was duly installed in a position to watch the face of the master as he played his pieces. Tad's soul was filled to the brim at the name "William;" it had such a sound—she could have lifted the cart and her brother in it clear over the church steeple with the burst of ecstacy that swelled in her proud little woman's heart.

Her work was done, her ambition had reached its goal; she had engineered the plan safely through; and Willie was there in the church with the master. Happy moment for both. Tad now sped down the street to engage in more human occupation than listening to church music.

Left to themselves, the man and boy soon fell to work. The first selection was from that masterpiece of Mendelssohn, "The Fingal's Cave." On this Herr Lowenthal had bestowed much practice, and he felt that his young critic would doubtless be pleased with the rendering.

"Do you see those tones?" was the child's first interrogatory.

"Yes, in a way, I think that I do."

"Would you mind closing your eyes while you repeat that passage; and please forget the hands, think only with the body?"

The passage was repeated as the little master directed, and with such effect as to bring tears to the eyes of both organist and listener.

"I always thought, when I heard you from the outside, that you could do that, if you tried," said the boy, as he wiped his happy tears away.

Like magic the hours sped away as the man and his little master sat side by side, and, with the light of a new interpretation, worked out the grand problem of expression. Bit by bit they traversed the fields of harmony together; the sensitive soul of the child artist finding complete expression in the strong physique of the man.

It seemed as if a new day had begun for him when he learned to see the color of a tone, to paint in the magic alchemy of sound the shades in an angel's wing; to swing the whole force of the body into the vibration of the notes of rejoicing and sorrow; to weep with the lost, doomed souls in hell, to bring their thoughts back to earth, and then to know that through him the moans of the deep grief could yet be turned to outpourings of heavenly benediction.

The love of interpretation in music is the chief charm of the art, and Herr Lowenthal was in nowise ashamed to sit at the feet of the child genius. Little by little he won from the boy bits of his own history. The mother had been dead for twelve years and the father but two. He could not remember his mother's maiden name; but he had an old daguerreotype of her that he would bring the next afternoon, which was the last preceding the organ recital.

His presence was engaged for the special evening, and his friend had given him the money to buy a new suit for the occasion. Tad's face was a study as she stole back, every once in a while, to observe the close intimacy of the two. She had a look of reverential awe—as if she had looked upon the face of the Virgin Mary.

All that Willie knew definitely of his mother was that she had come from the Far East, that she had been born in a musical family; his father was always telling, during his lifetime, of her great love for music, and especially for that of the organ. When about 3 years old, Willie had had the misfortune to be run over in the street. His legs, both broken, were not properly set, and as a consequence he had been a cripple ever since. During all this period he had never walked, and up to the time when his stepsister, Tad, was able to attend to his wants, he had been compelled to live most of the time in bed.

Now his life seemed much brighter, he had more out-of-door life, and though his stepmother was not unkind to him, yet her numerous household cares and fast-increasing family—she had married again since Willie's father's death—kept her so busy that Tad was his sole guardian and mainstay. On her he leaned for everything, and she bore the burden with courage. He read to her and told her interesting stories of Jack the Giant Killer, and, as she grew older, the wonderful tales of the Arabian Nights; so that the bond between them was of the strongest kind.

Just as the two musicians were about to part, after their last rehearsal, Willie brought out from his pocket the faded daguerreotype of his mother. Herr Lowenthal took it from his hand. He gazed into the calm, deep eyes and knew then why he had been so strangely moved when he first looked into those of his little master.

Silently the tears stole down his cheeks, and as he took the lad's hand and pressed it warmly, he said:

"Dear boy, you are my own kinsman, my nephew, and henceforth you shall be as my own son."

As the hour was late, the two parted with renewed promises to meet early in the evening. Tomorrow definite arrangements would be made for the new home of the orphan with his uncle.

The evening came, and no Willie. Time passed and Herr Lowenthal paced the floor, constantly blaming himself for not taking the address and sending a hack. He felt more than ever how much he leaned upon his little master. It was time to begin and the leader urged the organist to appepar.

"I cannot play without the child."

"He is not here; the audience is; you must play."

Great drops of perspiration stood out upon the organist's brow as he walked the floor and wrung his hands. The ushers stood around, watching anxiously to see how the affair would come out; finally the master flung himself down in a chair, and said emphatically:

"I tell you that lad belongs to me, and I will not play unless he is here."

Such a look of surprise as came over their faces! One mysteriously tapped his forehead behind the organist's back, and another all but fell over backward. Then all started for the door to try to find a trace of the lad's whereabouts.

A child answering to the description of Tad was in the street. The usher called Herr Lowenthal out to see her.

"My maw had to use the money to get the doctor for the baby, and Willie ain't got no new coat; so he says he'll listen out here," said Tad.

"Never mind the coat, William," said the organist, as he quickly caught the old wheel chair in his arms and carried it up the aisle.

"Who is the child?" was whispered through the audience.

"'Tis some stray protégé of the master's; he's so k'ndhearted, bless him!" was the reply of those who had heard a little of the two.

A hush fell upon the audience as the recital was begun. Great beams of light streamed into the room; misty, strange, yet real. The great organ sang with human voices; the full orchestral accompaniment of these was marvelous. Violins quivered their long-drawn tremolos like twittering voices of many birds in the early morning. Through the deep caves of the earth the audience was led, listening to the tinkling of waterfalls; they walked upon the earth with angels, strong and freed from sin; and were finally lifted above the roar of thundering clouds through blinding streams of lurid light, into the peace of heavenly rest and harmony.

A perfect ovation followed. The audience was carried away. It rose up and applauded and showered flowers upon the master, who bowed, and smiling, said:

"Bring all your flowers to my Little Master, for I am his pupil."

Such a tumult of cheers as went up for the pale-faced youth who sat looking with glistening eyes from the audience to his uncle! After the clamor had a little subsided, Herr Lowenthal said:

"Dear friends, we appreciate your kind approval. I and my nephew, whom I have but just discovered, wish to express to you our joy that you understand us so perfectly. In a few years, when we have returned from a trip abroad, we hope to be able to give you something better."

Next day they found Tad with a woe-begone countenance and a black eye; she looked very furious as the carriage rolled up, and said:

"I had to whip that biggest Gibbs kid, cause Willie never teached the teacher; said he couldn't, he'd never teched a horgan."

Tad is now a dignified young woman, who has been married after being graduated from a school Willie sent her and all the rest to school. His crippled limbs were repaired after a perfect surgical operation, and now he walks very well. He plays the grand organ too; and furnished the wedding march for Tad on her bridal day.

"Willie does not seem so full of spiritual inspirations, now that he is a strong young man, as he used to be," said his uncle, the other day, "but he has the divine soul of the artist in him yet."

## FOG SIGNAL EXPERIMENTS.

### IMPORTANT RESEARCHES BY BRITISH EXPERTS IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

[London Times:] Twenty-five years ago the Trinity House Corporation, with the advice and assistance of Prof. Tyndall, carried out some interesting experiments at the South Foreland, near Dover, in regard to the use of sound for signaling to the mariner, to warn him of his proximity to danger at times when fog or other conditions of thick weather prevented his seeing the land or the marks by day or the guiding or warning lights at night. The scientific aspect of the question is fully given in the late editions of "Tyndall on Sound," and the practical results obtained have been shown in the large increase in the number of fog signal stations around our coasts and the adoption of certain instruments for producing sounds which had not previously been employed in this country.

With the lapse of time and the growth of the fog signal system, new knowledge has been gained and new developments have taken place, and it has been necessary to test by practical and comparative experiments the value of certain theoretical improvements which have from time to time been introduced, and endeavor to determine some moot points which have arisen in connection with the general question. Accordingly, a special committee of the Elder Brethren of Trinity House was appointed, the deputy master being chairman, with whom were associated Lord Rayleigh as scientific adviser, and the engineers of the three light-house boards, to consider the present position of the subject and to carry out such experiments as they might regard as necessary. St. Catherine's Point, in the Isle of Wight, was selected for the trials. Here there is a lighthouse with a powerful electric arc light, worked by steam power which also serves for compressing air into receivers for sounding a permanent fog signal.

At this station the committee has now been engaged on its work during the last two or three weeks, observations being made at sea each day by members of the committee on board the Trinity yacht Irene. The important question upon which the committee has been engaged is that of the relative merits of sirens and other sound-producing instruments, as compared with reeds. It does not seem probable that the vibrations set up by the escape of a reed can possibly be so powerful as those produced by means of a siren, and it will be interesting to learn the results of the committee's observations on this point.

The form of the trumpet or sound projector is also receiving considerable attention, Lord Rayleigh having certain theoretical views on the point which he desires to have practically tested. The relative powers of notes of different pitch in regard to their capacity of penetrating the atmosphere under unfavorable conditions, is another branch of the inquiry which is being followed up by the committee, and some useful information on this point may result from the experiments. The question of the most effetive and economical utilization of power for operating sound signals is also receiving much consideration. It is obvious that there must be limitations in respect of the size of instruments and the development of power for working them. These matters for inquiry and experimental test are considerable connected with the best site for a land sound signal, regard being had to the nature of the coast line and the neighboring physical features; also how a sea area which is to be guarded can be most efficiently covered by the sound of the signal. The various forms of siren and reed vibrators have come into the trials, with the object of deciding which form, size and description of vibrator is best adapted for producing the sounds. The questions respecting pressure, air consumed and horse-power of blast are also being dealt with. The investigations ought to yield some very interesting results, which it is hoped will in due course be published.

### IBSEN IN THE FLESH.

[London Free Lance:] An intimate acquaintance of Ibsen, residing in Vienna, contributes to the Neues Wiener Presse some interesting particulars concerning the habits of the Scandinavian master whose health is now causing so much anxiety. It appears that from the beginning of the 80's up to the end of the 90's Ibsen lived by turns in Rome, Dresden and Munich. He published a work every two years. One finished, he spent six months in collecting materials for a fresh creation, a little more in digesting them, and the greater part of the next year in putting them into dramatic shape; for he never worked in the summer, but passed the season in a summer resort, preferably Gassensaas. Ibsen has read few books, but he eagerly scans newspapers.

He dislikes to be lionized, and on one occasion, when Paul Lindau invited him to his place and seated him between the Duke of Ratisbon and Rudolf Gaedi, for three hours the dramatist let fall not a single remark. If the company was jovial and without restraint, and the champagne good, he could be very jolly. According to his own notions, Ibsen is always "elegant," never going out except in close-buttoned frock coat, white cravat and tall silk hat. So the real Ibsen likes champagne, and is partial to "vine leaves in the hair."

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## HERALDRY OF THE INDIANS.

### PAINTS ON THE FACE TO DENOTE HONORS, ANCESTRY, TRIBE AND CONDITION.

[Washington Times:] People in general have been content to look upon the Indian's adornment of his head with eagle feathers and his face with paint as marks of personal decoration inspired by vanity and a savage taste, different only in degree from what is sometimes observed among highly-civilized peoples. But the fact is that, in preference to the latter custom, for instance, every paint mark on an Indian's face has a sort of symbolic meaning, implying not only the honors won by the brave in person, but representing also the claims of his family and race to distinction. In other words, what is shown among more cultured communities by coats of arms, orders and decorations is depicted by the Indian on his face by means of pigments.

Scientists are now engaged, among other novel investigations concerning the North American Indian, in compiling a record of the armorial, or rather facial, bearings of certain celebrated chiefs, and it is said to be fascinating work. One renowned warrior, for instance, will have his lip painted a copper red. This is found to indicate that his tribe was once in possession of huge mines of coppper. Another individual will have his forehead adorned with a painting of a certain fish, thus implying that he or his people are renowned for prowess in catching fish. The same distinguished person sometimes wears a disk of pearls in addition to his paint mask. This, by its shimmering radiance and its form, implies that he is descended from the moon, in the sense that the godddess of night is one of his ancestors.

The fact that the Indian has no conception of perspective seriously handicaps the success of his efforts at pictorial art. Indeed, the Indian limner merely aims to show the most characteristic portion of the object he attempts to depict, unless he be a man of great attainment, in which case he divides or dissects the subject of his picture and represents the whole by its parts, the latter being arranged entirely irrespective of the natural sequence.

The features of the Indian are sometimes incorporated into the representation of the animal which forms his heraldic bearing. Should the beaver, for example, be the object to be depicted, it is not attempted to design the whole form of the animal, but only its distinctive and typical parts, as, for instance, its peculiar tail, which is painted in criss-cross lines extending from the chin to the nose, as though standing upright. The chin itself does service as the beaver's body.

The arbitrary methods of the Indian artist render it difficult if not impossible for any but an expert to interpret the meanings of the pictorial representations. Thus, an animal's ears are invariably depicted above the eyes in the human subject, the ears of the beaver being just above the eyebrows. On the cheeks are painted the paws in a position as though they were raised to the mouth in the manner conventional in Indian carvings.

The dogfish painted in red on the face designates the members of an entire tribe. On the foreheads of the members of this tribe is painted the long, thin snout; the gills are represented by two curved lines below the eyes, while the tail is shown as cut in two and hanging from each nostril. Only one or two parts of an animal painted on an Indian's face indicates that he is of inferior position; the entire symbol, no matter in what form presented, is significant of lofty station and high honors.

The facial heraldry of the Indian may be said to be unique, not alone in the method of representation employed, but in the subjects selected. These latter include fish, flesh and fowl of all descriptions—dog salmon, sunfish, starfish, woodpeckers, ravens, eagles, bears, wolves, frogs, are comprised in the armorial gallery.

Every object represented has its own particular significance, and one of the most peculiar phases of face painting relates to the employment of forms other than animal—tools, implements of the chase or of war, denoting the occupation of the individual or his tribe.

### WHISTLING IN PUBLIC.

[Philadelphia Record:] "Nowhere but in the United States and England do men and boys whistle in public without shame," said a traveler the other night, who is on his way around the world for the third time. "In France I have heard men hum on the streets, and in Germany and Russia I have even heard them sing, but not even when they are intoxicated will these foreigners whistle as we do. It is odd that we should have this habit. It is common to the wealthy and high born among us, as well as to the poor and lowly. Only this afternoon I saw a young man, who aims at exclusiveness and has a valet, whistling 'Dolly Gray' on Chestnut street as loudly as he could. Here and there someone smiled lightly at him, but he attracted no undue attention, whereas, had he been in Paris or in St. Petersburg, they would probably have locked him up for a lunatic. The Japanese and Chinese never whistle. All those whom I have met do not know how, and they can't learn. I have been informed, as a matter of fact, that neither the Japanese nor the Chinese language has a word for whistling."

### BOTH LIGHT AND SPEEDY.

[Philadelphia Record:] What is perhaps the lightest self-propelled vehicle ever built on the usual lines, with an ordinary body is the automobile designed by A. F. Carver of New York, for his own use. It is a tricycle, with the single (driving) wheel in the rear, and weighs, when ready for a 100-mile run, but 255 pounds. The gasoline motor is of three-horse-power. This handy little three-wheeler has been in us for some time, and has answered every demand of its designer.


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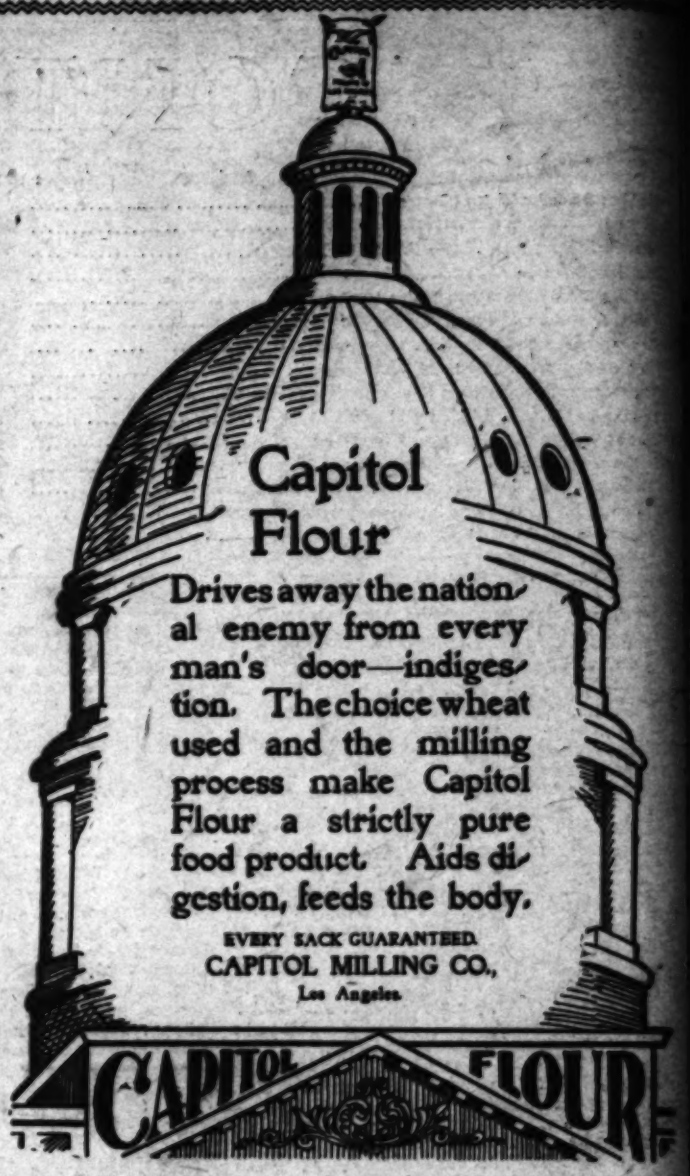


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